★ Collier's

BRUARY 13, 1943 TEN CENTS

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SCHLAIKJER 1942

WHY MEAT MUST BE R.
BY QUENTIN REYNO

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COLLIER'S THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

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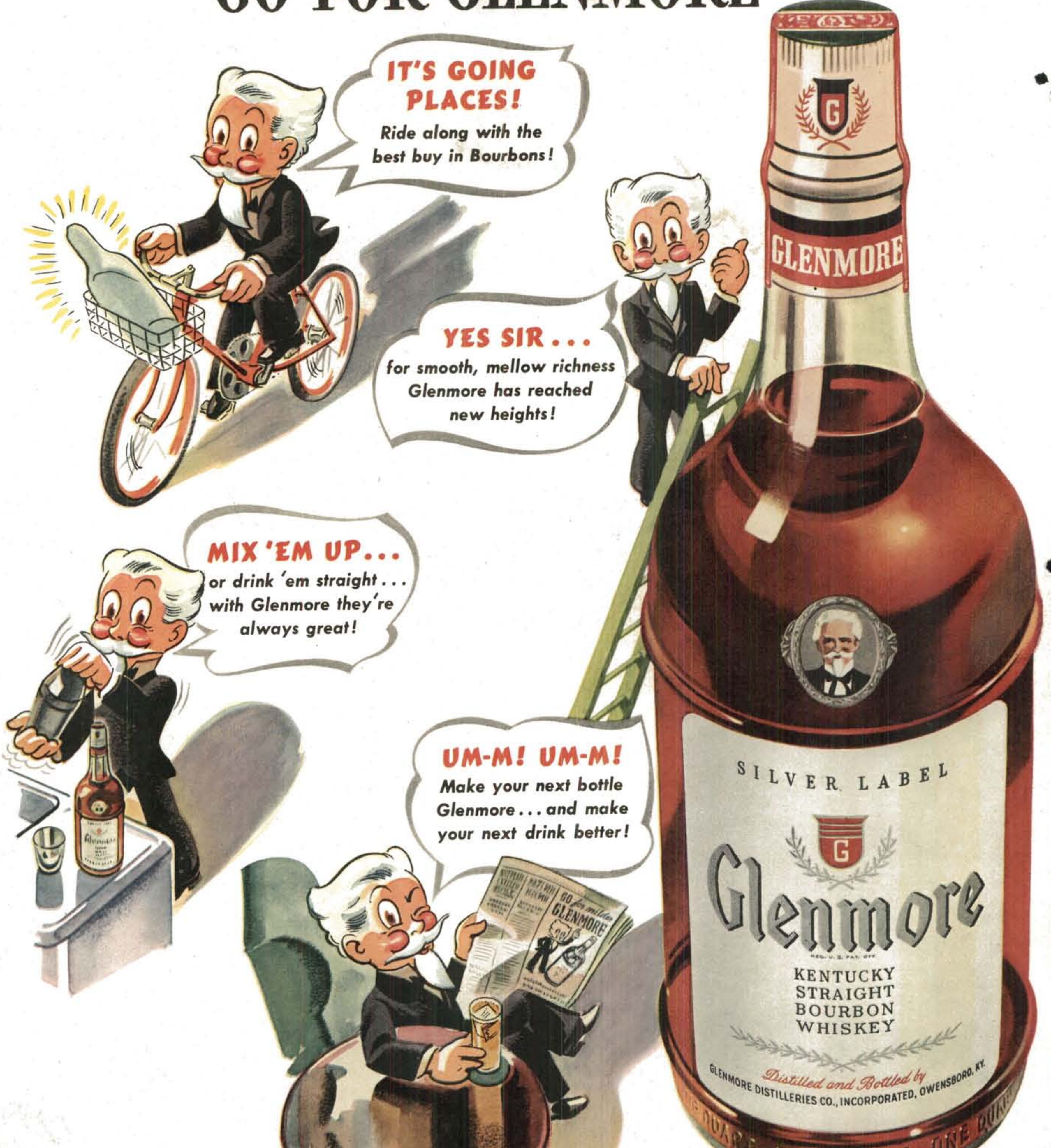
If you go for a milder Bourbon
. . . GO FOR GLENMORE . . .


IT'S GOING PLACES! Ride along with the best buy in Bourbons!
YES SIR . . . for smooth, mellow richness Glenmore has reached new heights!
MIX 'EM UP . . . or drink 'em straight . . . with Glenmore they're always great!
UM-M! UM-M! Make your next bottle Glenmore . . . and make your next drink better!
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POUR GLENMORE . . YOU GET MORE

IOLA
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Why monkeys hate Monday . . . and YOU!

Well, why shouldn't they? Monday may find them in the clutches of colds caught from the Sunday crowds visiting the zoo. How do chimpanzees catch these colds?

Many medical authorities believe that a virus or bacteria, or both, residing in the throat or nose of man, are carried through the air by sneeze, cough or heavy breathing, and contribute to the infection we know as a cold.

Doctors often call such bacteria the "secondary invaders"—thought by many to complicate a cold and to be responsible for some of its most disagreeable symptoms. These "secondary invaders" include pneumococci, streptococci, bacillus influenzae, staphylococci, and other bacteria.

Apparently, when resistance is materially lowered for any reason (wet feet, fatigue, sudden changes of temperature, drafts), these "secondary invaders" can stage a mass invasion of the mucous membrane.

Our research men reasoned that if such bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces could be killed in sufficient numbers, very possibly the incidence of colds could be lessened . . . and that Listerine, because of its germ-killing action, might be of real therapeutic value.

So, over a period of 11 years, using human beings as guinea pigs, we studied the incidence of colds in people who gargled with Listerine Antiseptic as compared to those who did not. This is what we learned:

Those test subjects who gargled Listerine twice a day had fewer colds and fewer sore throats than those who did not. Moreover, when Listerine users *did* contract colds and sore throats they were usually less severe and of shorter duration.

Such results are due, we believe, to Listerine's germ-killing ability, reflected in tests which showed germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after gargling, and up to 80% one hour after gargling.

Don't get the impression from the foregoing that Listerine is a sure preventive or cure for colds and simple sore throat. We make no such sweeping claim. But test results have been so consistent that we believe Listerine Antiseptic merits your consideration as a daily precaution against these troubles and as an emergency first-aid treatment when they are beginning to develop. Lambert Pharmacal Company, *St. Louis, Mo.*

Hints On What To Do About A Cold

1. **Go to bed** and stay there. The incubating period of a cold may be within the first 48 hours. Rest helps nature to throw the infection off. When you carry a cold around with you, you not only weaken yourself, but you may infect others.
2. **Eat lightly** and drink plenty of water and fruit juices. Use only your own eating utensils and see that nobody else uses them. They may carry germs.
3. **Don't blow** your nose too hard; you may force bacteria back into the middle-ear passages. Blow one nostril at a time gently.
4. **When sneezing** or coughing use only disposable tissues, and burn them.
5. **Gargle with Listerine** Antiseptic regularly, especially in the early stages. It may help you to head off the infection entirely or lessen its severity.
6. **If you have fever** call your doctor, especially if the fever persists.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC ***for Colds and Sore Throat***

ENEMY DESTROYER
SUNK!

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Motorola Radio

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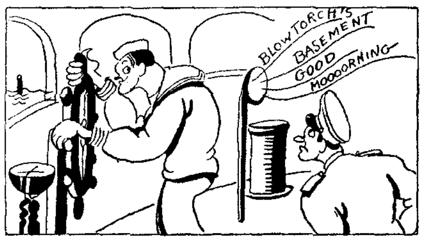
ANY WEEK

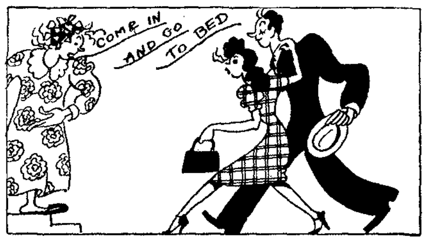
THIS week's cover is the Army Engineers poster designed by Jes Schlaikjer of the Graphics Section of the War Department. It is one of four in the first series of posters ever prepared within the War Department for distribution to Army units at home and abroad. These simple, direct and understandable posters (others in the first series covered the Medical Dept., the Signal Corps and the Military Police) have proved such an effective stimulus to morale, among both soldiers and civilians, that the War Department plans to continue the series.

VERY recently a twenty-eight ship convoy arrived in England a little out of breath but quite intact. One of the transports was the City of—oh, well, let's call it Blowtorch. A couple of hundred miles west of its British port the City of Blowtorch discovered that it was being stalked by a German sub. The captain ordered more speed. One of his officers telephoned from the bridge to the engine room. From the engine room came a cheery voice: "Blowtorch's basement, good moooorning."



FOR some reason we cannot isolate, there is a growing feeling that something useful should be made of busted-down politicians. This column has given you many ideas, contributed by readers, about the disposal of Benito Mussolini. One more has arrived—from Mr. Hugo Van Arx of Watertown, Connecticut. Mr. Van Arx, Swiss-born American, thinks that Benito would make very fine ski wax. But now we're getting suggestions about what use might be made of Gene Talmadge of Georgia. A Negro producer would like to hire Mr. Talmadge to play Simon Legree in a "modernized version of Uncle Tom's Cabin."

HOWEVER, we don't believe that one of Washington's most energetic war agency heads asked his secretary to "Call up Harrisburg and find out what the name of the governor of Pennsylvania is." We get this from one of the gentleman's aides. There is entirely too much of this sort of thing going on. It is virtually sabotage. If a general in Washington takes three quarters of an hour long-distance-telephone priority to talk to Camden, Maine, to tell somebody that he will not be at his house for Christmas, that's no reason why somebody in his office should be hastening the information to us. We're particularly indignant over our informant's postscript: "The real reason the old suet pudding won't go is that they didn't send the cost of transportation with the invitation."


COME IN AND GO TO BED

ANYWAY, we much prefer to write little romances. We've got one this week about an elopement. The male end of it got to know the lady through a correspondence club. After several hundred impassioned letters were exchanged, he proposed by mail, was accepted by return (registered). He presented himself in the lady's town, telephoned her, was told not to come to the house, that she'd meet him at his hotel. After both had recovered from the shock, they took a walk out into the country, got caught in a rainstorm, had to take refuge in a barn for four hours. It was late when the rain stopped and the lady told him that her mother would surely murder her for being out so late with a strange man. So he became masterly and married her that night. They arrived at the girl's home at three in the morning. Mother came to the door. "Where have you been and who's that?" demanded Mother. "I've been getting married and this is my husband," said the girl. "Well, why didn't you say so! Come in and go to bed," said Mother. . . . Up to there we think it's quite a touching story. But we go on sadly to tell you that he fled the next day, protesting that her family didn't have any traditions.

WE DON'T know whether the hero of this paragraph is very important. All we know is that he has a very important job in Washington. He also has a secretary who is impressed by neither him nor his job. However, he called her into his private office one morning, having had just two hours' sleep. The rest of the night had been devoted to a night club. "Miss ——," said he, taking two aspirins, "when do I speak to that group of manufacturers?" Said she: "Tonight." He groaned, then: "Very well, get your book. I'm going to dictate a few notes about national morale. It is very low." . . . W. D.

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THIS WEE

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COVER JES W. SCHLA

Tires Made with B. F. Goodrich Synthetic Now Rolling on Nation's Buses

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich leadership in tires

YOU'VE read plenty about synthetic rubber, about the tires that are *going* to be made with synthetics. But did you know that right now many a bus in Chicago, Boston, Cleveland and New York is trying out tires using synthetic rubber made by B. F. Goodrich?

One of these tires is shown in the picture—an Ameripol Silvertown being inspected after more than 8,000 miles on the wheel.

Varying amounts of synthetic rubber have been used in making these new Ameripol bus tires—but some of them now actually in service contain over 99% synthetic rubber.

B. F. Goodrich was *first* to offer for sale tires made with synthetic rubber for passenger cars—that was in 1940! And now B. F. Goodrich pioneers with Ameripol Silvertowns for buses. Production is not unlimited. The rubber shortage is still acute. But already synthetic tires made by B. F. Goodrich are helping in the war effort.

The Army and Navy get first call on every ounce of synthetic rubber we make. Right now there is little, if any, for general civilian use. There will be some for essential transportation.

And when synthetic rubber is plentiful, come to B. F. Goodrich for your tires. You can be sure that B. F. Goodrich will be first just as B. F. Goodrich was first to offer American car owners tires made with synthetic rubber. Remember, nobody makes as good a cake as the cook who discovers the recipe!

In war or peace

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

ARMY E NAVY

AMERICA WILL MARCH TO VICTORY ON THE LEATHER YOU SAVE

It's time to turn *conversation* into *conservation* . . . to make every lift of shoe leather do double duty! Buy *good* shoes when you need them . . . and give them the extra *care* that will bring you extra *wear.* Remember! America's fighting men are hard on shoes; you can't afford to be.

Illustrated: The WESTFIELD, S–1028 • The ECLIPSE, S–896
The RAMBLER, S–1018

Most Styles $10.50 and $11

Florsheim Shoes

The Florsheim Shoe

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Of the several dogs in the Army Air Corps to be awarded silver wings for making five jumps from a plane, the best known is "Max," a Boxer owned by the 505th Parachute Battalion at Fort Benning, Georgia. So far, Max has jumped eight times, wearing a special harness with a large chute that is opened by a static line attached to the rip cord.—*By Sgt. Frank Freestone, Fort Benning, Georgia.*

Of the hundreds of different electron tubes, one of the most sensitive is a certain photoelectric cell that enables a scientist to determine which of two cups of boiling water was stirred for a minute with a strip of metal. The cell readily detects the infinitesimal amount of metal dissolved during the action.

As fragmentation bombs, used primarily against humans and animals, weigh only thirty pounds, a plane can carry a large number and effectively sweep a huge target by releasing them methodically while flying at a low level. As the plane requires time to pass out of the range of the flying fragments, the descent of these bombs is usually retarded by a parachute.

Textbooks on world history used in the high schools of the United States have never devoted, on the average, more than three per cent of their space to China and Japan, which together contain one quarter of the world population.—*By Betty Barker, New York, New York.*

Our naval vessels are now built in about half the time required in prewar days. Destroyers are constructed in six months instead of eighteen, aircraft carriers in seventeen months instead of thirty-five, submarines in one year instead of two and battleships in three years instead of five.

Not one of the 221 women who lost their lives in the Coconut Grove fire in Boston had anything on their persons that immediately identified them, having checked their wraps and become separated from their purses and bags. Consequently five days were required to identify all the bodies.

In the United States, the percentage of absenteeism from work in war industries is about three times as large as before the war. In England, absenteeism among essential workers has virtually ceased because it is subject to punishment; about fifty persons have been imprisoned during the past 18 months for being habitually absent without justifiable reasons.

American prisons are now producing millions of dollars worth of war materials. Air-raid sirens are being made at San Quentin; shirting for the Navy at the Alabama state prison; bomb parts at the federal penitentiary in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania; and cartridge belts at the reformatory for women in Alderson, West Virginia. Even large patrol boats for the Army are being built entirely by the inmates at McNeil Island.

One of the reasons why younger men make better soldiers than older men is that their wounds heal more quickly. All things being equal, a wound that heals in thirty days in a man of twenty and forty days in a man of thirty requires sixty days in a man of forty and eighty days in a man of fifty.—*By Nelson Dean, Jr., Sacramento, California.*

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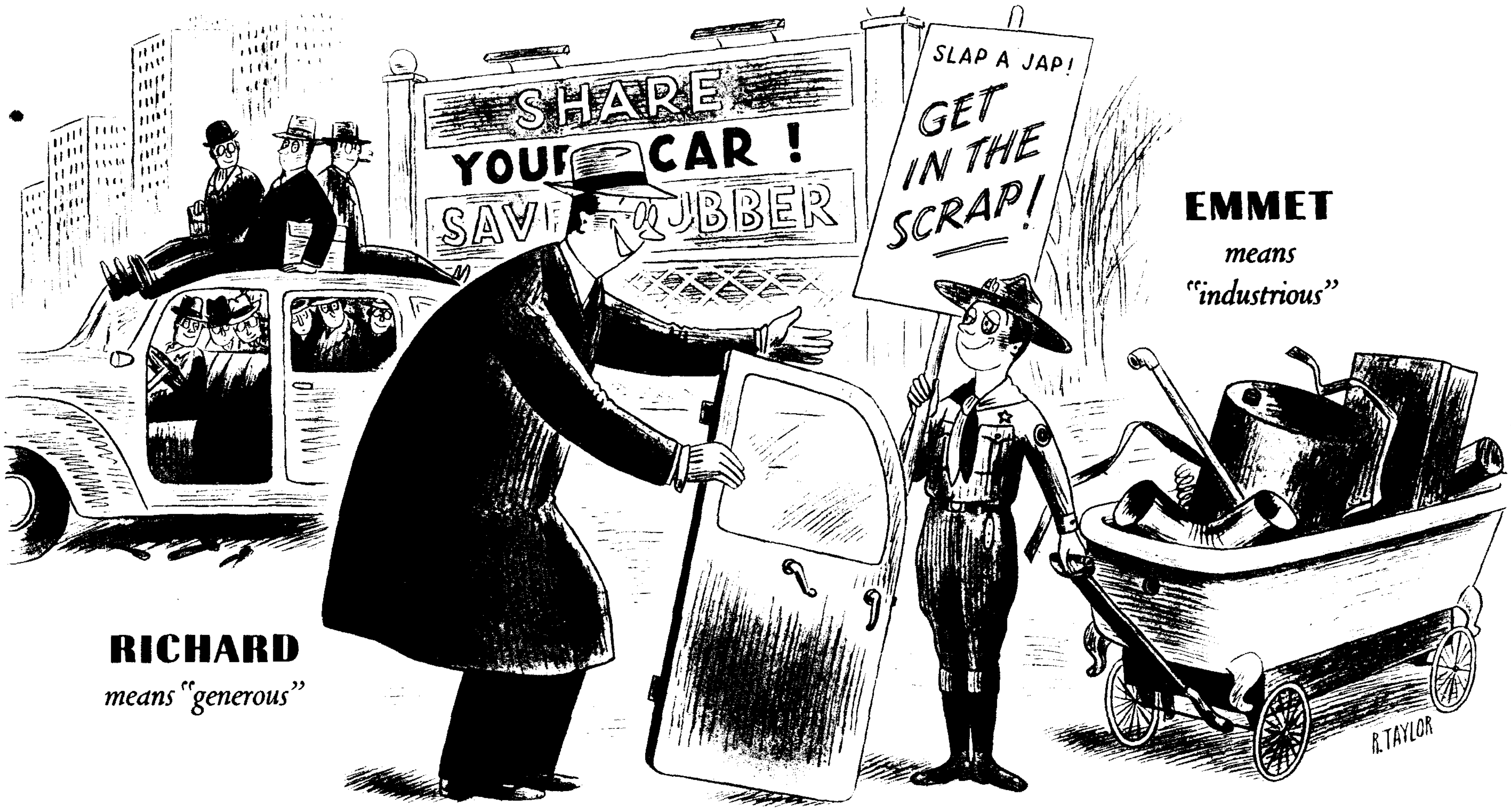
What's in a Name ?

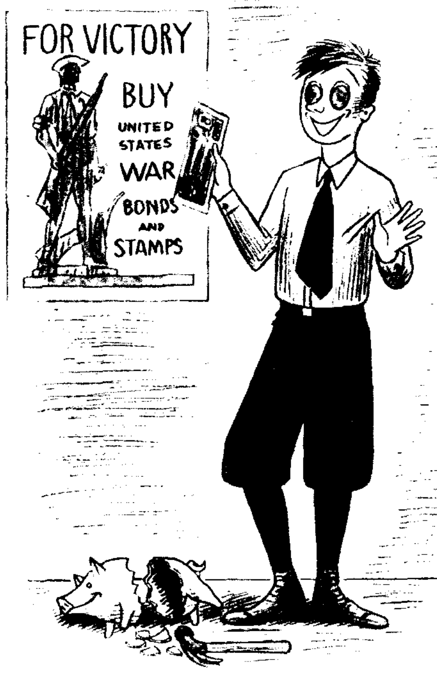

SHARE YOUR CAR ! SAVE RUBBER
SLAP A JAP!
GET IN THE SCRAP!
R. TAYLOR

RICHARD
means "generous"

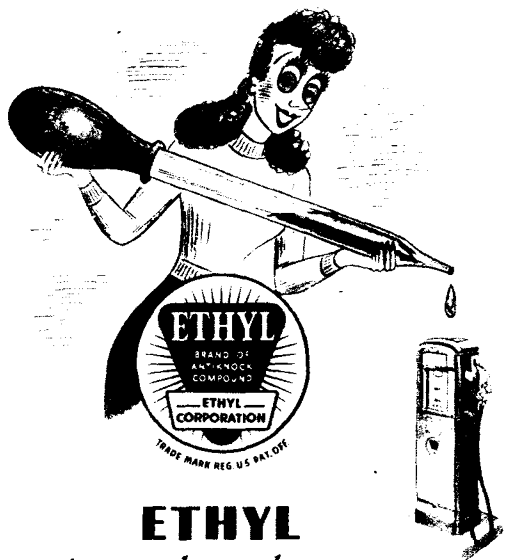
EMMET
means "industrious"

SAVE TIN CANS

LUCRETIA
means "a good housewife"


FOR VICTORY
BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

FRANK
means "free"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The meanings and origins of over 900 masculine and feminine names are given in the fascinating illustrated booklet, "What's in a Name?" It's free—no obligation—just mail coupon.

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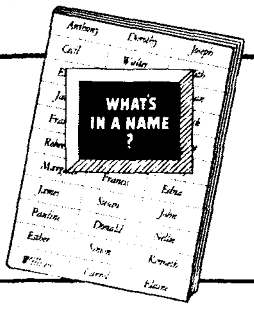
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with
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The outstanding scores rolled up by American Bomber Crews abroad pay tribute to the efficiency and thoroughness of their training. A major factor in this efficiency is the dependability of our training equipment.

The majority of the twin-engine Training Planes, in which the Bomber Pilots receive their advanced schooling (both in the United States and in Canada), are powered by JACOBS Engines,—sturdy, reliable, efficient products of advanced engineering and precision manufacture.

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Engines
POTTSTOWN PENNSYLVANIA · U · S · A ·

COURTESY T.W.A.

Men of the Army Air Forces learn to repair planes at a postgraduate aircraft mechanics' specialist school. Each man has a separate specialty. In foreground, Private Bert Bailey (left) and Private Edward Caston

WING TALK

OUT near the Solomons one day after a heavy battle, a U. S. Navy destroyer was on patrol. Suddenly a Jap bomber came rushing at it. The destroyer opened up with its antiaircraft, and the bomber dropped down on the water. The bomber crew promptly took to their life raft, and the destroyer circled to pick them up.

As the American ship pulled close, a line was tossed over to the raft. A member of the bomber crew reached eagerly for it, but the Jap officer in charge knocked his hand away, growling what was probably a bad word. Better to die, it seemed, than be rescued by the filthy white man.

At which point, another of the bomber crew calmly took out a pistol and shot the officer dead. His body was dumped into the ocean, and the man who had originally reached for the line reached for it again. This time he wasn't interrupted.

AMONG the unsung heroes, the desert flowers doomed to blush under a bushel basket (or something), are the commercial airlines.

The airlines are doing a number of very important things for the Army and still maintaining a civilian transportation system, hauling a great many people between 250 cities in this country at a three-mile-a-minute clip.

The commercial lines are handling the secret modification centers for the Army Air Forces. Planes coming from assembly lines are sent to the centers for last-minute special changes and equipment. A ship going to Africa, for example, will be equipped with a sand filter. Another going to Russia will get gadgets for cold-weather flying. One going to the Pacific will have the armor plate shifted slightly, as protection against maneuvers characteristic of Jap Zeros. If these trivial changes were made in the manufacturing plants, production lines would be gummed up disastrously.

Airline pilots are flying military planes all over the globe. A pilot who flew a few weeks ago between Chicago and Denver is now hopping across the Pacific. Another on the Atlanta to New York run has switched to New York to Cairo. The airlines were a reservoir of experienced transport pilots without whom our air-cargo system could never have operated.

The airlines also have schools for mechanics and flight officers. One line turns out a thousand mechanics every 120 days. The lines likewise have furnished scores of technical and administrative workers for the Army and Navy.

One third of all transports and crews from civilian lines are in military service. Between 38 and 45 per cent of the airlines' equipment has been turned over to the war. Yet the commercial lines are carrying only from 11 to 17 per cent less passenger-and-pound-mile cargo.

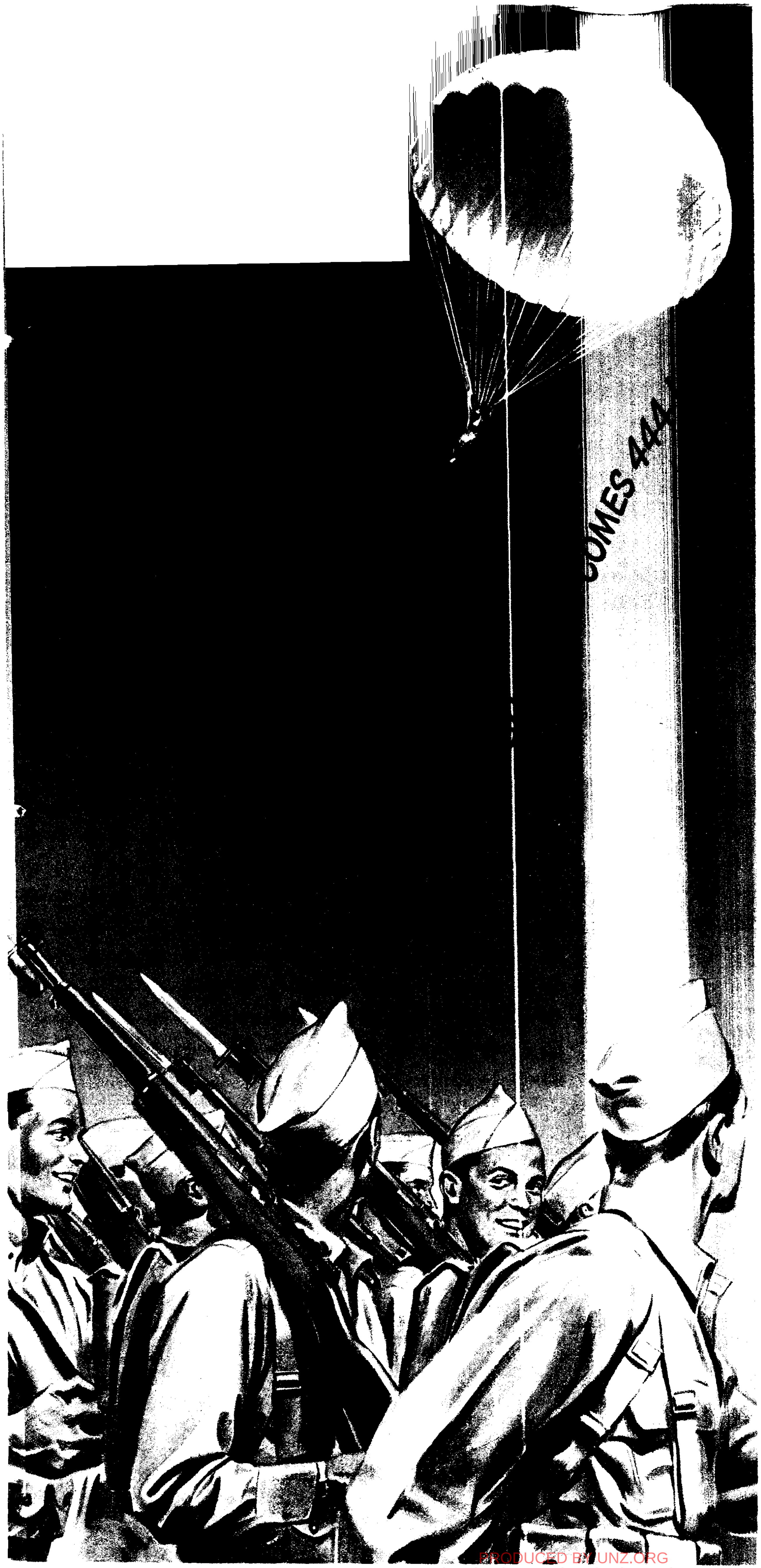
So stop grousing because you can't get a seat to fly back home for a week end.

THE R.A.F. has its way of keeping fliers awake. One of the major sins that can be committed by a Royal Air Force pilot is to forget to watch the skies about him. A Jerry plane may come swooping down upon him any time, whether he is making a sweep over the English Channel or ferrying an officer to his country place in the interior of Britain. The pilot must keep his eyes open, even on the most casual trip.

When one pilot sees another dreaming along in mid-air, thinking about that trim little cookie he left behind, the first flier sneaks up behind and above, then dives with a roar at the dreamer. As he flashes under the dazed pilot's plane, the tormentor speaks into his radio. "Tat, tat, tat," he says staccato. "You're dead."

It's astonishing how thoroughly it can wake even the sleepiest pilot. . . .

ROBERT McCORMICK



STOCKINGS

Yes Ma'am!—BOMBYX MORI, that Jap silkworm, has another knot in his tail. Parachutes are being made of cellulose acetate *rayon*. Strong parachutes. *Safe* parachutes!

Sure, the rayon for one parachute would make 444 stockings. But you still have stockings. Right, Ma'am?

The "University of Petroleum," Shell's research laboratories, is very much in the "silk stocking and parachute picture" through research which resulted in Shell becoming one of the principal suppliers of *acetone* to industry.

It is acetone—produced by Shell from a waste petroleum gas — which changes a cotton derivative, cellulose acetate, to a syrupy liquid: the "spinning solution." This is forced through holes of microscopic fineness. Presto! It becomes silky fibers. These are twisted into thread. From then on, you can name what you want—from sheer, glamorous stockings to a parachute!

•

We're really richer than we were before these wartime "shortages" came along. Scientific ability is applied to our native resources and lo! we have artificial silk . . . or rubber . . . or exotic flavorings and perfumes—to mention only a few that have been found buried deep in the chemical structure of petroleum.

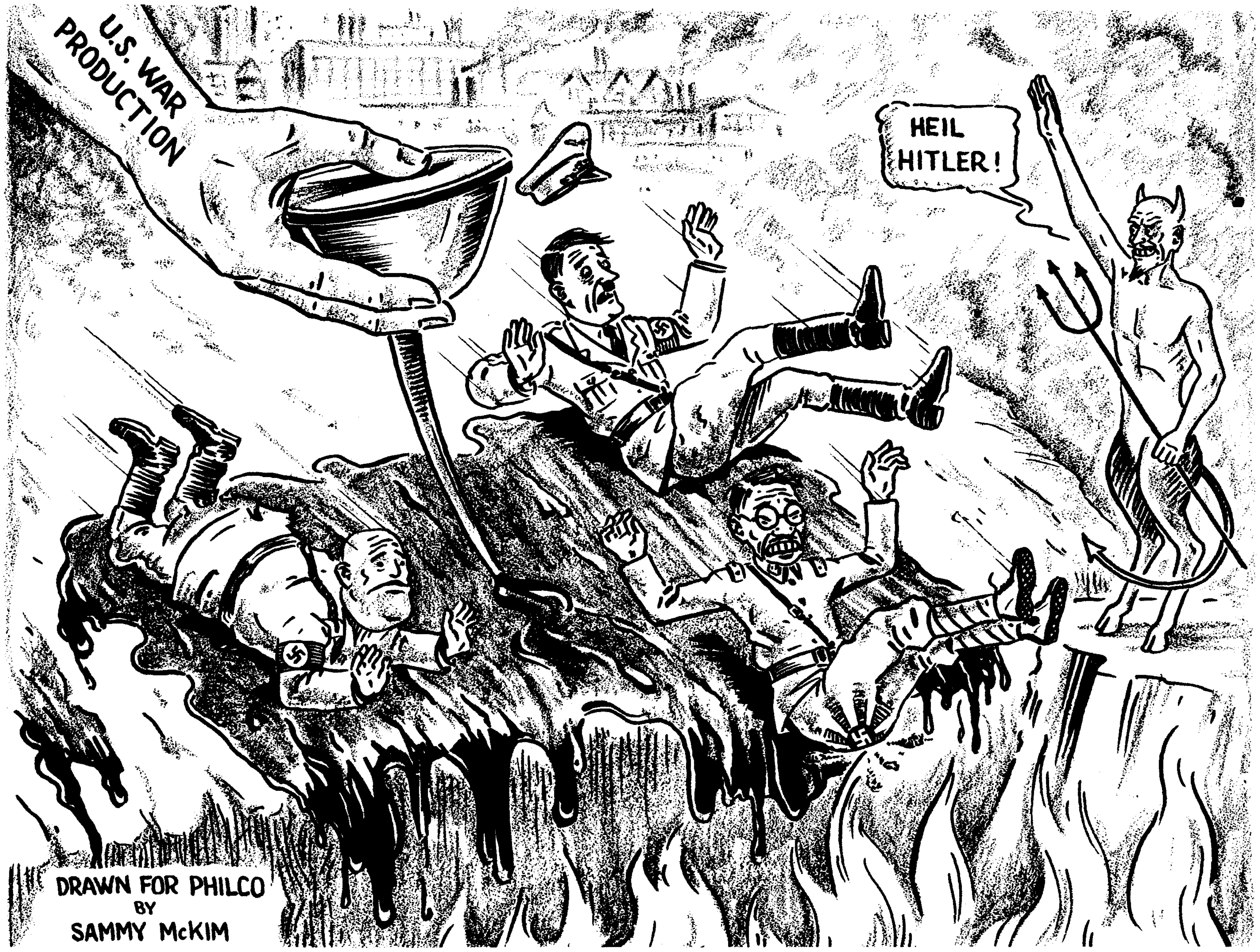
And the exploration of these new chemical frontiers has only begun.

SHELL

SHELL RESEARCH—

Sword of **Today**
Plowshare of **Tomorrow**

"Greasing the Skids"


U.S. WAR PRODUCTION
HEIL HITLER!
DRAWN FOR PHILCO BY SAMMY McKIM

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THE men and women of Philco have set their sights for the new and greater tasks of the coming year. The allied offensive of 1943 is already on its way in the laboratories and production lines of American industry. And the electronic equipment produced by Philco soldiers of industry will play a vital part in the offensive power of our planes, tanks and ships.

The electronic miracles which have been developed in the Philco laboratories and produced in the Philco factories have helped to bring the dawn of the *Age of Electronics* to the battlefronts of the world. Yesterday, they were scientists' dreams. Today, they are realities. Tomorrow, their deadly purpose will be turned to the pursuits of peace.

With Victory, the *Age of Electronics* will dawn for all humanity. And Philco, the quality name in millions of American homes, will again bring you thrilling new wonders of comfort, convenience and entertainment.

Sammy McKim, the 16-year-old boy cartoonist of Hollywood, Calif., makes this contribution to the Philco series depicting the productive might of industrial America. He is one of the Five McKim Kids of the screen colony, aged 9 to 18, who "isboo" the whimsical "weakly," McKimskims.

Free Limited Offer . . . While available, a full size reproduction of the original drawing by Sammy McKim will be furnished gladly upon request. Simply address Philco Corporation, Philadelphia, Penna., and ask for Cartoon Number 41C.

PHILCO CORPORATION

"Our Secret Weapon." Tune in Friday evenings, over your local Columbia Station.

•

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

America is conserving its resources for Victory. As you save on all products of peacetime consumption, remember too to preserve the things you own. Trained service men everywhere are leaving civilian life to serve vital military needs. So be careful to maintain the condition and prolong the life of your Philco products.

RADIOS, PHONOGRAPHS, REFRIGERATORS, AIR CONDITIONERS, RADIO TUBES ★ ★ INDUSTRIAL STORAGE BATTERIES FOR MOTIVE POWER, SIGNAL SYSTEMS, CONTROL AND AUXILIARY POWER

ARMY E NAVY

The Army-Navy "E" Flag awarded to Philco plants in Philadelphia, Chicago, Trenton, N.J., and Sandusky, Ohio.

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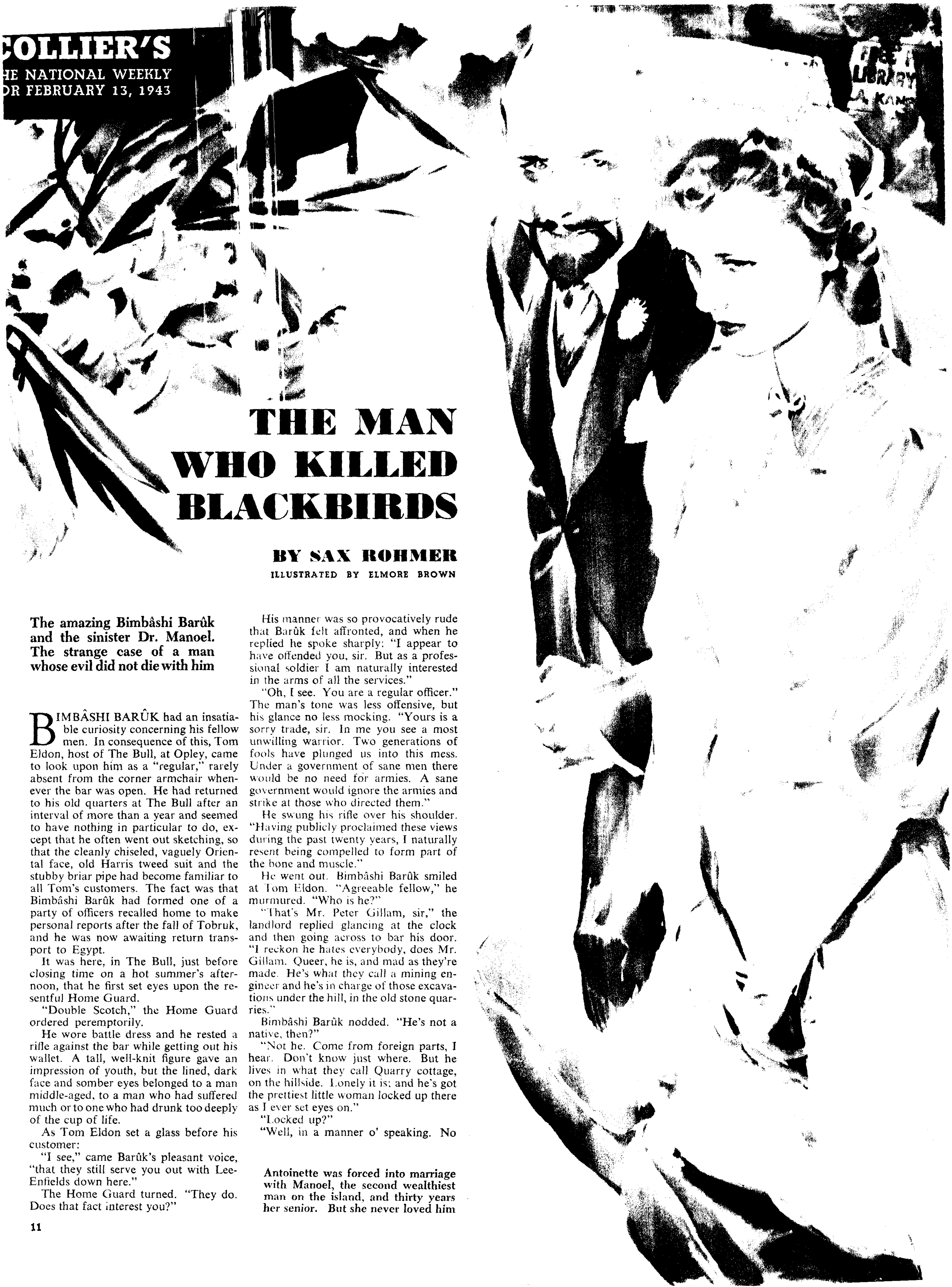
E NATIONAL WEEKLY
R FEBRUARY 13, 1943



Antoinette was forced into marriage with Manoel, the second wealthiest man on the island, and thirty years her senior. But she never loved him

THE MAN WHO KILLED BLACKBIRDS

BY SAX ROHMER

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The amazing Bimbâshi Barûk and the sinister Dr. Manoel. The strange case of a man whose evil did not die with him

BIMBÂSHI BARÛK had an insatiable curiosity concerning his fellow men. In consequence of this, Tom Eldon, host of The Bull, at Opley, came to look upon him as a "regular," rarely absent from the corner armchair whenever the bar was open. He had returned to his old quarters at The Bull after an interval of more than a year and seemed to have nothing in particular to do, except that he often went out sketching, so that the cleanly chiseled, vaguely Oriental face, old Harris tweed suit and the stubby briar pipe had become familiar to all Tom's customers. The fact was that Bimbâshi Barûk had formed one of a party of officers recalled home to make personal reports after the fall of Tobruk, and he was now awaiting return transport to Egypt.

It was here, in The Bull, just before closing time on a hot summer's afternoon, that he first set eyes upon the resentful Home Guard.

"Double Scotch," the Home Guard ordered peremptorily.

He wore battle dress and he rested a rifle against the bar while getting out his wallet. A tall, well-knit figure gave an impression of youth, but the lined, dark face and somber eyes belonged to a man middle-aged, to a man who had suffered much or to one who had drunk too deeply of the cup of life.

As Tom Eldon set a glass before his customer:

"I see," came Barûk's pleasant voice, "that they still serve you out with Lee-Enfields down here."

The Home Guard turned. "They do. Does that fact interest you?"

His manner was so provocatively rude that Barûk felt affronted, and when he replied he spoke sharply: "I appear to have offended you, sir. But as a professional soldier I am naturally interested in the arms of all the services."

"Oh, I see. You are a regular officer." The man's tone was less offensive, but his glance no less mocking. "Yours is a sorry trade, sir. In me you see a most unwilling warrior. Two generations of fools have plunged us into this mess. Under a government of sane men there would be no need for armies. A sane government would ignore the armies and strike at those who directed them."

He swung his rifle over his shoulder. "Having publicly proclaimed these views during the past twenty years, I naturally resent being compelled to form part of the bone and muscle."

He went out. Bimbâshi Barûk smiled at Tom Eldon. "Agreeable fellow," he murmured. "Who is he?"

"That's Mr. Peter Gillam, sir," the landlord replied glancing at the clock and then going across to bar his door. "I reckon he hates everybody, does Mr. Gillam. Queer, he is, and mad as they're made. He's what they call a mining engineer and he's in charge of those excavations under the hill, in the old stone quarries."

Bimbâshi Barûk nodded. "He's not a native, then?"

"Not he. Come from foreign parts, I hear. Don't know just where. But he lives in what they call Quarry cottage, on the hillside. Lonely it is; and he's got the prettiest little woman locked up there as I ever set eyes on."

"Locked up?"

"Well, in a manner o' speaking. No

Inspector Horley paused. Mrs. Gillam, her delicate color fading, had tottered to a chair, supported by her husband. "Peter," she whispered. Her dark blue eyes seemed to grow black with emotion. "Oh, my dear!"

society, like. Seems to be frightened of everybody. Aye, they're a queer couple."

Somewhat less than an hour later, Bimbâshi Barûk found himself in a narrow winding path, all but indiscernible because of encroaching nettles, a path which traced an aimless way through a wood of firs. This wood possessed one peculiar and unpleasant feature; it contained a number of dead birds, chiefly blackbirds, in various stages of decay and overrun by wasps. The bimbâshi carried water-color equipment, and was bound for a spot which he had long determined to try to paint—a pool opening out from a tiny stream, where there were water lilies.

He was aware that this was private property, but except by rocks, thrushes, squirrels and a rare rabbit, his trespass had never been challenged. The house—Court Oaks—stood at no great distance from the pool, but he knew that most of it was locked up, that the grounds were neglected. Dr. Manoel, its wealthy and eccentric occupant, camped out in two rooms, where he resided alone except for a colored manservant.

Presently, through an opening in the trees which he remembered, the lily pool burst into view. He stood still. His abrupt halt had not been occasioned by the loveliness of the pool, however, but by the fact that a man was seated beside it.

He was sitting bolt upright in a split-cane chair beneath a magnificent lime tree. On the grass beside him lay a book.

He was perhaps sixty years of age, but possessed a slim figure and saturnine good looks. As he wore no hat, the sun quickened his thick, wavy hair to silver, accentuating the yellowness of his skin. Heavy eyebrows, mustache and a small pointed beard remained dark, and he wore a white linen suit; so that, recalling spoken descriptions, the bimbâshi concluded that he was looking at Dr. Manoel, owner of Court Oaks.

And Dr. Manoel, without relaxing that rigid pose, sat holding a gold watch extended before him, his eyes fixed upon it and his expression one of such extreme horror that Bimbâshi Barûk became physically chilled. Although Dr. Manoel's hand was steady, immovable as the rest of his body, perspiration shone upon his high forehead and he presented a perfect study of one facing imminent and inescapable destruction!

AS HE stood there, Bimbâshi Barûk heard a dull, familiar thud. The gold watch fell to the grass; Dr. Manoel came to his feet like a puppet jerked upright on a wire; a speck of blood gleamed, a living ruby, on his wet forehead—and he pitched forward and lay, arms outstretched. The crack of a rifle shot echoed around the valley, and rooks rose, filling the air with their alarm calls. . . .

The first shock of this dreadful killing being conquered (for the fact that he had witnessed an assassination was unmistakable), Bimbâshi Barûk gained the victim's side in a period computable in seconds. Barbed wire intervened, but the bimbâshi had learned all that one may know about barbed wire, in Libya. Breathing rapidly, he stood for a moment looking down. Then, twisting about, he stared up the slope.

From this point of view, owing to close-set timber, no more than a corner of the east wing of Court Oaks was visible. Otherwise, a stone cottage on the hillside beyond seemed to be the only building in sight. There was, however, ample natural cover. Nothing stirred but the rooks above; their cries and the shriek of a hidden jay alone disturbed a hot silence. . . .

Dr. Manoel had been killed by a first-class marksman. The bullet had passed clean through his brain, back to front. Death must have been swift and painless as that inflicted by a guillotine. His watch lay, dial upward, near his clenched hand; it recorded that the hour was 3:03 P. M. (summer time). The book on the grass beside the chair was a richly bound copy of Cardinal Newman's "Dream of Gerontius."

ALTHOUGH the bimbâshi wasted no time in running up to Court Oaks—an ugly, rambling stone mansion of mid-Victorian design—he met with infuriating delay in gaining admittance. The house presented every evidence of desertion. Many of the windows were shuttered and others clearly belonged to unoccupied rooms. The drive was liberally decorated with thistles, and the main entrance, its rusty bellpull reluctant to function, had long forgotten the smell of paint. A sepulchral note, deep within the house, responded to his ringing.

At last came footsteps. A man, whom he judged to be a mulatto, opened the door. He was dressed in a sort of livery, with black trousers and a striped linen jacket; and his face, yellow like his master's, bore an habitual expression of hopeless despair.

"Are you Dr. Manoel's servant?" the bimbâshi asked sharply.

"Yes. I am José. What do you wish? The doctor is out." José had a slight accent and spoke almost tonelessly; the effect was that of a very old gramophone record.

"Did you hear a shot a few minutes ago?"

"Yes. The doctor is shooting rabbits, I suppose."

"Does he often shoot rabbits?"

"Often. We eat many rabbits."

Bimbâshi Barûk fixed an analytical regard upon the man's dull, dark eyes; but he could read nothing in them.

"Dr. Manoel has been attacked. My name is Major Barûk. Show me the telephone."

José inclined his head and led the way along a gloomy and shuttered passage to an even darker alcove which had the fusty smell of a place where daylight is unknown. Here stood a telephone.

And so in this way the outer world was notified of the death of Dr. Manoel, and on that sunny afternoon the neglected grounds of Court Oaks became peopled by unfamiliar figures: Inspector Horley and Dr. Whittington (both of whom the bimbâshi had met before) and several others who were strangers. Police on motorcycles were soon weaving in and out of that maze of narrow lanes which embraced the grounds of Court Oaks. There was a sharp brush when the inspector suggested that Bimbâshi Barûk had taken no steps to apprehend this mysterious assassin.

"Might I inquire," said the bimbâshi smoothly, "short of throwing a cordon around the neighborhood, what I could have done? Being but one, and indivisible, this maneuver presented certain difficulties."

In fact, Inspector Horley was in a bad humor; it rankled in his memory that the bimbâshi had once succeeded in unraveling a local mystery where he himself had failed; so that at the earliest opportunity which he could decently accept,

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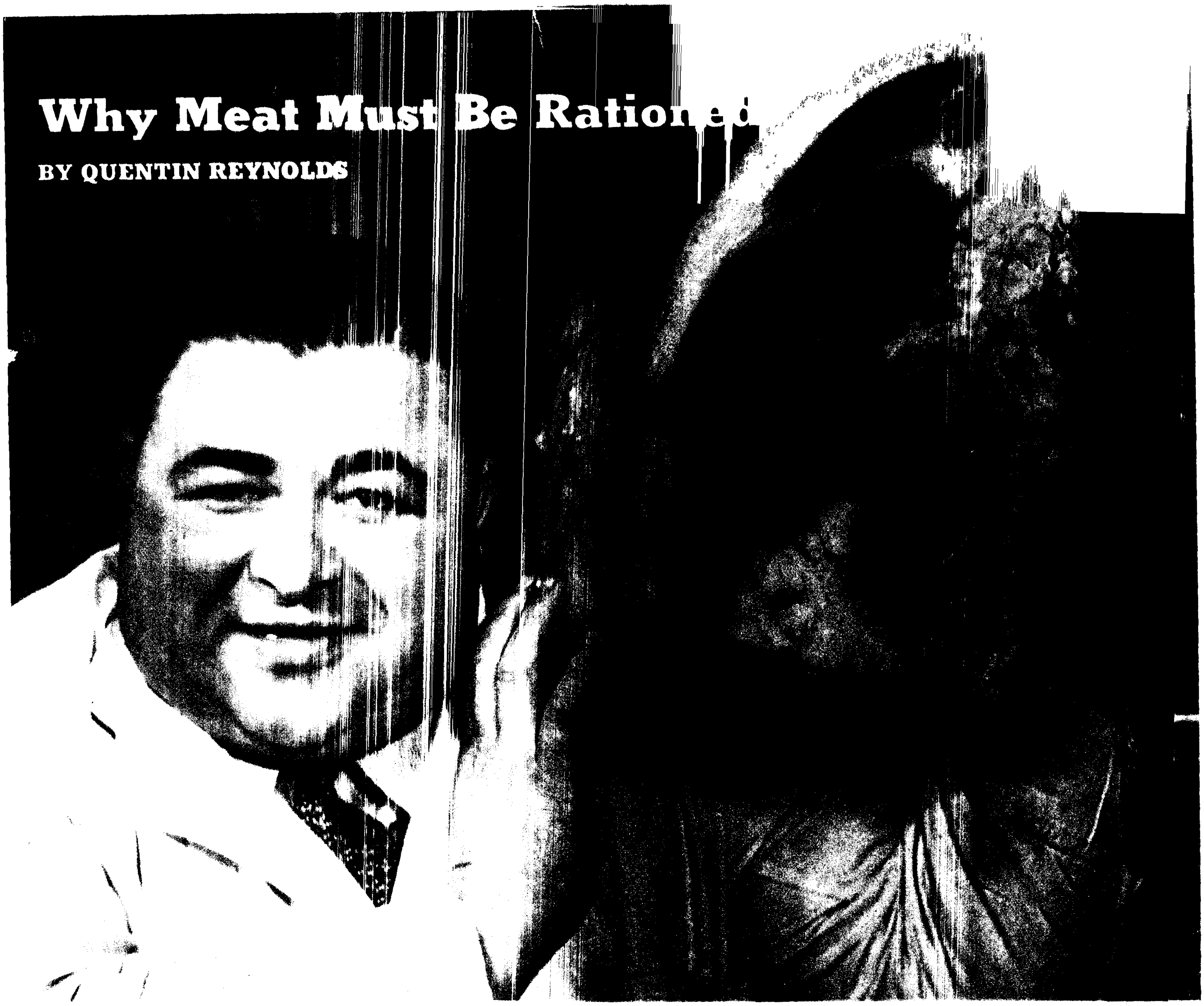
Why Meat Must Be Rationed

BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS



An unfamiliar sight nowadays — this 143-pound sirloin of beef held on the shoulder of Emil Feitusch, a New York butcher

Meat rationing is a military necessity and a protection for the civilian. It does not imply that you or your family will go hungry. On the contrary, carefully worked out plans will provide the home front with all the meat that it needs

THERE was that week when you couldn't buy a steak in Boston or Providence or Worcester or practically anywhere else in New England. There were just no steaks to be had. Nor was there any lamb or pork, and the meat-hungry New Englanders raised their voices in a collective squawk. They squawked to the Department of Agriculture, to the American Meat Institute and to the packers themselves. Only an embarrassed silence met their lusty complaints and soon meat returned and the complaints died down to low grumbles.

They never knew the reason for the shortage and were quite annoyed because neither the government nor the meat industry would give an explanation. The explanation was simple: Two large ships set out for northern Ireland loaded to the gunwales with meat destined to feed our troops. But the German subs got there first, and the meat fed the fishes of the North Atlantic.

The War Department explained the emergency situation to the packers; the packers grabbed every bit of meat that was headed for New England and diverted it to ships which were waiting. In no time at all, the ships were loaded and sailed off to allay the meat shortage among our troops in northern Ireland. Yet for security reasons, the Navy could not announce the loss of the two sunken ships, and that was the reason for the embarrassed silence on the part of the government and the packers.

Any time that there is a meat shortage in some parts of the country, a similar incident may be the reason. In December, 1941, there was a terrific meat shortage in San Diego, Los Angeles and all other southern California cities. The native sons were very indignant. But once again there was no explanation.

It can be told now that, when Pearl Harbor was bombed, a warehouse containing one million pounds of meat was destroyed. All meat that was headed from Kansas City and Chicago for southern California was diverted and by December 10th was loaded and en route to Pearl Harbor to feed hungry Army, Navy and Marine personnel. As the war becomes grimmer, more of these incidents are bound to happen; temporary meat shortages are sure to occur.

Meat shortages of another type occurred last summer and fall in some cities, notably in the Northeastern states. These were due to the fact that the March price ceilings were relatively lower in these cities than in other cities. The total demand for meat was greater than the total supply, owing to the high wartime incomes of workers. The meat then tended to go to the places where the ceilings were higher and not to the places where the ceilings were lower. This has been corrected by establishing uniform ceilings, and shortages of this type will not recur.

Even without further such shortages or without sinkings and bombings, there will be a relative shortage of meat during the next year. Of course, what we call a shortage would be sheer luxury to the civilians of either Russia or Britain. I spent three months in Russia without ever seeing a steak, and in London you are very lucky (even in the luxury hotels) to get one steak a month. The people of Russia and Britain long ago learned the lesson of total warfare—to wit: civilians have to fight, too. But one of our less attractive heritages is our propensity to delight in squawking about minor complaints until the real pinch comes. Then there is no doubt that we'll be able to take it as well as the civilians of either Russia or Britain.

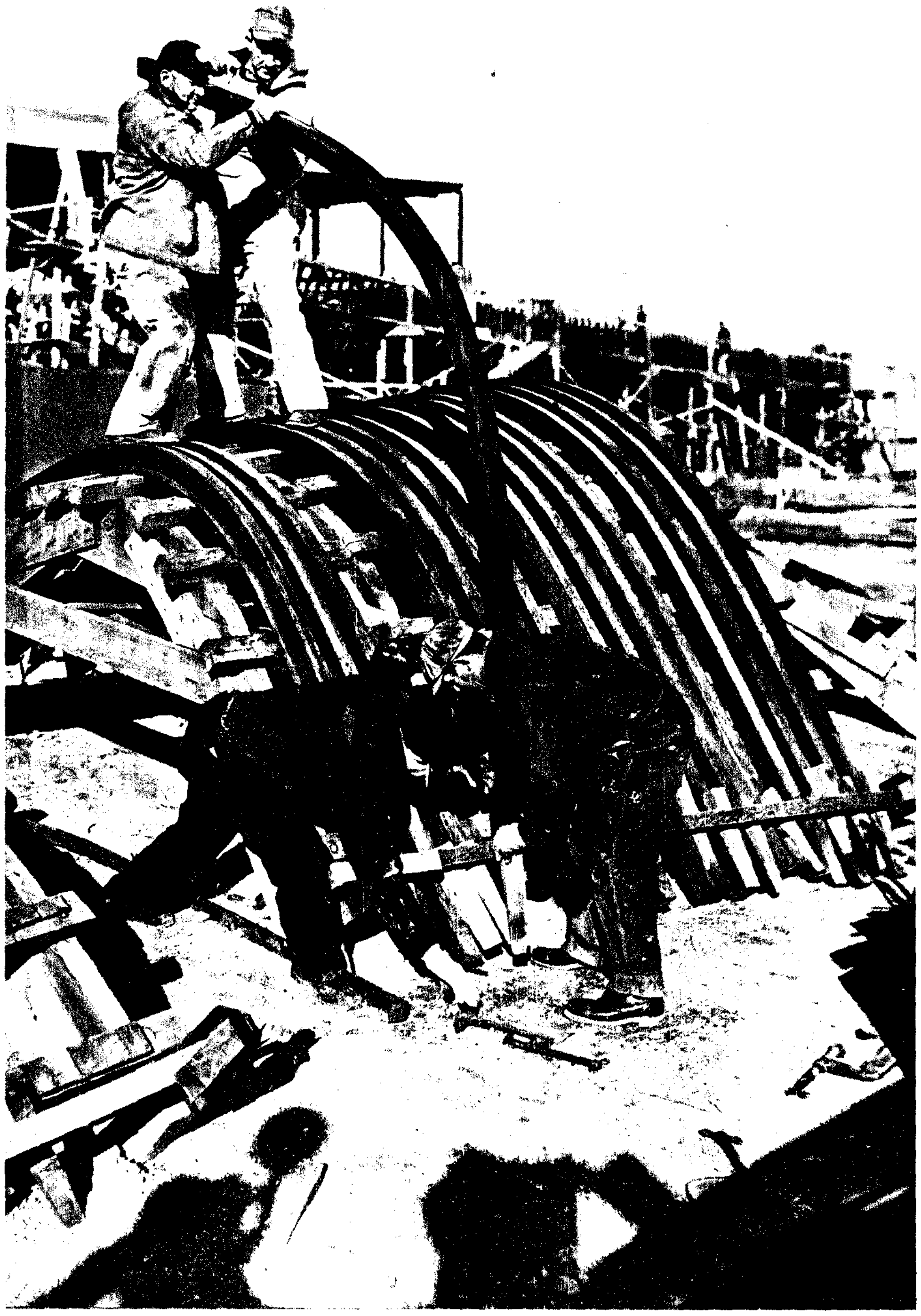
Take a quick look at the all-over picture of meat in this country and you'll see why there will be a relative meat shortage. You'll realize, too, why meat must be rationed and why it will be to our advantage to have it rationed. Last year, 22 billion pounds of carcass meat were produced by the packers of the country. Four billion pounds went to our Armed Forces and our allies. This

(Continued on page 46)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

WHERE THERE'S A WAY

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM INTERNATIONAL



First recognizable part of the wooden submarine chaser is the rib—a single strip of wood which is steamed and put on a rack for bending. The ribs shown right are now shipshape and are being removed for fitting into the keel. Each rib constitutes a half-section, one for each side of the ship

YACHT and pleasure-craft catalogues that catered to cruising America are back numbers today, and the small shipyards that turned out the luxury cruisers are now building mine sweepers, subchasers and coastal transports for the Navy.

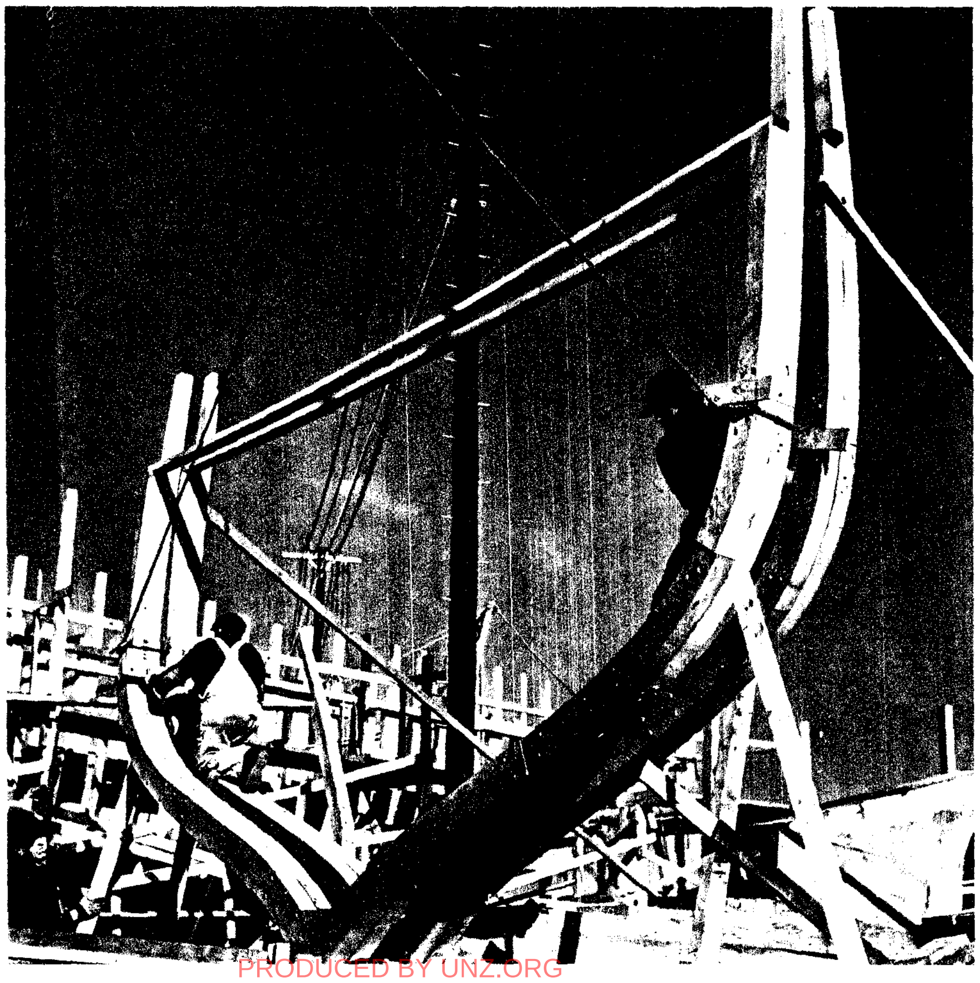
The glamor of the steel battle wagons and the streamlined efficiency of the cruiser aren't here, but the small sisters of the giant fighting ships, built by descendants of early American shipwrights, are sliding down the ways every day as part of the Navy's program to clear the seas of enemy mines and submarines.

Using wood as the predominating structural material, the old shipbuilders are spending their time and talents on work of lifesaving importance to the armed and armored products of the nation's larger shipyards.

Typical of the present business-before-pleasure yards that dot the New England coast (some of them tracing back over a long history of outfitting the early fishing settlements) are those of William A. Robinson, Inc., and Simms Brothers. These firms, well known to pleasure-boat owners, are making new names for themselves in war production. The workers are recognized shipbuilding craftsmen of long standing, many of them having been called into service recently after years of retirement. Age seems to be no handicap. Some of the shipbuilders are eighty years old.

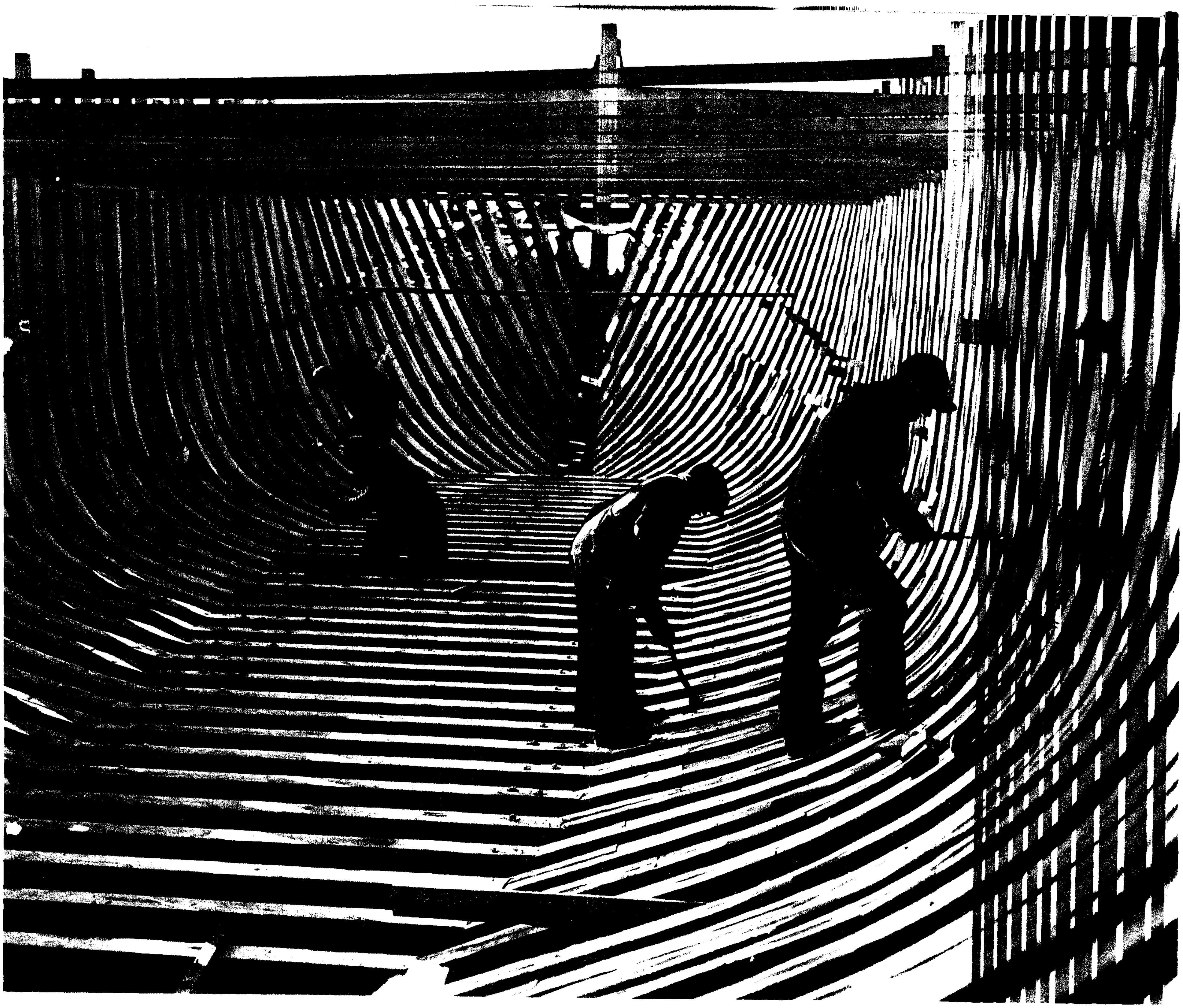
The photographs on this and the opposite page show steps in wooden-ship building, from the initial curved ribs to a fully rigged subchaser ready to do its part for victory. ★★★

Resembling the skeleton of a paleolithic monster, the nearly finished ribwork of a small transport stretches out (upper right) toward the bow. Workmen with a variety of tools including an adze (extreme left of picture) put the finishing touches on the interior. Many of the men are descendants of a long line of New England shipbuilders. Several of them, long since retired, are back at work for the duration

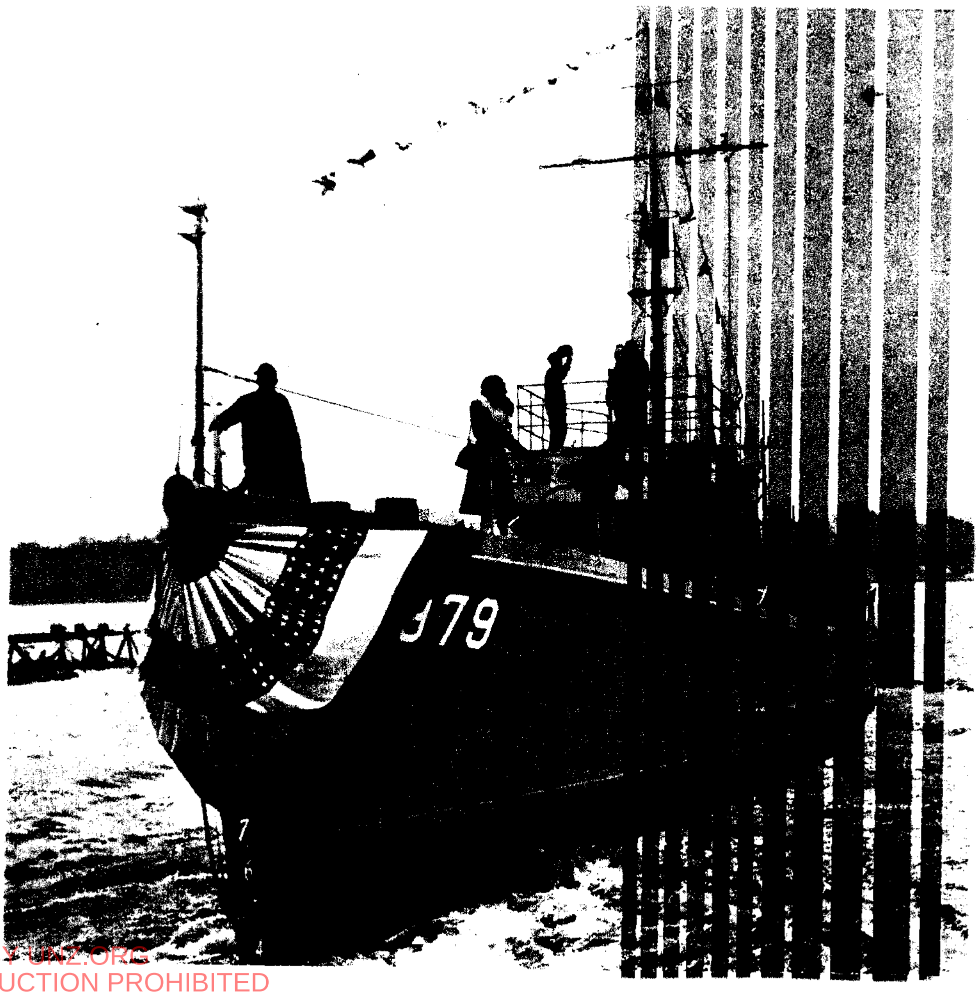


The keel has already been completed and the first ribs of a wooden coastal transport are shown being fitted to the keel. Made up in sections, these ribs are then put together before being hoisted into place on the keel The ribwork of another transport, farther along the ways, is visible in the background

All dressed up for its debut, subchaser No. 979 is ready to be christened and slid down the ways for its dangerous but useful career of clearing the seas of enemy pigboats. The two pictures at the right show workmen knocking out the chocks in preparation for the event, and the ship as it slides into the water, pennants flying. Another headache for the Axis is about to churn oceanward



979


979

Beset with gas rationing, wage ceiling and maid shortage, Linda Darnell puts up for sale her Brentwood mansion. Asking price: $50,000

What her new home—a small, court apartment near 20th Century-Fox studios—lacks in Hollywood "swank" it makes up for in convenience

Hollywood has the following: (a) No gas, (b) no hired help, (c) no money, (d) an awful ache in the head. The $25,000 ceiling depresses them; the gas rationing murders them; they sell their homes; they cook their own meals. The amusement center of the world is definitely not amused

Hollywood Holocaust

By Kyle Crichton

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

THE ceiling has fallen in on Hollywood, and the screams of the wounded are pitiful. The $25,000-a-year wage freeze was deadly, but gas rationing really piled woe upon anguish. On December 1, 1942, a famous motion-picture actress sat by the side of her swimming pool in Bel-Air and keened in misery. She was by turn tragic, indignant, mournful and irate.

"Why, this gas rationing," she cried, tearfully bitter. "It's—it's worse than being *bombed!*"

Allowances must be made for a lady who has been sorely tried. Instead of six servants, she now has two —and she hears strange sounds in the kitchen that convince her she will soon be alone. Her chauffeur has been drafted; her butler is working at Lockheed. Her flower gardens are a wreck because the Japs who once tended them are in internment camps. She sits on her mountain peak, ten miles from the studio where she supplies beautiful allure for the multitudes, and thinks of her gas-rationing card and her puny twenty-five grand, and weeps savagely.

Do you think this is farfetched and merely literary? Well, answer me another question: How much dough have you in the kick, and how high will you go for a castle? For instance, here's a little $82,000 job owned by a famous actress. It has five master bedrooms, a swimming pool, tennis court, guest house and three acres of ground in a swank neighborhood. Would you give as much as $20,000 and take in the bargain a few grateful kisses from the harassed lady? Make out the papers, my boy, and the thing is yours.

I have another little bargain here that will make your eyes boggle: a fifteen-room villa, fully furnished, swimming pool, guest house, tennis court, stables. The grounds alone cost the owner $68,000, containing rare shrubs, rare species of trees and gardens that are extraordinary even in southern California. The whole shebang—house, gardens and five acres of ground—$28,000. What do you say?

The Hired Help Goes to War

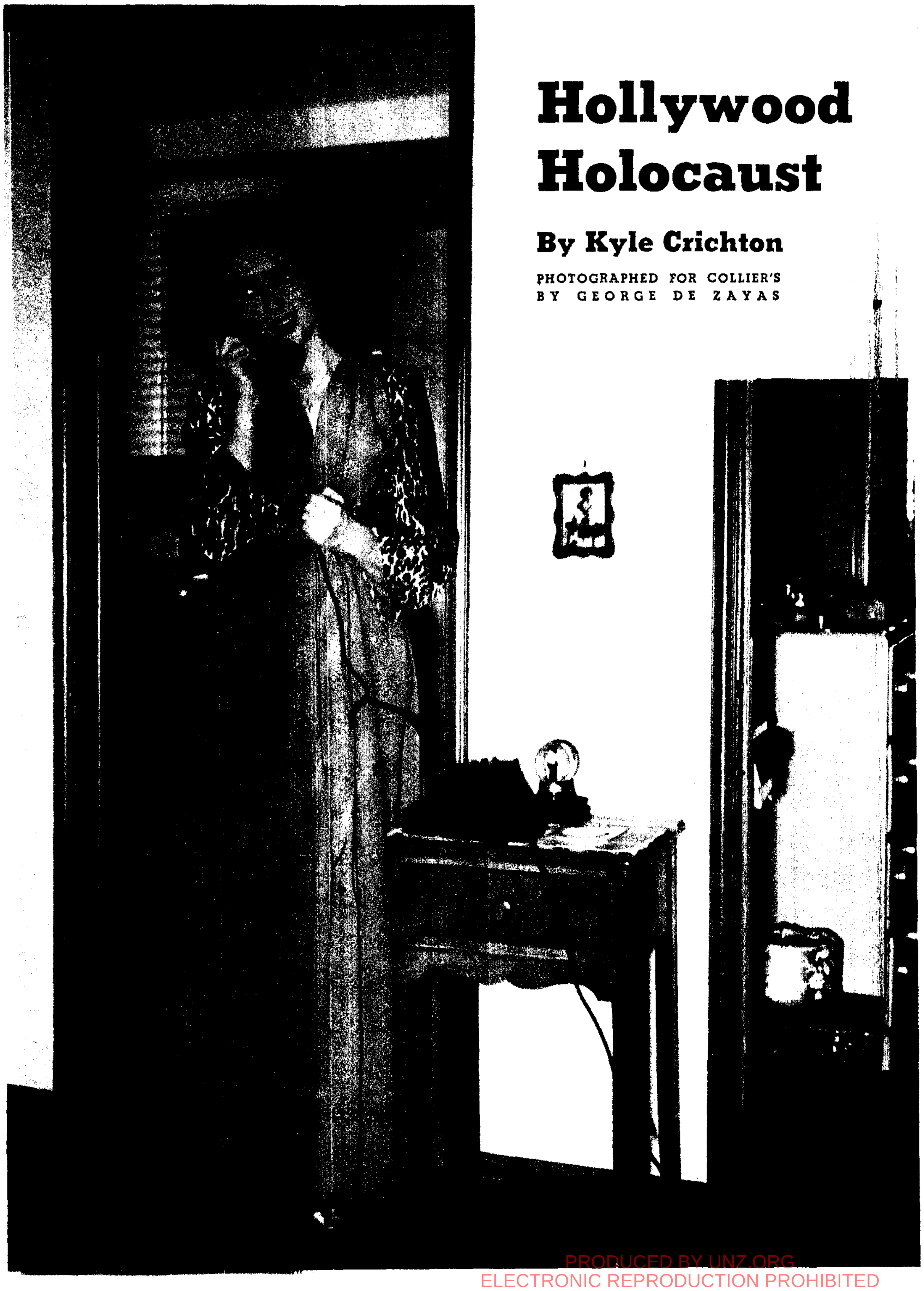
The point, of course, is that you couldn't maintain a place like that with fewer than five servants—and there are no servants. Defense plants have taken them in thousands. Cooks are running drill presses at Douglas or North American; second maids have become riveters.

There was an advertisement in a Los Angeles newspaper:

"Maid wanted; will pay Lockheed wages."

That gets you exactly nowhere. In the first place, you couldn't find the maid and, with the $25,000 ceiling, you couldn't afford her if you found her. On October 27, 1942, when the government announced the new wage ruling and added that anybody who had already made a gross salary of $67,200 for the year couldn't draw any more, it was exactly like the days of the bank moratorium in 1933. People who made thousands of dollars a week were destitute. Since most of them customarily live up to everything they make, there was an actual state of panic, with sundry celebrated individuals milling about like desperate mothers in a food riot. At that moment you could have had any house in town as a gift—and you'd have been a fool to take it. The government finally allowed the usual salaries to be paid to the end of the year, but even so, cases of shell shock were widespread.

Clarence Brown, the M-G-M director, deserted his million-dollar estate at Malibu Beach and moved into an apartment in town. *(Continued on page 23)*



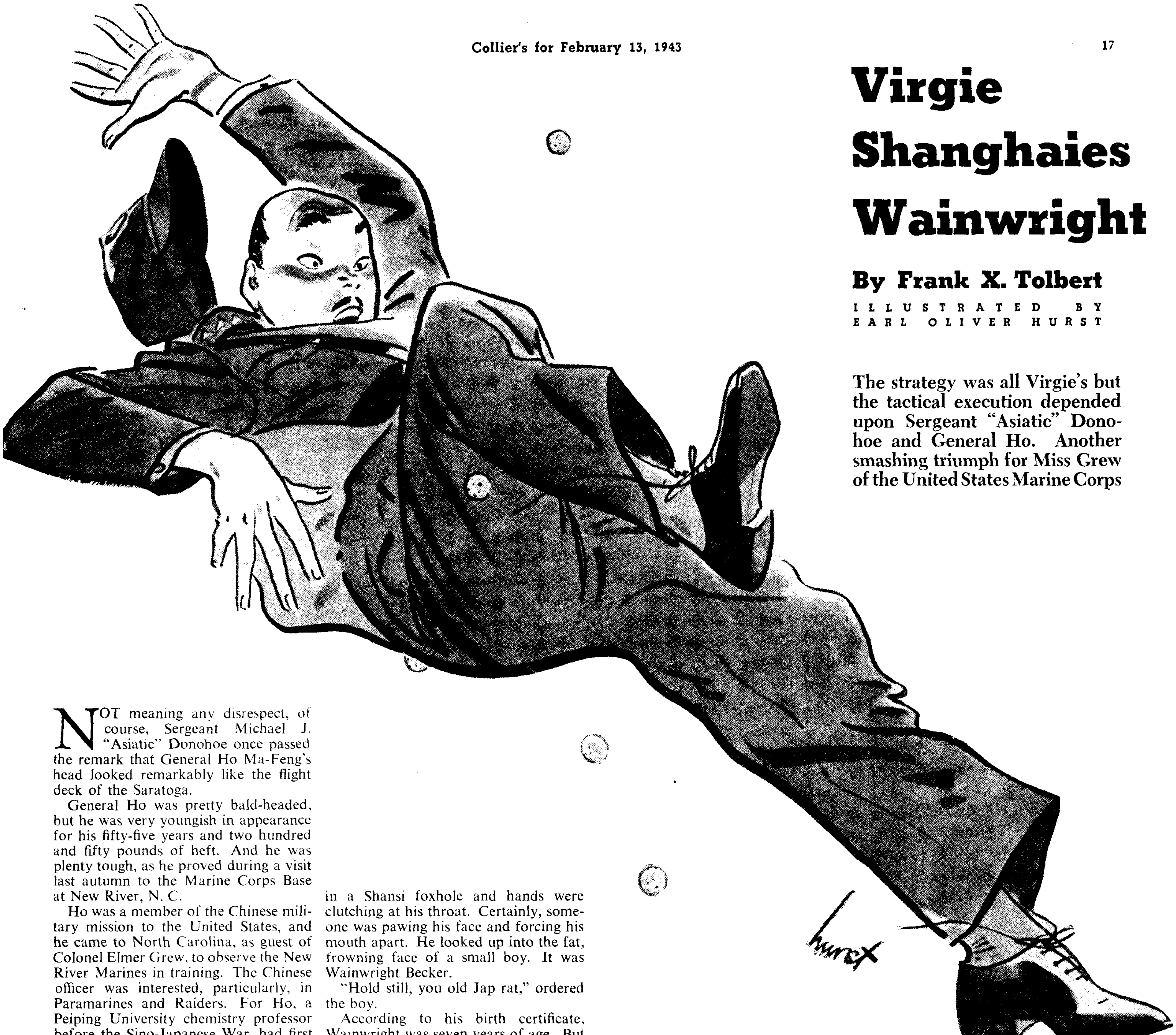
There's no need for a maid to answer the telephone in Miss Darnell's tiny quarters. Anyway, there's hardly standing room for both in the living room. And in the kitchen-dinette, left, it's exactly two steps from cooking to eating

Virgie Shanghaies Wainwright

By Frank X. Tolbert

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

The strategy was all Virgie's but the tactical execution depended upon Sergeant "Asiatic" Donohoe and General Ho. Another smashing triumph for Miss Grew of the United States Marine Corps



The general came down the stairs hurriedly. In fact, he rolled most of the way with a half-dozen golf balls bouncing after him

NOT meaning any disrespect, of course, Sergeant Michael J. "Asiatic" Donohoe once passed the remark that General Ho Ma-Feng's head looked remarkably like the flight deck of the Saratoga.

General Ho was pretty bald-headed, but he was very youngish in appearance for his fifty-five years and two hundred and fifty pounds of heft. And he was plenty tough, as he proved during a visit last autumn to the Marine Corps Base at New River, N. C.

Ho was a member of the Chinese military mission to the United States, and he came to North Carolina, as guest of Colonel Elmer Grew, to observe the New River Marines in training. The Chinese officer was interested, particularly, in Paramarines and Raiders. For Ho, a Peiping University chemistry professor before the Sino-Japanese War, had first gained military renown as number one train wrecker for China's Eighth Route Army.

The general had a pleasant stay at New River for the first four days. He watched demolition and sabotage squads at their mischief. And he went on landing parties with the Raiders. He was very happy and busy—until Admiral Becker of the Washington Navy Yard and his son, Wainwright, arrived, also as house guests of the Grews.

On the morning following the Beckers' arrival, General Ho was awakened rudely. In fact, the general hadn't been awakened quite so rudely since the time back in 1939 when a Japanese patrol caught him asleep in a foxhole. (One of the Nips held reveille by jabbing the general on the hip pocket with a bayonet. And Ho let out a yelp that must have been heard halfway across Shansi province. Anyway, Ho's men heard him. They bobbed out of their foxholes and, quickly, erased the Japs with machine-gun fire.)

So, on opening his eyes there in the Grews' guest room, the drowsy Chinese thought for a moment that he was back in a Shansi foxhole and hands were clutching at his throat. Certainly, someone was pawing his face and forcing his mouth apart. He looked up into the fat, frowning face of a small boy. It was Wainwright Becker.

"Hold still, you old Jap rat," ordered the boy.

According to his birth certificate, Wainwright was seven years of age. But Sergeant Donohoe argued that somebody made a mistake. "For how," said Asiatic, "could a kid get so fat and ornery in only seven years?"

After forcing Ho's jaws apart, Wainwright inspected the Chinese's teeth rather closely. Then he moved to the foot of the bed, jerked back the covers and stared at Ho's toes.

"*Che shih-shih ma ya?* (What is this?)" asked Ho. He was so astonished that he spoke in Chinese.

"Shut up, you old spy," replied Wainwright. "You may fool these eight-ball Marines around this old camp. But I know all about you, even if your toes ain't so big."

Wainwright was a child of deep prejudices. He had lived around naval stations all of his life and he had acquired a deep-rooted dislike for Marines. Wainwright had devoted most of his time, since he'd begun to toddle, toward making life miserable for members of the corps.

Ignoring Ho, the fat boy left the bed and began rummaging through some papers on a desk. He picked up the general's reading glasses and examined them intently.

So the general was relieved considerably when Miss Virgie Grew, the colonel's eight-year-old daughter, rapped once on the door and came into the room. Virgie's sweet, sunburned face was expressionless, except that her full, red mouth was set angrily.

"*Nin lai-la!* (Thankful you have come!)" said the Chinese.

"Get out of here, Wainwright," Virgie ordered. "Breakfast is about ready, and you'd better hustle downstairs."

The little boy smiled at Virgie. He scowled at the prone Chinese officer. Then he left the room.

"I knew I could get rid of that little chow-hound if I mentioned breakfast," said Virgie.

Then she spoke to Ho in the Mandarin dialect that she'd learned from her Chinese nurse during Colonel Grew's long tour of duty in Shanghai and Chungking:

"Forgive this little stupid fat one, sir. He is a brother of the rabbit who forgot the seven virtues."

"It is nothing, Sweet One," answered Ho. "I was only startled. But why did the fattened boy examine my teeth, my toes and my simple notes on the table?"

"I fear to tell you, sir," said Virgie. "But the unlettered boy has the fanciful notion that the general is one of the Monkey People. In the presence of his elders, he has stated that the general is really a Japanese spy posing as a leader of the Kuomintang."

Virgie had on green dungarees, very like those worn by Marines at work and in combat, and there was a green beanie set far back on her red hair. When she spoke Chinese her black eyebrows arched with the effort of pronouncing the monosyllables. But, otherwise, her face remained very grave.

She said: "Breakfast will be ready soon, sir."

(Continued on page 24)

Oil for the Planes of China

By Daniel de Luce

ASSOCIATED PRESS CORRESPONDENT

All the oil the Chinese need can be obtained from Burma—if and when the Allies drive out the Japs. A famous war correspondent tells you here why the enemy will never use the Burmese fields

THE greatest reservoir of fighting manpower to whip the Japanese lies not in the United States, 5,000 miles from Tokyo. It's in free, unoccupied China, with some 250 millions of people, just across a relatively small stretch of water from the Nipponese isles. For five years the Chinese soldier has proved himself every bit as courageous and clever as his Japanese enemy. He has hung on in the face of discouraging odds, lacking modern weapons and an air force.

Anglo-American arsenals should eventually be able to furnish him with these new arms and give him the support of a combined armada of the United States Army Air Forces and the Royal Air Force. However, "the day" is indefinite. In 1943? Perhaps longer. There is a lot of spadework to be done for a great Allied offensive on the Asiatic continent. It is required chiefly in a land of white pagodas and yellow-robed priests—Burma. And it's being planned right now by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, General Sir Archibald Wavell and Lieutenant General Joseph W. Stilwell.

The transfer of a thousand bombers and a thousand fighting planes from America to China could be made in seven days. But once having got the air fleet into China, the Allies would be little better off than before unless they had Burma. For the Air Force would need fuel—not a piddling few thousand gallons flown laboriously over the eastern tip of the Himalayas for the handful of planes already operating under the command of Brigadier General Claire L. Chennault. To strike effectively, the Air Force would require many thousand tons.

And where's the oil for the future planes of China? In Burma. "Oh!" you say. "Weren't the Burma fields scorched by the British? Or was that just another newspaper story?"

Yes, the Burma fields were scorched, thoroughly scorched. At the moment they're useless. But listen to the man who did the scorching:

"If the Japanese brought in 15,000 oil specialists and 50,000 tons of equipment and machinery, they could get Burma producing again within a few months. But they have neither the specialists nor the equipment. We have both. We can soon have the wells flowing—if and when we recapture Burma."

For the story of the scorching of Burma, let's begin by looking into a little red-cloth-covered notebook which this itinerant war correspondent bought in Mandalay for ten annas before the shops were bombed and burned down on Good Friday last year. I had it in a sweaty pocket of my khaki shirt when I jeeped through Yenangyaung, oil capital of Burma, on Thursday, April 16, 1942.

Yenangyaung (pronounced yeh-nan-*jowng*), in Burmese, meant "stream of the smelly waters." Some centuries ago, silk-skirted natives had first knelt beside a wide, shallow creek near its confluence with the vast Irrawaddy and scooped up the pungent, black fluid which ran slowly down from shale fissures of the brown hilly slopes along the creek. They took the "smelly water" back to their small, dusty villages of palm-leaf roofs and grass-mat walls. They burned it in crude lamps at home and in their hpoongyi-kyaungs before the shrine of the beneficent Buddha.

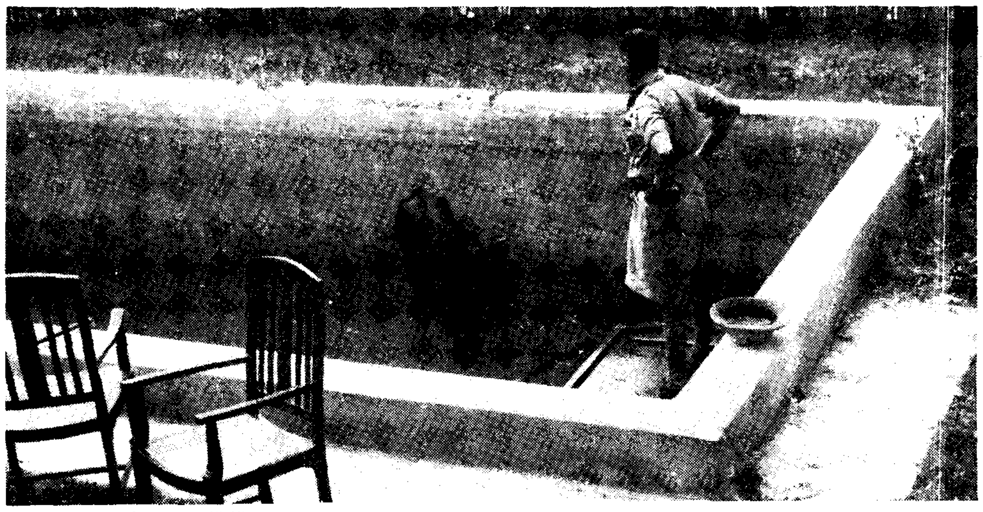
Came the white man. In the last sixty years thousands of derricks had sprung up on the drab hills. They became almost as dense as the teak trees in the Pegu forests. Burma oil, a million tons every twelve months, began lighting many a lamp in greater Asia.

Then came the Jap. He was about thirty miles south of Yenangyaung and pressing hard last April 16th when I walked into the main oil-field powerhouse and met a lean, hard, eagle-nosed English civilian loading his army .38 revolver. Walter L. Forster, of the Shell Oil Company at Cairo, had supervised the demolition of the Rangoon refineries the previous month, calmly departed by boat for India at the very moment the enemy was occupying Rangoon, and

(*Continued on page* 66)

PRESS ASSOCIATION

Walter L. Forster (left), demolition expert, Bill Munday, Australian correspondent, and de Luce (right) in Yenangyaung, survey heavy machinery rendered useless by British along with $1,000,000 power plant

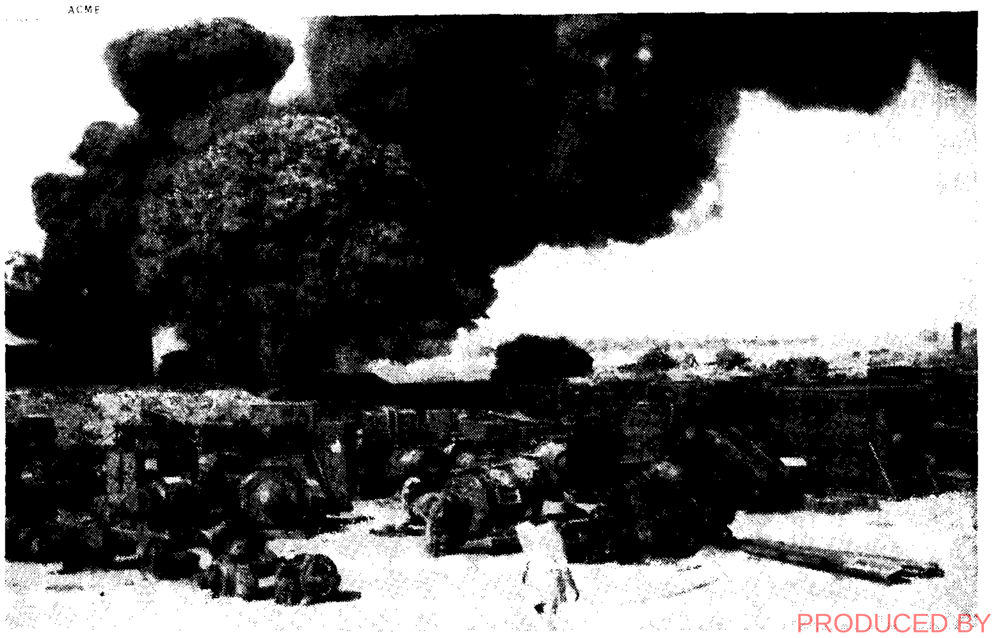


PRESS ASSOCIATION

In a non-destructive mood, Forster takes time off to rescue a cow from a swimming pool. The water drained, Forster figures way to get cow out

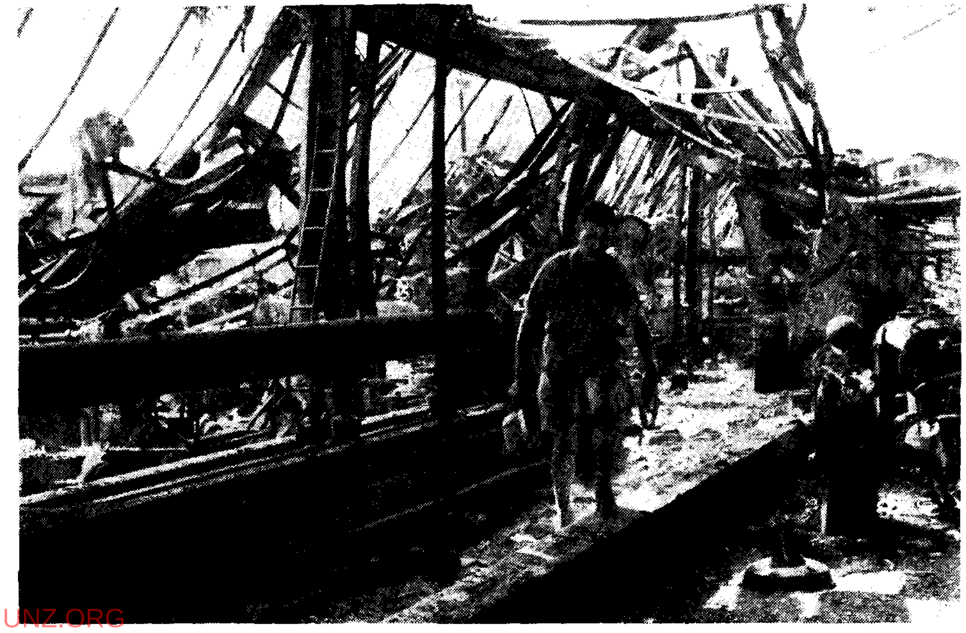
Retreating British pile electrical equipment in pit which will be flooded with oil and set alight. In the background an oil well blazes away

ACME



A job well done. Forster examines what was once a busy machine shop in the Yenangyaung oil fields. It is no prize for the oil-thirsty Jap

PRESS ASSOCIATION



I'LL BE FOR YOU

By Nancy Titus

ILLUSTRATED BY
MARIO COOPER

Her only desire was to make him happy. And, in so desiring, she found joy herself

HANNAH awoke, drowsy and happy, with the instinctive pleasure of waking to a new day that is part of being seventeen. She stretched her thin, long legs under the muslin sheets and yawned.

Then she saw on the dresser the little wooden souvenir hammer from the Hotel Belmont and she remembered last night and Bob Huston. And the nagging doubt that had been in her when she went to sleep came back, drumming at her mind again, persistent as a bottle fly against a pane.

She sat up, pushing back the heavy black hair from her pointed, freckle-splashed face.

"But I didn't do anything wrong," she thought.

She heard Mom downstairs in the kitchen, rattling pans, china. She would have begun preparations for the heavy dinner planned for the soldier she had invited to dinner today, through the Y.

Oh, the soldier! Last week Hannah had been excited over the prospect of his coming. But her interest had gone. A lonely soldier in a rumpled khaki uniform. That wasn't what she wanted. She wanted someone . . . glamorous. She wanted the kind of time she had had last night . . . wanted the things that Sally had.

In the bathroom across the hall, the shower came on with a rush. Sally was up. Hannah swung her legs over the bed, her toes wriggling, reaching for her scuffs.

She'd tell Sally about last night. Her sister would understand. She wasn't like Mom. Sally was sophisticated and wise, with a smart cynicism Hannah passionately desired for herself. Sally was engaged to Chandler Lorran who had obtained a divorce to marry her. She would soon no longer be Sally Wales, secretary to Mr. Lorran. She would be *Mrs.* Lorran, wearing a mink coat; her pictures in the society section of the Holden Times, riding in the Bellevue Hunt, giving big parties. Hannah thought she would rather be Sally than anyone else in the world.

She padded into the bathroom, and Sally thrust her head through the shower curtain. "Hullo, chicken. Up late, aren't you?"

Hannah leaned against the washbasin. "Mmm . . . I was out last night. Sally—"

"Haven't forgotten your soldier's coming today, have you?"

"He isn't mine. He's Mom's. Sally—"

But Sally had withdrawn. "Will you get my breeches and boots out for me, lamb? I told Chan I'd be ready at ten and it's quarter to already. He hates to cool his heels."

It was hard to force the intimate moment for a confidence when Sally was hurrying to meet Chandler. While her sister dressed, Hannah sprawled on the bed, brown legs waving, watching her.

Sally leaned forward at her dressing table, painting on her mouth. She was beautiful. Her face a perfect ivory oval, its planes and shadows delicate and fine; her eyes brown-wine, behind improbably thick golden lashes; her hair dark honey to her slim shoulders. Her loveliness was so true, Hannah could not envy it.

She could not envy it, but she could wish that some small part of it had gone to her. It was hard to be seventeen now . . . to have come to this breath-taking, trembling, shining moment . . . and to find there was nothing for one.

"I'm all out of tune with everything," Hannah thought.

She longed to be popular; to dance; to have flowers come in square white boxes, in green waxed paper. But who was there who would ask her to dance, send the flowers? So many boys she had known in school were gone; they were dropping out from her class. There were the college boys from Holden University, on the outskirts of the city. But to them she was a town girl. If she had been pretty . . . but she wasn't. She was too small, too boyishly thin; her cheekbones were too high and sharp; her mouth too long; her eyes were neither green nor gray, but both, and so, she thought, nothing. She did not even attract the soldiers from Camp Axton, twenty-five miles away, who thronged the streets on their hours of liberty. To them she was young, a child.

Sally stood up, tucking in her shirt. "How do I look?"

"Okay. Swell."

Hannah did not add: *But tired. Not as much a part of spring as you looked three or four Aprils ago.* There had been a kind of luminous glow to Sally's eyes when she was going out with Tom Fielding. But Tom had been nobody.

"I hope I manage to stay on the darned horse today," Sally said, picking up her gloves.

"Sally—" Hannah began again. Somehow she must tell it now, this morning. She had to be sure.

A HORN sounded loudly outside. "He's here." Sally bent impulsively and touched Hannah's cheek with her smooth red lips. "Wondering about that soldier, aren't you?"

"I am not."

Sally laughed. "You can't fool me." Her booted heels were castanets on the stairs.

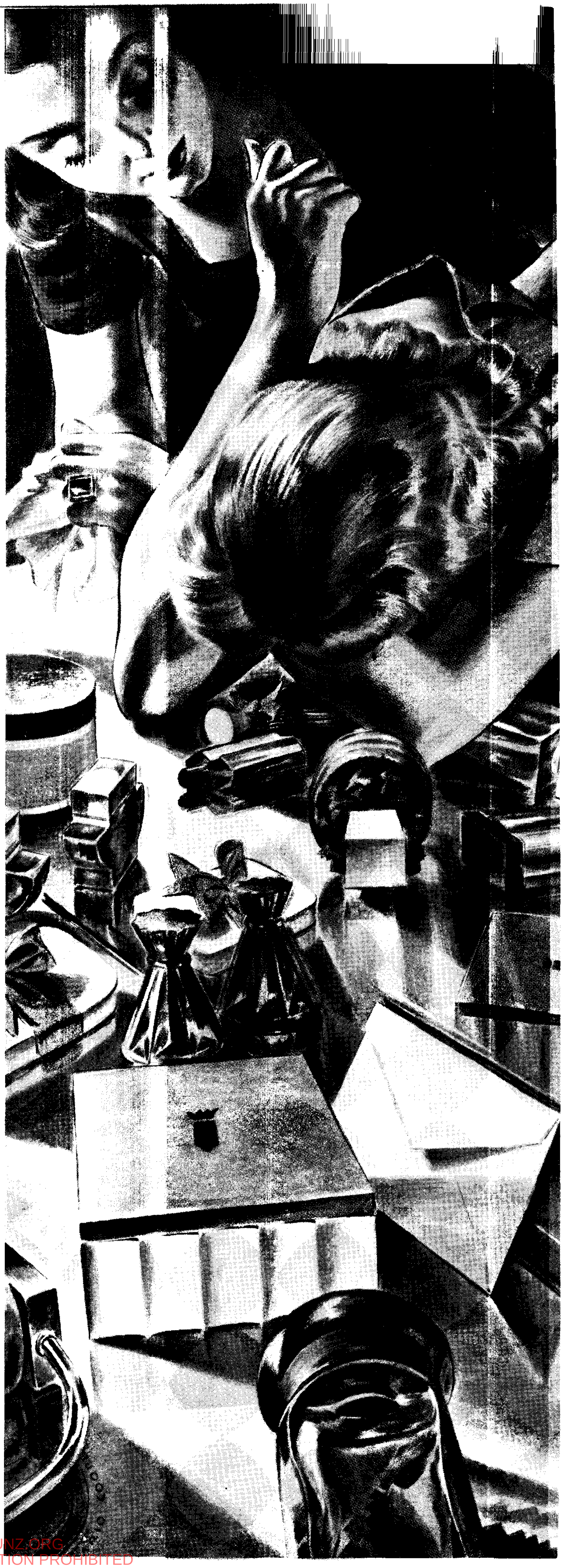
Hannah leaned on the banister. Mom was coming into the hall, her face kitchen-rosy.

"Sally, will you be back for dinner? You know how to handle boys. You can make them laugh."

"I'm a riot, all right." Sally patted her shoulder. "Hannah can do the honors. I'll be back, though. Chandler's coming along afterward with a bottle of wine, in case the military is too difficult."

Mom said nothing. She froze, her mouth tight, but her eyes old and worried when Sally spoke of Chandler Lorran. Mom was not yet used to the thought of Sally's marrying him.

(*Continued on page 62*)



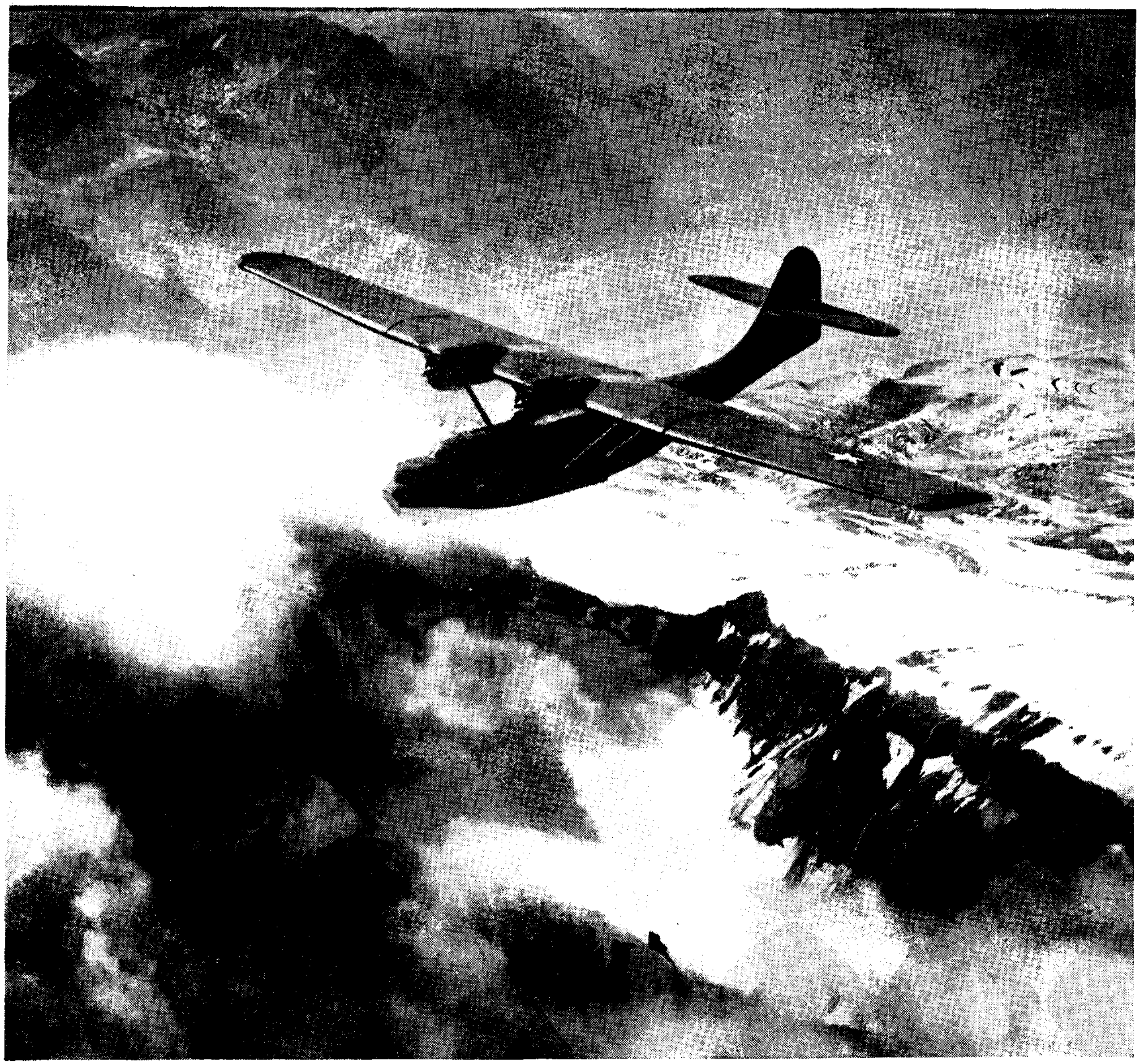
Sally's head was down among the perfume bottles . . . the precious bottles, pushed every which way. . . . Hannah said, "Dike's crazy about you. What are you crying for?"

MISSION OVER KISKA

By Corey Ford

TELEGRAPHED FROM ALASKA

Reclaiming Kiska from the Japs is a job that must be done, but it won't be any cinch. You get the idea after a trip over that fog-shrouded rock in an Army bomber



U. S. NAVY

A PBY Navy patrol bomber cruises over the cruelest and coldest and loneliest stretch of islands in the world, on the lookout for Jap planes and ships

An Army bomber takes advantage of a rare break in the weather, as a direct hit on this Japanese transport in Kiska harbor leaves it burning and sinking

U. S. NAVY

IT WAS a lucky shot—or maybe it wasn't so lucky. When you're coming in on a low-level attack, some hundred feet above the target, you're open for everything in the books. And the antiaircraft at Kiska is plenty good, make no mistake about that. Already it had done a job on the tough little bomber—shot off the elevator and rudder-trim tabs, sent a bullet through the control pedestal, hemstitched the glass tail, driven a slug through the left engine nacelle and punctured the tire. The turret gunner, looking through the side window, saw the gashed rubber and knew what that would mean when they tried to shoot a landing.

But the shot that did the real damage came in through the right side of the cockpit, blew the copilot's hands full of jagged metal, ricocheted off the window handle and drilled clean through the pilot's foot, before it wound up, spent, on the floor. With a tire flat, the tabs useless, the pilot and copilot both crippled, a landing was impossible—except that in the Air Forces they do the impossible. The copilot, both his hands dangling helpless, handled the rudder and brakes with his feet. The pilot, without feet, fingered the throttles and the control column. Together in perfect teamwork, they wobbled the ship to a safe halt, and the copilot climbed out, the lap of his leather flying pants sticky with blood: "Boy, I was sure scared."

We admitted that was somewhat understandable.

"I mean the weather. I was scared the field would be socked in." He wrapped a handkerchief soberly around his hands. "You know, I'd rather face a Zero in the air than zero-zero on the ground."

For the battle of Kiska—the battle we're fighting in the Aleutians—is not a battle of antiaircraft shells and machine-gun fire and lithe, derisive Zeros, half rolling toward you out of the sun. The battle of the Aleutians is, day after week after month, a battle of weather.

The Battle with the Elements

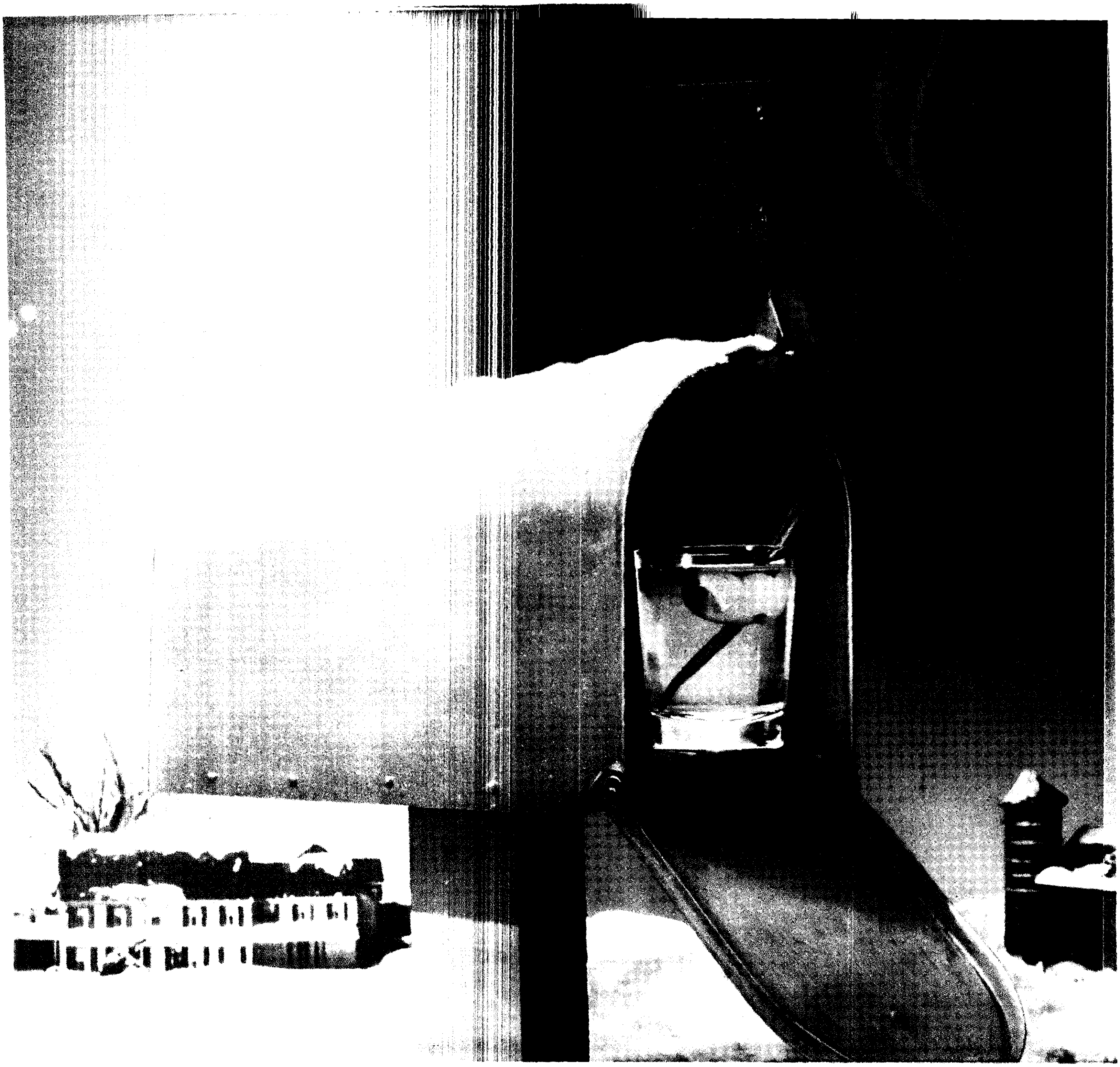
Distance and weather—or rather, distance times weather. A battle of fog and sleet and sudden snow squalls—cavu one minute and snabu the next—and frozen clouds that ice up your wings in a matter of seconds, and williwaws and hundred-mile-an-hour gales that rack your ship or drop it a couple of thousand feet in a breath; all of it multiplied by nine hundred miles of the cruelest and coldest and loneliest ocean in the world, through which only an occasional submerged volcano thrusts its jagged crater.

There are no emergency landings in these islands; the radio beams are distorted and undependable, the water is so cold that a pilot who sets down in it can stay alive only a very few minutes. And yet it is over this silent and storm-shrouded archipelago, cursed with the toughest weather in the world, that our land-based planes must fly to drop their occasional freight of bombs on the enemy's well-bastioned fortresses at the chain's western tip.

Understand the weather and you'll understand why it is difficult to blast the Japs off Kiska by intermittent air attack alone. You can bomb and be damned. The Japs simply pull in their necks till the bombers have gone over and then take advantage of the next ten days of fog to rebuild their installations and ready themselves for the next round.

For Kiska is a tough rock to take. Forget those stories of a few bewildered Nips clinging by their finger tips to a slippery cliff; here is a veritable Bering Sea Malta, its sheltered harbor protected by enfolding hills, its base honeycombed by underground passages, its approaches guarded by antiaircraft as powerful as that of a full-size task force. If you think Kiska is easy, fly over it with the Air Forces on a mission some morning. Look down through the glass nose of a medium bomber and see for yourself just what the Japs have got out there.

You come in low beneath the overcast, and the Bering Sea is a flat, gray meadow, and flocks of white clouds, like sheep, browse placidly below you in the wan winter dawn. You are flying in elements of two, the rest of the medium bombers strung out on either side of you, the slim nervous fighter planes in an intent echelon on your tail. Ahead of you Kiska volcano, at the north tip of the island, is a stationary cloud on the horizon, its *(Continued on page 30)*



Sorry, the Postman says "No!"

WE WISH we could mail you a Four Roses Hot Toddy—just to let you know what a downright marvelous cold-weather drink it is.

We can't. So we suggest the next best thing:

If you haven't a bottle of Four Roses on hand, get one at the nearest liquor store. Then just follow these simple directions:

Recipe for the world's finest Hot Toddy: *Put a piece of sugar in the bottom of a glass and dissolve it with a little hot water. Add a twist of lemon peel (bruise it firmly) . . . four cloves and, if you desire, a stick of cinnamon. Pour in a generous jigger of that matchless whiskey, Four Roses . . . and fill the glass with steaming hot water.*

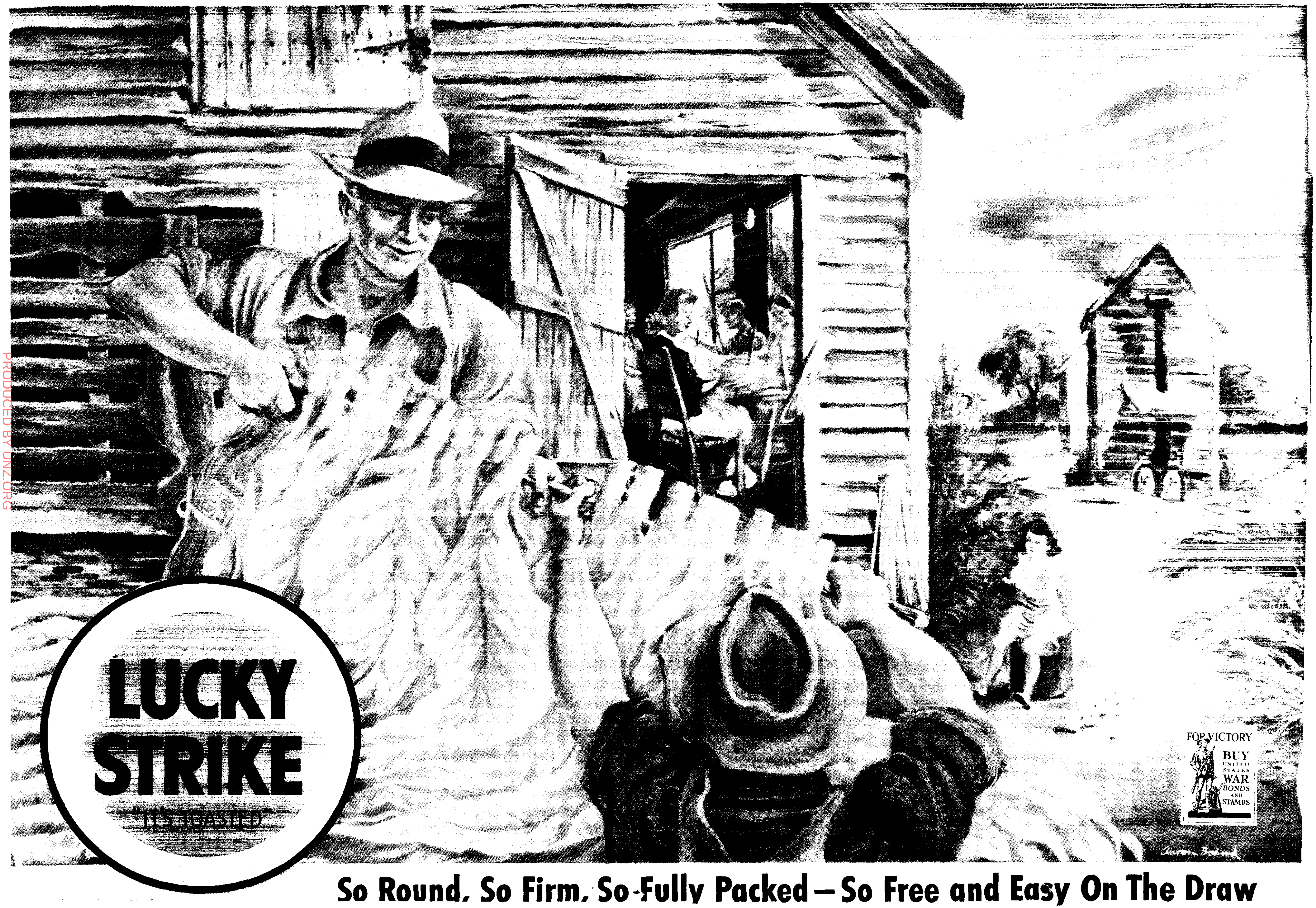
Now settle back in your favorite chair before the fire and slowly sip the warm and fragrant masterpiece that you and Four Roses have created!

FOUR ROSES

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

"Getting ready for auction day." Painted from life on a Southern farm by Aaron Bohrod.


LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS
Aaron Bohrod

So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed — So Free and Easy On The Draw

Hollywood Holocaust

Continued from page 16

Sam Woods, the Paramount director, also left the Santa Monica district, where the blackout is absolute and where driving at night is worth a man's life.

Claudette Colbert and Dorothy Lamour gave up their houses and took apartments. Robert Young deserted his ranch in San Fernando Valley and moved near the M-G-M studios in Culver City. Linda Darnell closed her home and offered it for sale.

But if the salary limitation and the servant problem brought furrows to the brows of the lovely, it was the gas rationing that murdered them. No resident of Hollywood ever lives close to anything. If he works at Columbia studios he insists on living at Santa Monica, fifteen miles away. If he works at 20th Century-Fox, he lives in San Fernando Valley, from ten to twenty miles off. Four gallons of gas a week for a Hollywood movie worker means precisely as much as a pint of water a month for a Marine on Guadalcanal.

People living up in the canyons of Beverly Hills might as well be on a raft in the Pacific. There is no bus service; there are no stores for miles; there is no delivery service—nothing but cliffs, crags and nightly fogs. It is in romantic places like this that our friends, the actors, live. They wanted to be different and now they are not only different but stranded.

But you can't be too sorry for the Angelenos. They know they can't get along without tires and they know also they've been burning them up for over a year, at a ruinous rate. They have what they maintain is the finest climate in the world but it never occurs to them to sit down and enjoy it; they must be riding *in* it before they're pleased. Out they dash every chance they get, neatly bound up in a four-door sedan so the sun won't hit them.

Treason in Los Angeles

Leon Henderson was lammed for hinting that people who wasted rubber were traitors, but he should have confined the charge to Los Angeles and stuck to it. It is the largest city in area in the world, and the bus and streetcar service is terrible. Distances are literally estimated in sections of five miles; they think nothing of that. So if they aren't stopped from driving, the tires *will* wear out and when the tires wear out there, the town stops. There will be very little work at Vultee, North American, Lockheed or Douglas airplane plants, and almost none in the motion-picture industry, another war essential.

But it wasn't the wage ceiling that terrified Hollywood so much as the provision in the original ruling that no deductions for expenses would be allowed in income-tax returns. That was a killer!

Previously an actress could claim her agent's fees as a business expense, as well as part of her wardrobe, her advertising and publicity, entertainment, travel and fan-mail expenses. If that has to come out of her $25,000 net—WOWZIE!

Since no layman could be expected to understand a disaster of such magnitude, we went to see Mr. Forest Monroe, business manager of many cinema celebrities. Mr. Monroe gave us the case history of an actress who operates in the higher brackets. Assuming that she was under contract to make $99,500 in 1943, under the wage-freezing ruling of October 27, 1942 (with no deductions allowed for expenses), this is what would happen to her:

Salary		$67,200
Federal Tax	$38,200	
State Tax	4,000	
Victory Tax	3,330	
	$45,530	$45,530
		$21,670
Agent's commission		$6,720
Charities, 10%		6,720
Publicity, advertising		6,720
Wardrobe		5,000
Misc. Business Expense		2,500
		$27,660
Minus, or in the red		$5,990

Did you ever hear of anything like that? The lady makes $67,200 a year and before she's had a bite to eat, she's almost $6,000 in the hole. Without paying the rent or slipping a few bucks to the hired help or dropping the four gallons in the tank, she's broke. Is there a dry eye in the house?

BUTCH by CPL. LARRY REYNOLDS

Cpl. Larry Reynolds

COLLIER'S

"It's for you, mister"

Just when it seemed that a wave of suicides would clutter up the famous bridge at Pasadena, the government in Washington relented. The Treasury Department still maintained that no deductions could be allowed from the $67,200 wage-freeze level but permitted "an additional salary equal to expenses." This means that actors may again be making $100,000 a year—but they won't be getting any more than $25,000 a year when it's all over.

If they can only gross $67,200 (or something more to cover expenses), are they still going to work after the level has been reached? That question has everybody worried. Take the case of Bing Crosby, for example. His rate for one picture at Paramount is more than his wage ceiling. In addition he makes a fortune on radio. What's he going to drop? Will he make a picture and work for radio gratis? Will he work for radio and give Paramount his pictures free? If anybody gives him more than his wage ceiling, the culprit can get heaved in the clink for a year and smacked with a nasty little fine.

Furthermore, if an actor works after his level has been reached, the government doesn't get the money he would have made: the company keeps it. That burns up the actor. According to tax authorities, corporation taxes on such additional amounts would be only 40 per cent, which would allow the studio a neat profit.

The studios insist they don't want the money: they want the actors. The actors say in that case why don't the studios turn the extra money over to charity? Did you read where Franchot Tone refused to work for Warner Brothers? If it was a question of working for the government for free, he didn't mind; but he didn't want to make beggars out of the Warner boys.

The wage-freezing edict has had tremendous repercussions already. Take the matter of contracts, those seven-year affairs by which the company has you for that length of time but can drop you at the end of any six-months period. If the option is taken up, however, the actor gets a raise in salary. Now salaries are frozen. "Oops, sorry!" cries the producer when the option period arrives. "If I raise your ante, the government smacks me." The actor answers very civilly that if the contract isn't fulfilled, obviously it is dead—and goodby, Mr. Producer. *Oh, no!* screams that worthy, who is already going mad for lack of performers . . . and they've been trying to work it out.

Actors are patriotic but they are also human beings. The latter truth has already become manifest. Stars who had exceeded their $67,200 limit in November last year were laying off. They will lay off this year just as soon as they have reached their ceiling. They will also look closely to find the medium that will keep them most fully in the public eye during their season of financial hibernation. It may be the Broadway stage instead of the movies. With Hollywood already shorthanded from the great number of players going into the armed services, this new blow will be hard to meet.

The original wage-ceiling ruling—holding that expenses were not deductible—meant the guillotine for the Hollywood agents, those ultrapowerful screen figures, and even now the future is not bright because the large fees are ended. We are pained to report that on at least two occasions, well-known actors have taken us into a back room, closed the door carefully, looked around for dictaphones and then cried:

"*Haw! Haw! Haw . . .* the agents are ruined!" in the most evil-sounding voices. The truth seems to be that actors have merely accepted agents as a necessary evil and will not be injured to the quick if the 10 per cent gentlemen suffer a slightly complete collapse.

Clipped Wings

Many actors approve of the wage ceiling and others like it for strange reasons. There is the director who hates his producer.

"The louse," he said, "keeps a love nest up at Arrowhead Springs. Now, two things: (a) he can't afford it any longer, and (b) he won't have gas enough to get up there. So he brings his sweetie down here, his wife hears about it and clips him for everything he has. Put me down as in favor of the wage freeze."

There is a possibility that many of the more important stars may be able to arrange things so they will be employers rather than employees, but that will help in only a few cases. James Cagney had formed his own producing company before the wage ceiling was promulgated and he has now been joined by Jack Benny. Others will probably follow. The hitch to this is that actors trying to be producers have invariably been failures. They may avoid the $25,000 ceiling and lose their shirts in doing it.

Naturally, gas rationing became a racket almost immediately. Nice parasitical boys and girls turned up with "B" and "C" cards while workers often had to be content with "A" cards. The climax was reached at the Pasadena Rose Bowl game when 30,000 cars were parked around the stadium, 8,000 more than had ever attended the game in prerationing days. The uproar over this was tremendous, and movie stars who had moved back to their mountain eyries with the thought that the worst was over, began trembling again at the possibility of government investigations.

There is gas bootlegging already and there will be much more of it. There will be tax dodgers and tax delinquencies. There will be men suddenly turning patriotic to enter the services with a view to delaying their taxes until after the war. There have been profound discussions on the need of discovering "legitimate" means of postponing extra salary payments till after the war.

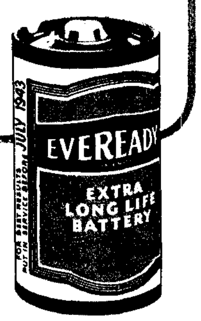
The movie lawyers and tax experts, sore and chastened from previous tax trials, admonish gently.

"That way, dear children," they say sadly, "lies Atlanta."

THE END

LIGHTER MOMENTS with fresh Eveready Batteries

"Loan me your flashlight willya? The Major's got a little something in his eye"



FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER . . . Look for the date line →

PRACTICALLY every branch of our fighting forces makes some important use of "Eveready" batteries. There are few for civilians—so use yours only when necessary.

EVEREADY
TRADE-MARK

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Virgie Shanghaies Wainwright

Continued from page 17

And then she went downstairs. She was afraid the general would be very angry. In the kitchen, she told Creola, the Negro cook:

"Wainwright is not helping international relations any by calling Chinese gentlemen Jap rats. I got to figure out some way to see that Wainwright leaves with his dad tomorrow. We don't want him here for any long visit."

"I don' know nothin' 'bout these internashnul relations," replied Creola, "but Wainwright is a powe'ful trial to all he close relations, including 'at old admir-ul. Hit was this way back in Washin'ton. He pa was always sending Wainwright over to our house jus' to get shed of him."

"We got to shanghai that little poge," said Virgie, firmly.

Admiral Becker, Colonel Grew and Wainwright were seated at the breakfast table as Virgie and Creola came out of the kitchen. Creola brought in a big platter of crisp brown pork chops. She placed the platter well out of Wainwright's reach. But the boy stood up in his chair and grabbed a couple of the chops.

Mrs. Grew, at the foot of the stairs, called, "Breakfast is ready, General Ho."

The general came down the stairs hurriedly. In fact, he rolled most of the way with a half-dozen golf balls bouncing after him.

Someone had dropped some golf balls on the second step of the stairs.

"I don't know who could have been so careless," said Mrs. Grew. "Elmer hasn't played golf since 1939."

Colonel Grew helped Ho to his feet.

"It is no matter," said the Chinese, politely. "I am not injured."

VIRGIE regarded Wainwright accusingly. The boy avoided her eyes. He was starting on his second pork chop. But he stopped eating for a while and watched the general with a fixed, hostile stare.

Mrs. Grew spoke to the admiral: "It's too bad you have to leave tomorrow. Couldn't you let Wainwright stay for a visit with us? Virginia gets so lonesome here at New River."

"Well," replied Admiral Becker, and he seemed very happy, "I'm coming back here in a couple of weeks on an inspection tour and I could pick him up then."

"We'd love to have you, dear," said Mrs. Grew, smiling at Wainwright, "wouldn't we, Virginia?"

"Yeah," said Virgie. She thought, "I'll get the bulkhead stare if that fat feather-merchant stays here for two weeks. And he'll ruin the general's visit and, maybe, make the general mad at us."

The fat little boy held a pork chop at high port and grinned at Mrs. Grew and Virgie.

"You can stay, Wainwright," said the admiral, "if you'll promise to behave."

Virgie drank her milk and asked permission to leave the table. She'd lost all appetite.

Colonel Grew said, "We're going over to the Parachute School this morning. We'll be in the station wagon, and Virgie and Wainwright can come along."

Mrs. Grew looked troubled. "Perhaps you'd better leave the children here. I don't want Virginia near the rifle range or near those jumping towers. You know how things like that upset the child. And she has been more nervous than ever since we moved to this camp."

"There'll be no shootin'," said the colonel. "The kids won't be in the way. Sergeant Donohoe is going to give us a demonstration of unloading cargo chutes under simulated fire."

"Simulated," said Mrs. Grew, in a low voice. And she made no more protests.

"Asiatic has been made platoon sergeant since he became an instructor at the Parachute School," said Colonel Grew.

Wainwright made a grunting noise from behind a piece of toast and his round face turned red. Of all Marines, the little boy hated Sergeant Donohoe most. On their last meeting, at the Marine Barracks in Washington, Asiatic had paddled Wainwright most vigorously.

A half-hour later, with Colonel Grew driving, the party started for the Parachute School on Hadnot Point. The colonel stopped the station wagon in the boondocks near the obstacle course. He said to the admiral and General Ho:

"I've got some kinks in my legs and I need exercise. How about running the obstacle course with me? It'll settle your breakfast."

Ho and Becker were in dungarees. So they agreed. And the three athletic veterans set out through the pines. The children stayed in the car—until the men got out of sight. Then Virgie got out and took a look at a Garand rifle in a sling on the side of the car. Wainwright got out and started down the trail after the men.

The little boy caught up with the men at the fifth obstacle, a culvert pipe of galvanized steel. Colonel Grew and the admiral were snaking through the pipe as Wainwright entered the clearing. Then they loped on toward the sixth obstacle, a scaffold. The Chinese officer had stopped after the fourth obstacle to tie his shoe. He had considerable difficulty entering the narrow pipe, and it was several minutes before Ho's bald head appeared out of the mouth of the tube. The general was squirming about, and Wainwright saw that the Chinese was wedged in the pipe. Ho turned in the tube, trying to get free, and looked up into Wainwright's bold round face.

"Please, some help, little one," said Ho.

But the boy only replied:

"You old Jap rat, you, I wouldn't give you all the hay you could eat if you were a blind donkey in a cement pasture with a muzzle on. Maybe, I can make you confess now."

Wainwright picked up a heavy branch, brushing Ho's face with the leaves. Then he began waving the club menacingly over the helpless Chinese officer.

AFTER Wainwright ran off into the pines, Virgie also left the station wagon. Near by, a group of Paramarines, under the tutelage of Sergeant Donohoe, were throwing dummy hand grenades. Virgie went over to watch the show.

Asiatic, standing erect, was throwing grenades through "windows" at various heights on a scaffold. Then the big sergeant started firing at a small pit far down the field. He'd start from prone position, rise to one knee and heave the grenades with a mechanical sort of accuracy into the target. Before the war, Donohoe had been one of the Fourth Marines' best hurlers in the Shanghai baseball league.

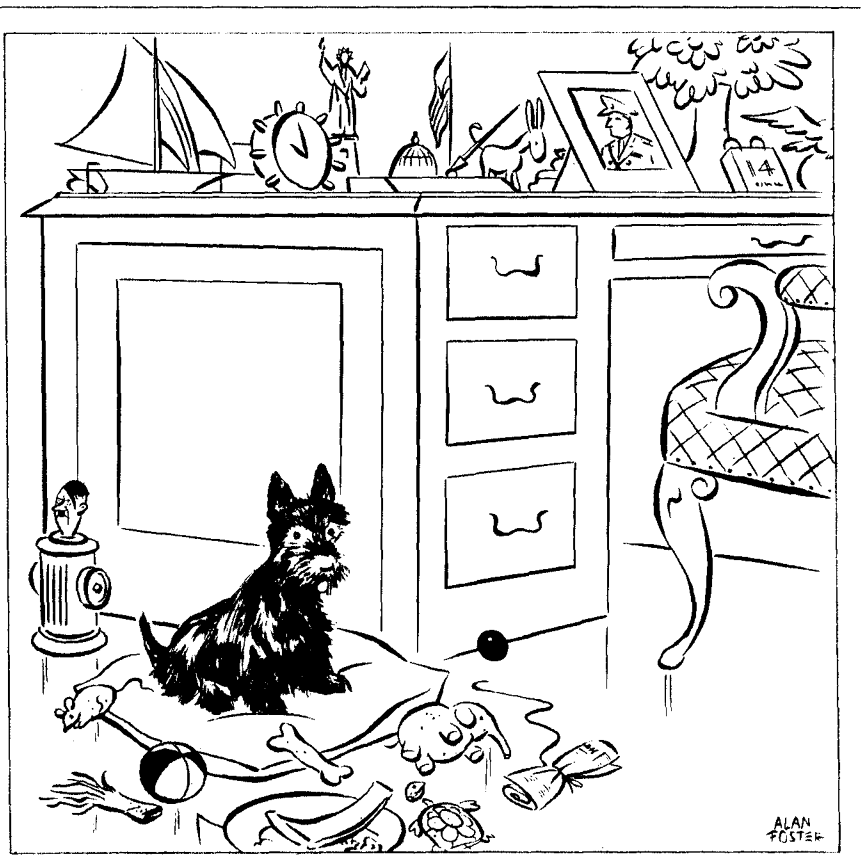
Asiatic stopped and said, "The smoking lamp is lit. You guys can take a few minutes' breather, but I don't want no sky-larking." He said to Virgie:

"You shouldn't be hanging around here, honey. This grenade course, even if we ain't throwing live ones today, ain't no place for a little gal. Your maw thinks you don't even know what a grenade is."

"Aw, this isn't any more dangerous than watching a ball game," replied Virgie. "Asiatic, I was wondering if you could throw a golf ball into a bowl of gravy at fifteen yards!"

Before the Marine could reply to this strange question, Virgie continued:

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE by **ALAN FOSTER**



COLLIER'S "The President has a tendency to pamper me"

"I think you'd better hike over there in the pines and take a look around, Asiatic. That little poge, Wainwright Becker, is visiting us. And he's over there trying to run the obstacle course, or something."

Virgie followed Asiatic as far as the station wagon. There, the little girl took the Garand rifle from its sling and began to make a detail strip of the weapon on the fender.

When Donohoe arrived at the fifth obstacle on the course he saw Wainwright dancing around the mouth of the culvert pipe and, occasionally whacking the general's head with the branch. Wainwright was yowling:

"You old Jap rat, if you don't confess I'll knock the hootin'-nanny-hoot out of you."

Asiatic jerked the club from the boy's paws. Wainwright, with his fat little knees hitting together, ran down the trail toward the station wagon. Donohoe could not follow, for he was very busy trying to remove the Chinese from the pipe. Finally, the general was freed, after ripping his dungarees and leaving some hide inside the tube.

General Ho rubbed his head, which was scratched and bleeding a little. He said:

"Was engaged in running this excellent course when unfortunate accident occurred, Sergeant. Would you care to accompany me for remainder of way? It seems I have need of a bodyguard with that devil's brat loose in the woods."

"Yes, sir," said Asiatic.

BACK at the station wagon, Virgie had completed the detail strip, and the parts of the Garand were laid out neatly on the fender. But the little girl cupped her hands and swept together the parts of the trigger group. Next she took a half-dozen golf balls from the glove case and scrambled them among the metallic parts. She dropped the stock group and barrel and receiver group on the ground. She was thus engaged when Wainwright, breathless, came out of the pines.

"What you doin', Virgie? Who taught you to take rifles apart?"

"Anybody with my time in the Marines ought to be able to service a 155-millimeter," replied Virgie. "How about watching these parts while I go over to the course and look for my dad."

"Okey-dokie," said Wainwright. He was so exhausted that he lay down on the fender. And he was picking the golf balls from among the Garand parts when Admiral Becker and Colonel Grew returned to the car.

"What the devil is going on here?" said the admiral, looking at the scattered parts and the golf balls on the fender. The operating rod spring was now lying on the ground, along with the stock group and the barrel and receiver group. The admiral had scratched his leg on barbed wire and he was in an angry mood.

"It looks like what's left of a rifle," said the colonel, and he was angry, too. No one could mistreat a rifle around Colonel Grew.

"I didn't do nothing," sputtered Wainwright, stuffing golf balls in his pockets. "Virgie done it."

But at that moment, General Ho, Asiatic and Virgie came up the trail to the car. And the Chinese officer said, "Miss Virgie has been with us for some time."

"I suppose those are your golf balls, too, Wainwright?" said the admiral, sternly. "I'll attend to you when we get home. One more break from you and I'll take you home tomorrow."

Virgie gathered up the rifle parts, tenderly. And, as the station wagon sped on toward the Parachute School, she reassembled the weapon.

That evening Creola had prepared a particularly good meal, including barbecued ribs and gravy, candied yams, hot biscuits. Admiral Becker was the last to appear for dinner. And he repeated the general's morning performance on the stairs. Only, this time, the golf balls had been planted on about the fourth step and the admiral did only two barrel rolls on the way down.

The admiral picked himself up from the floor, slowly, and then he fixed a savage glare on his son.

"I didn't do nothin'," said Wainwright, his mouth full of candied yam. "Here's my golf balls right here." And he removed several of the balls from his pockets and placed them beside his plate.

Admiral Becker might have seized his offspring right there had not Creola entered with a platter of barbecued ribs and with a huge bowl of gravy and a smaller bowl of "devil's sauce."

"No bones broken, I guess," said the admiral to Colonel Grew. And then he seated himself at the table and said, cheerfully, "There's no one in the world who can barbecue ribs and make barbecue sauce half so well as Creola."

"Chris-mas gi'f, Admir-ul," said Creola, and she laid the big bowl of gravy carefully between Admiral Becker and Wainwright. Then the Negro girl started back to the kitchen.

"I skinned my hand today," said Virgie, and displayed one of her tanned little paws for the admiral's inspection.

"That's too bad, honey—" began the admiral. He never finished the sentence. For something soared through the air and landed plop in the gravy bowl. Admiral Becker's face and his dress blouse were covered with gravy. The bowl turned over and a golf ball rolled out.

Wainwright dropped a rib, took one look at his father and then headed for the stairs as fast as his fat legs could carry him.

"Excuse me, please," said the admiral, mopping gravy from his face. And he followed his son up the stairs.

FIVE minutes later, Virgie, General Ho and Sergeant Donohoe were sitting on the back porch of Colonel Grew's quarters. They were chewing on barbecued ribs and watching the moon rise out of the broad river. It was a cool night and the pines showed silver in the moonlight. Far out in the timber they could hear boys' voices. Some outfit was on a night combat problem. Too, there were angry yells from the second floor of the Grews' house. Wainwright was getting what his father later described as the "licking of his life."

"It was all well planned," said the general. "Creola laid the bowl in exactly the right spot and opened the kitchen door at just the right time, when the admiral's head was turned, for the throw."

"I guess you know, honey," said Asiatic to Virgie, "that I took an awful chance hiding in the kitchen and throwing golf balls on the colonel's table. If he'd seen me I'd be secured in the brig for the rest of this cruise."

"Speaking of chances," said the general, "I was almost caught leaving those golf balls on the stairs for Admiral Becker."

"Now you can really get down to business, sir," said Virgie, "with Wainwright shoving off tomorrow."

"During the Fattened Boy's visit my time has not been altogether wasted," replied General Ho Ma-Feng, "for you know I came down here to study new methods of sabotage."

THE END

WHAT I LACK IS VITAMIN Y-O-U!
TAKE OFF, JOHNNY! YOU CAN'T PROMOTE YOURSELF WITH ME!
BUT WHY, KAY? WHEN YOU WASH A GUY OUT, YOU OWE HIM A REASON!
WELL, HERE IT IS, JOHNNY! YOU'RE DUE FOR INSPECTION AT YOUR DENTIST'S ON—ON YOUR BREATH-APPEAL!
HERE'S WHAT THE DENTIST SAID!
TO GET RID OF BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S STOPS ORAL BAD BREATH INSTANTLY!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO THE HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
HOW'S A GUY'S CHANCES FOR PROMOTING A DATE WITH YOU TONIGHT, KAY?
PRACTICALLY PERFECT, JOHNNY—SO LONG AS THE GUY IS Y-O-U!
COLGATE'S SURE DOES A JOB OF CLEANING AND POLISHING TEETH, TOO!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH
Take an empty tube with you when you buy

MIKE MORAN'S MEN

By Frank D. Morris

Part 2 of the story of the cruiser Boise—how Mike Moran and his men and his ship survived a blind half-hour of hell that saw the death of six Japanese warships in the sea battle off Guadalcanal

DEARING

Reviewing the Boise's part in the Solomons action, Captain E. J. "Iron Mike" Moran follows the cruiser's course on a map of the South Pacific with Lt. Kenneth McArdle (left) and Lt. Nate R. White

THE light cruiser Boise was in plenty of trouble. Two Jap cruisers were blazing away at her and the straddles of their salvos were delivering punishing blows. Two of her forward turrets had been struck by heavy shells, and another shell had zipped through her starboard side nine feet below the waterline and let go in a magazine. A direct hit in a powder magazine—a sailorman's nightmare.

Explosions in the magazine forked white-hot flames into the handling room adjacent. Every man in the path of those flames was killed. The hot, acrid gases they ferried covered even a wider area and sent the few survivors choking and stumbling through the narrow exits.

In a space just aft of this inferno, Gunner's Mate Paul Kunkel was busy feeding an ammunition hoist. When the magazine was hit, he was bowled over, but a second or two later, Paul was right back on his job. Then he sniffed gas fumes and traced them to a door leading into the handling room. As he opened this door, flames leaped out, so he closed it in a hurry. He didn't need the warning just then coming over the loud-speaker: "Fire in the forward magazine." He'd seen it.

Smoke and burning powder fumes were thick around him as he corralled the half-dozen colored mess attendants in his crew of powder handlers and guided them aft toward escape hatches. On the way, Gunner's Mate Kunkel came across a Marine wandering aimlessly in a smoke-filled passageway. Placing a hand on the Marine's shoulder, Kunkel conducted him aft to the nearest hatch leading to an open deck. For a while there was trouble with the steel dogs that held the hatch closed, but finally they gave way and Kunkel with his little band piled out on deck.

The Boise's chief carpenter, Harold Thomas, wasn't so fortunate. As leader of Repair Party One, stationed forward, he and his men had just resumed their post after dousing the fire in Captain Moran's cabin and he was waiting for further orders. When these orders finally came through from Central Station, "Repair One lay forward to fire in forward magazine," there was no reply from Thomas or his men. They couldn't answer. All of them had been killed instantly by concussion.

"Flood the forward magazine!"

The Repair Party Takes Over

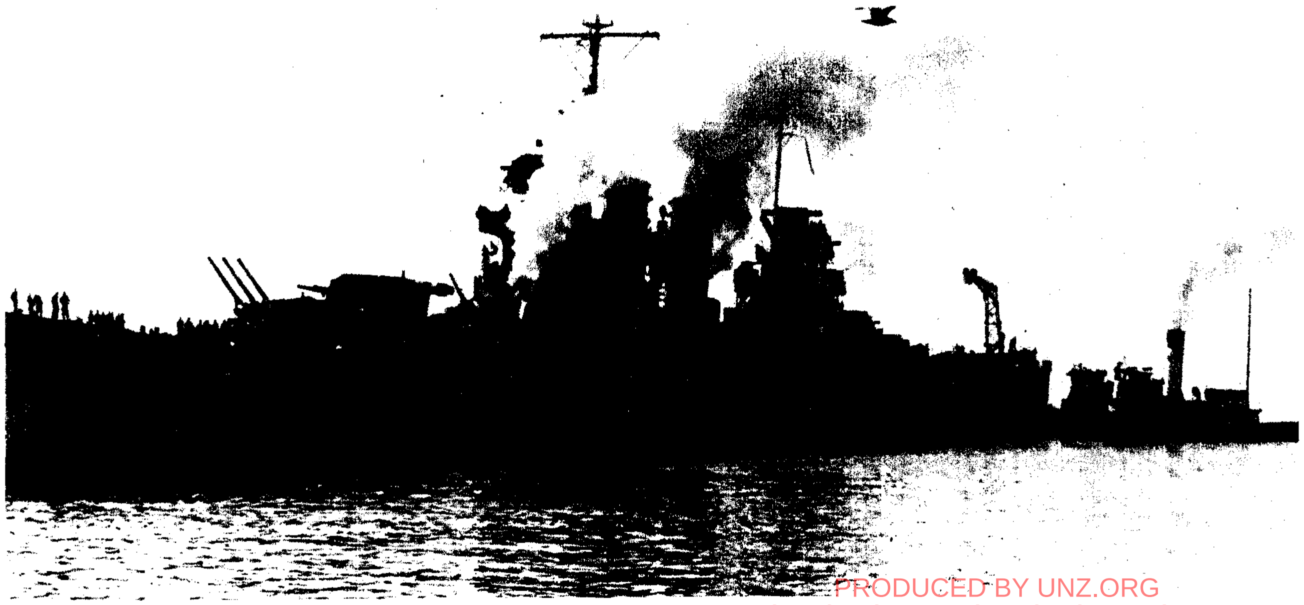
Carpenter Kelley immediately took over his chief's job and led another repair party forward. With the help of Boatswain's Mate Donahue, he manned the flood valves of the magazine, but neither was sure they would work because of the terrific damage the blast had caused in that part of the ship. They soon found out, however, that the flooding operation wasn't necessary. Sea water rushing in through the underwater hole that one of the Jap shells had made was doing the job for them.

The men left in the magazine and handling room were beyond help then, so Kelley and Donahue concentrated on the rescue of another shipmate. Shipfitter Binder was on duty in the pump room in the Boise's bow directly under the flooded compartment. A hatch leading to the pump room was already under several feet of water when Donahue dived down, secured a line to the hatch cover and, with Kelley's aid, forced it open against the heavy pressure of the rising water. Then they hauled Binder up to safety.

At this time, the bow of the Boise was enveloped in flame and smoke. All three forward turrets were out of action and two of them were blazing furiously. "Garf" Thomas, a junior-grade lieutenant, was officer-in-charge in Turret One. When the enemy projectile—a lucky, freak hit—penetrated his turret, Lieutenant Thomas actually heard it splutter before the fuse went off. Over his phone headset, Thomas ordered all of his men below in the magazine and the handling room and on the shell deck to clear their stations. At the same time, he was shunting the turret crew through the escape-hatch opening on deck.

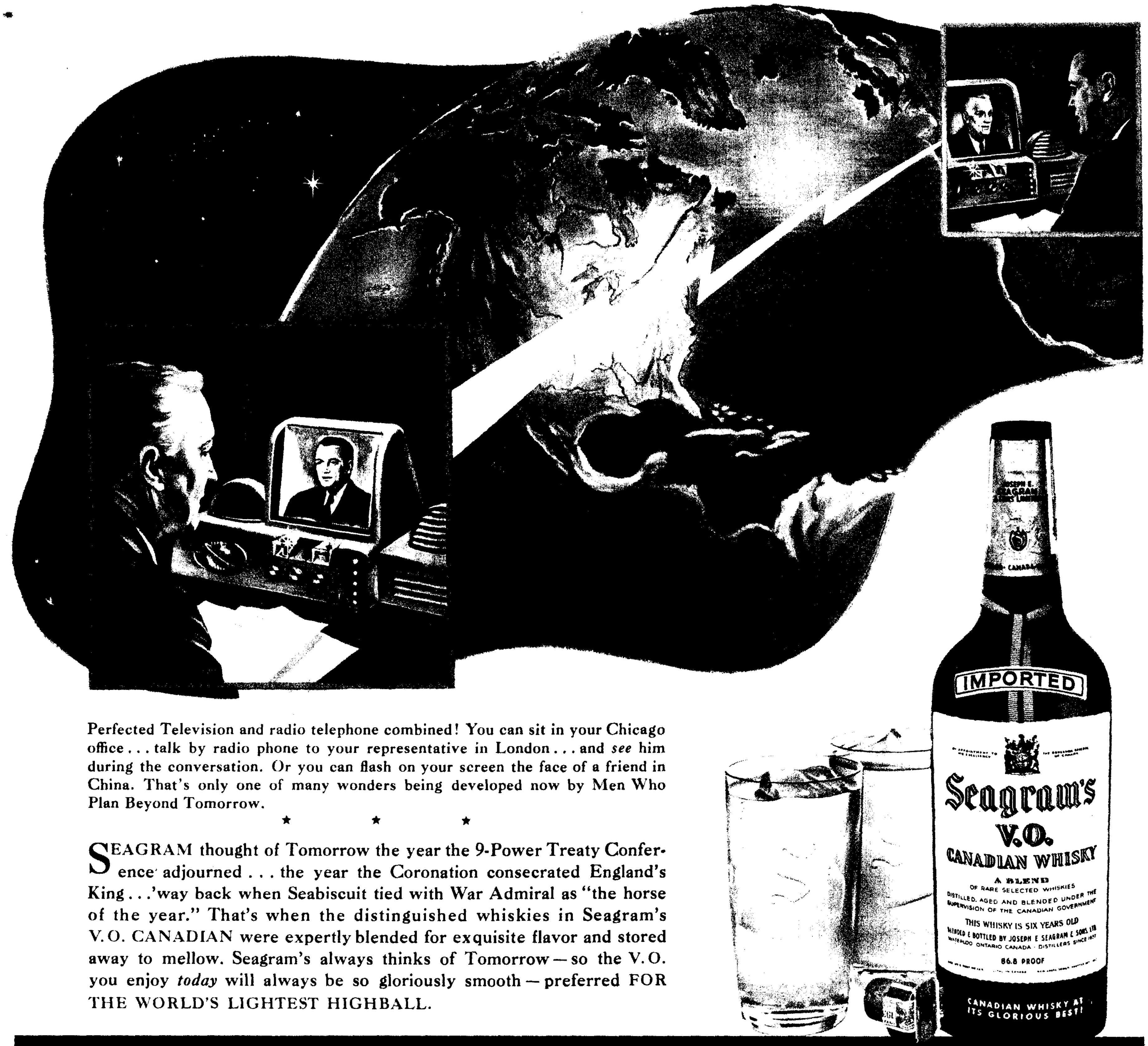
Although his battle station was nearest this hatch, Garf didn't attempt to leave it until most of the men around him in the crowded turret had got clear. Then it was too late. With a thundering roar, the shell

U. S. NAVY



Still showing the scars of her battle wounds, the Boise arrives at the Philadelphia Navy Yard for repairs. She took a direct hit from an 8-inch shell and several hits from 5-inch shells and was set afire. The death toll of her crew in battle was 107

Men Who Plan beyond Tomorrow Prefer the World's Lightest Highball!


IMPORTED
Seagram's
V.O.
CANADIAN WHISKY
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OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES
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THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS LTD
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CANADIAN WHISKY AT ITS GLORIOUS BEST!

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* * *

SEAGRAM thought of Tomorrow the year the 9-Power Treaty Conference adjourned . . . the year the Coronation consecrated England's King . . .'way back when Seabiscuit tied with War Admiral as "the horse of the year." That's when the distinguished whiskies in Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN were expertly blended for exquisite flavor and stored away to mellow. Seagram's always thinks of Tomorrow—so the V.O. you enjoy *today* will always be so gloriously smooth—preferred FOR THE WORLD'S LIGHTEST HIGHBALL.

Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN

CANADIAN WHISKY • A BLEND OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES

Six Years Old—86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York detonated, and flames filled the steel pillbox, killing the 26-year-old officer at his post. Thomas' quick thinking and disregard for his own safety saved the lives of eleven men. The citation accompanying the Navy Cross he was awarded posthumously testifies to that.

Young Thomas, nicknamed "Beaverhead" because he always wore his hair close-cropped, was one of the most popular j.o.'s aboard ship. His disposition was famous in the wardroom; no one could ever ruffle it. Garf, who came from Colver, Pennsylvania, had been on the All-America soccer squad at Penn State where he graduated four years ago.

One hundred and seven of Iron Mike Moran's men died a hero's death that night on the Boise. As the survivors of Turret One tumbled out on deck, they saw the fate they had escaped. Turret Two, directly above the magazine that had been hit, was a holocaust with streams of fire pouring out of all its apertures. Not a man inside was alive. Even the deck they trod was splintered and burning, and tongues of flame shot high up the forward superstructure, past Captain Moran on his flying bridge. The air was heavy with suffocating fumes that caused men dragging fire hoses forward to topple over unconscious.

The Boise was down by the head and listing to starboard as the ocean poured in through the gaping hole in her side. But she was still maintaining a respectable speed, and her two after turrets were still blazing away at the Jap heavy cruiser that had done all this damage.

For three full minutes, the Jap heavy cruiser blanketed this light cruiser with eight-inch and smaller shells. Near misses spouted geysers of salt water over the men fighting the fo'c'sle fire and drenched the gunners on the secondary battery, which also was still in there punching. "The Champ" was groggy and it looked like a certain knockout, but Iron Mike Moran, the fighting Irishman, was never one to quit.

Give-and-Take Punishment

When he saw his forward guns shot out of action, however, Mike also realized that the severe damage the Boise had sustained forward might put her out of control, so he swerved out of column to the left. Of all the ships in her task group, the Boise had been the focus of give-and-take punishment, and now Iron Mike was grateful when he saw a heavy cruiser astern close up the column to protect his departure.

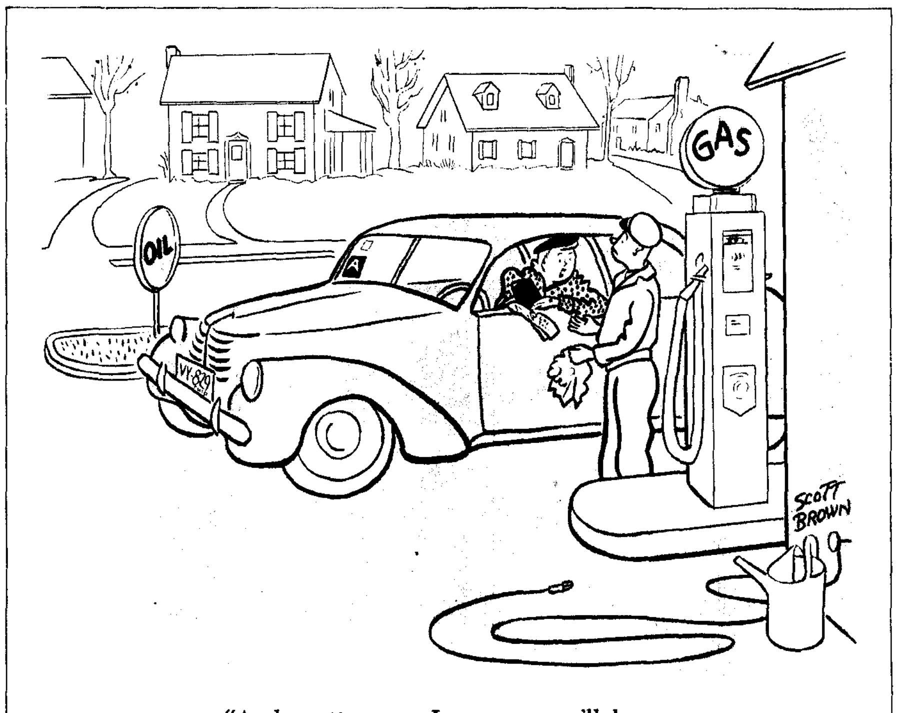
This neighbor ship's heavier guns and the sixes of the Boise in her after turrets laid down a barrage on the Jap ship that must have made her skipper sorry she had ever left port. Before Mike had given his final "Cease firing" order, he and his men had the satisfaction of seeing the enemy heavy cruiser shattered by an explosion that caused her to sink a few minutes later.

The Boise had been in action exactly twenty-seven minutes. In that brief span, she had scored direct hits on six enemy ships and, with the aid of the other ships in her group, had sunk each target. Two Japanese heavy cruisers, a light cruiser and three destroyers would try no more sneak troop landings at night on Guadalcanal or any other place. Some 30,000 tons of scrap steel now lay on the ocean bottom, under the deep blue waters of Cape Esperance.

But now you wouldn't bet a nickel on the Boise's own chances to escape that same scrap pile. As she limped away from the task group, the commanding officer of that force took a long look at her blazing hulk and stoically gave her up for lost. He knew the chances of survival for a ship on fire with tanks of fuel oil and a cargo of ammunition to feed the flames.

Iron Mike Moran and his fighting men, however, were determined to save her. While fire-fighting parties on deck trained their hoses on the burning turrets and fo'c'sle, Carpenter Kelley was busy below with his repair party, patching up the shattered, flooded area surrounding the exploded magazine. Heavy timbers were jammed against forward bulkheads to shore them up against the pressure of tons of water still coming in through the bows. Mattresses and bedding were stuffed in smaller holes in the ship's side, and submersible pumps were rigged to keep the Boise afloat.

Carpenter Kelley, an enlisted man who had been promoted to the grade of warrant officer just a short time before, proved during the next few hours that the promotion had been one of our Navy Department's soundest investments. The damage-control assignment given him and his willing men was a mammoth one. Several separate fires were raging below decks, two shells had penetrated the Boise's bow close together, tearing a large hole and flooding the first platform and part of the third deck. A freak hit by an eight-inch shell also had nosed through her starboard side, ricocheted on a thick armored deck, leaving a gouge in the steel inches deep, and had passed through the portside of the ship without exploding. But the holes it left were open to the sea, which now poured in.



"And pretty soon I suppose we'll have to burn petrol like they do in England"

COLLIER'S SCOTT BROWN

The damage-control men worked under the greatest difficulties. After the Boise had withdrawn from action, their boss in Central Station, Commander Wolverton, had cut out all power to the forward part of the ship, to prevent short circuits and possible electrical fires. That meant they had to work in darkness, using electric torches and sloshing through water several feet deep. Stifling gases and thick smoke still pervaded that part of the ship, forcing the repair crews to don gas masks.

First-Aid in the Dark

Typical of the men struggling to save the ship was a young shipfitter named Ward. He had helped put out the fire in the captain's cabin and now was standing by with a fire hose at the blazing forward magazine. Word reached him that a man had been hurt in the fan room, so he turned the hose over to others and worked his way through the darkness to the fan room where he found Seaman Kreth lying on deck, badly hurt by shell fragments. Ward cut away Kreth's clothing, injected morphine to ease the pain and put a tourniquet on the seaman's wounded arm before one of the busy pharmacist's mates took him off to a battle-dressing station.

Ward then made an attempt to enter stricken Turret Two, but the hatch was jammed. Going below, he next put on a rescue breathing apparatus and, taking a flashlight, went into the compartment where Chief Carpenter Thomas and his Repair One had been felled. Ward had volunteered to remove the bodies. The smoke and gas were still thick in here, but Ward decided that the breather wasn't giving him enough air, so he took off its facepiece, exposing his lungs to the poisonous atmosphere. He had succeeded in getting some of the bodies out when, choking and gasping, he was ordered topside for fresh air.

Shortly after this, he was busy again, helping to shore up a shaky bulkhead and managed to get a submersible pump rigged in a flooded compartment. Then he found a man who had been gassed and helped him up to the open deck.

Ward's report on all these activities ended up with: "By this time I had taken too much gas and smoke, and was getting sick. I made my way aft to the after battle-dressing station where I got some much needed water. Doctor Smith made me lie down on a table. For the next two hours, I recall very little."

Mike Moran's men had the fo'c'sle deck fire out in less than an hour, but the fires inside the turrets were still raging. All hope had been given up for the men trapped there, but one man aboard, Edward Tyndal, a gunner's mate, wasn't convinced of that. He had been on duty below decks during the action, but now he stood before flaming Turret Two pleading with his superior officers to let him go inside to rescue any men who might be alive. One of the men in there was his kid brother Bill. Ed was twenty-two; Bill was twenty. Three times, Ed tried to get permission to crawl in through the escape hatch, but wiser minds restrained him. They knew he could never come out alive.

Ermo Moore was one of those lucky enough to have escaped from Turret One. He had been battered around by the explosion in there, getting a broken nose and a pair of black eyes. Taking time out to report to a battle-dressing station, Moore waited until the doctor had stitched up his nose, then he hurried back to the fo'c'sle to help with the fires.

"Get rid of those lifejackets!" Captain Moran, from the flying bridge, pointed to a pile of kapok jackets burning and smoldering atop Turret Two, showering sparks all over the fo'c'sle. From the group of men on deck, one climbed up on the hot turret, busily cut away the lashings on the lifejackets and tossed them over the side. He had finished this job and had disappeared back in the crowd without anyone ever finding out who he was.

The Boise was now rounding the western end of Guadalcanal. She was strictly on her own as the navigator, Lieutenant "Squidge" Lee, held her on a course for the rendezvous the task group commander had announced when the ships set out to intercept the Japs.

Captain Moran and the navigator weren't too sure she would ever keep that rendezvous. Those turret fires were bad. The temporary shoring up of damaged bulkheads might last only so long—they were giving trouble now—and it was becoming a race between the submersible pumps and the water seeping through the mattress-patched holes in the ship's sides. And down by the head as she was, a 10,000-ton fighting ship is hard to handle.

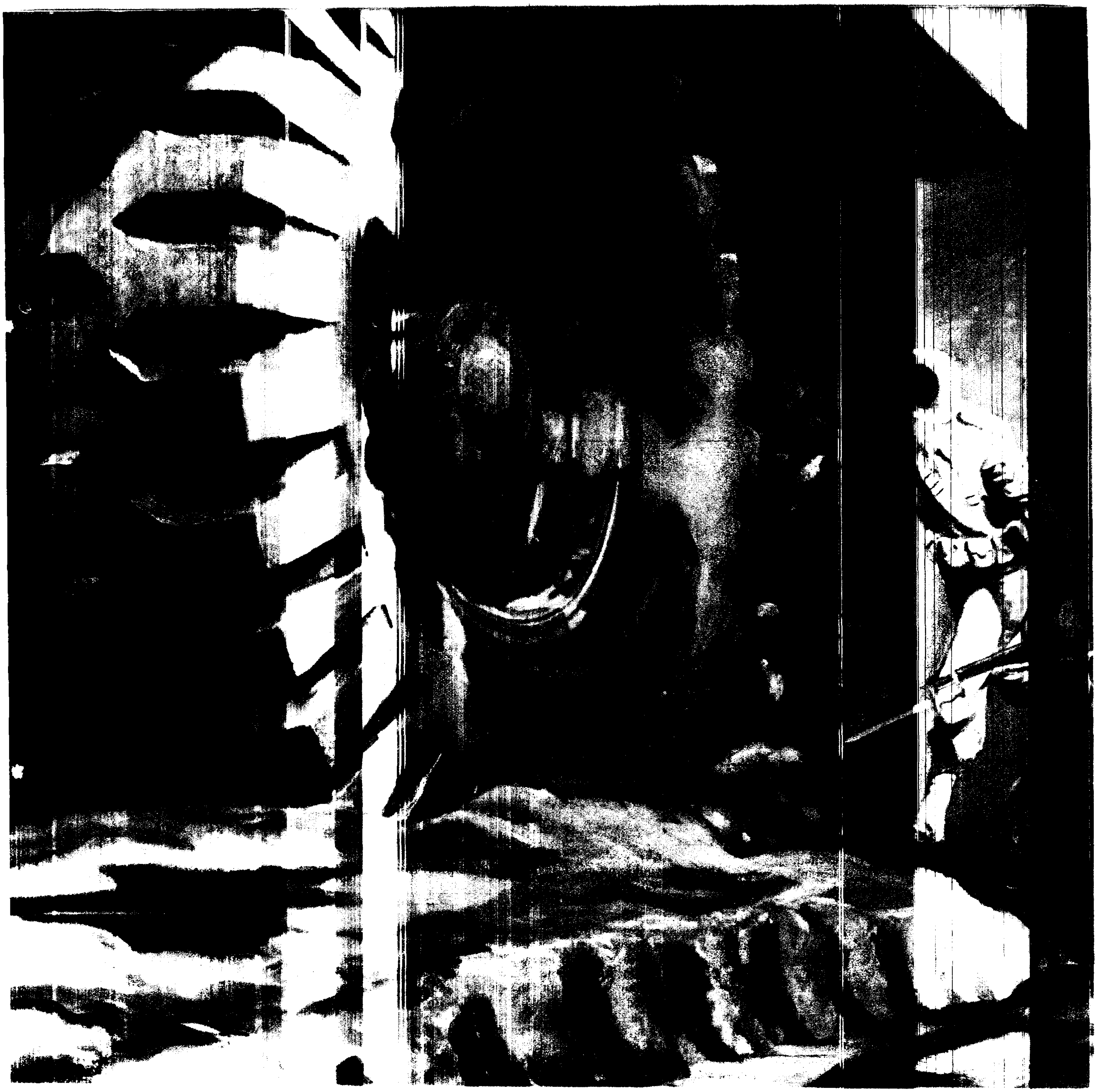
A Race with Death

Back in the chief petty officers' quarters there was another race. In the emergency hospital set up there after the Boise's sick bay had been shelled, Lieutenant Commander Kenney and Lieutenant Baxter, the ship's doctors, were running a race with death. As the men more seriously wounded in the battle were brought in, they were placed on the chief's mess tables, now subbing as operating tables. Pharmacist's mates and hospital-corps men were patching up the lesser wounds, and volunteer workers, released from their regular battle stations, were busy with bandages and splints.

At the finish, the race proved definitely one-sided. With but one exception, every man brought there for treatment was saved. The exception was a sergeant major of Marines, Berry Perry. Sergeant Perry, stationed in one of the forward handling rooms, had been severely gassed when the magazine was fired. Impatiently he allowed shipmates to carry him aft for treatment, but as soon as the doctors had finished with him and ordered him to a bunk, he said, "Aw, I'm all right," and went up on deck to join the fire fighters. Subsequently he manned his battle station at every call to general quarters, but the next day he collapsed. His lungs had got more gas than they could take, and death followed.

Gas and smoke fumes caused many more men to keel over during and after the brief battle. But hardly had a victim hit the deck before one of his able-bodied shipmates saw him and leaned over to give artificial respiration. Dozens of men were revived this way. One of them, Junior Lieutenant Henry Clark, had been given up for dead. He had been found lying on deck, and when one of the medical volunteers examined him, there was no trace of a pulse, so the volunteer left him there and went to revive others who did show signs of life.

A short time later, Joe Hanto, a warrant machinist, saw Clark's prostrate body and recognized it as that of his boss in the engine room. Getting down on



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his knees, Joe tried to resuscitate him. For a half-hour, his strong hands worked unceasingly on the lieutenant's diaphragm, but breathing still hadn't been restored. Joe didn't give up. For fifteen minutes more, he continued to work over his chief and then he felt a feeble pulse beat. With that much encouragement, Joe kept up his pumping until the patient's breathing was almost normal.

Lieutenant Clark is alive today, thanks to Joe Hanto's devotion and persistence. When the ship's doctors examined the lieutenant later, they found him quite intact except for a cracked rib. Joe Hanto, as previously mentioned, had powerful hands.

By 2:40 in the morning, Captain Moran had received a report that all fires were safely out and that other damage was well under control. Commander Culver, the Boise's executive officer who had come forward from his battle station after the action to direct the repair work, proudly announced the details to Iron Mike. The ship was still maintaining her speed, the wavering bulkheads had been given extra reinforcement, and emergency patches and suction pumps were holding their own against the sea.

That report should have ended Mike's worries, at least temporarily, but it didn't. He had been holding the Boise on a course for the prearranged rendezvous with the rest of the task group. But five minutes after the report was made, several ships loomed out of the darkness, and neither Captain Moran nor any other man aboard was at all sure whether they were friendly or another gang of prowling Japs. Furthermore, the Boise had been thought sunk and, even if these blacked-out ships approaching were her own, what was to prevent them from mistaking her for an enemy and opening fire? It was a ticklish decision for the skipper of a crippled ship—of any ship.

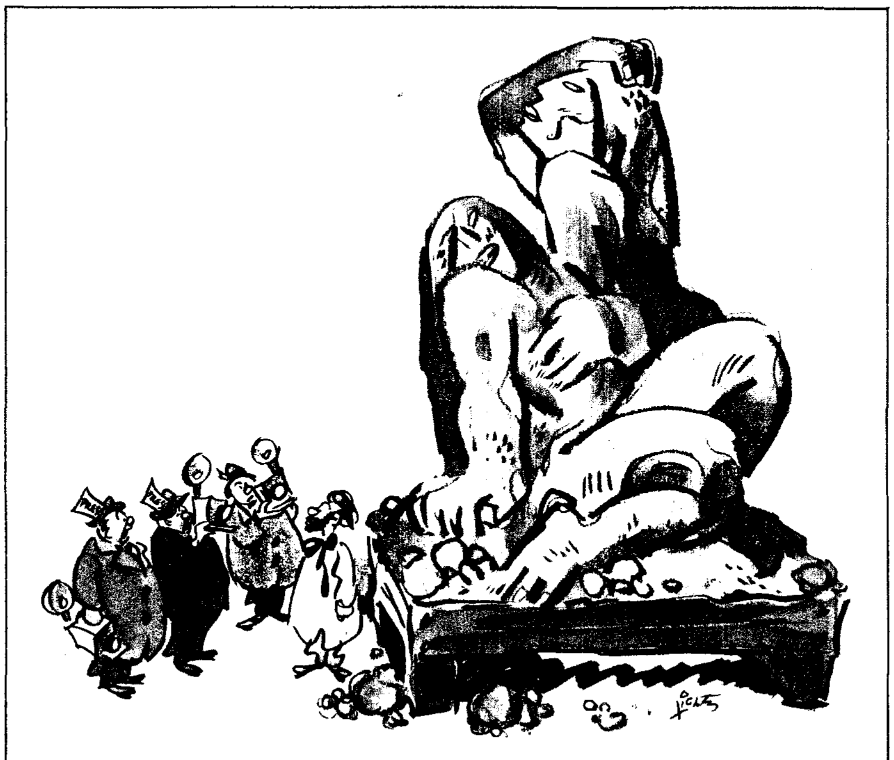
Abruptly Mike Moran ordered the signal officer to challenge with the Boise's recognition signal. As it flashed on, all hands waited for the answer. In just a few seconds, the challenge was answered—without sound effects. The replies flashed by the other ships admitted the Boise to their company. But the commander of the task group still thought she was a ghost. From his flagship he sent Iron Mike three additional, querying messages before he was convinced that she really was the Boise.

Back in her regular station in column and breezing along at twenty knots, the Boise headed for her base. Shortly after daylight, Iron Mike looking down from the bridge, saw a starboard gun crew manning their five-inch at general quarters. They looked weary, dirty and bedraggled. Mike grinned down at them and raised two stout fists over his head in a hearty handshake. The gunners grinned back.

THE END

Mission Over Kiska

Continued from page 20



"And now would you mind pointing at it, to prove you did it?"

COLLIER'S GEORGE LECHTY

peak perpetually lost in the ocean-colored sky.

You recognize it at a glance from the charts and relief maps you studied in the alert hut this morning when the mission was briefed. The island is shaped like a lobster claw; the harbor is formed by the pincers of the claw, clutched firmly between the heavily fortified north and south heads. You're surprised by two things as you see it for the first time from the air: how small it is (the total Jap installations, including the sub base, cover only a couple of square miles, and the congested camp area itself is not much more than a city block) and how quiet and deserted it looks. The snow is melting along the volcano's sides, the lowlands and beaches are still brown green and pleasant as a New Hampshire pasture in the early spring.

Still everything is ominously quiet as you come over the ridge. There are no excited Japs running to man the guns, no troops stampeding up the streets, no sign of human life anywhere. You wonder for a moment if everyone has pulled out and gone home. Small and distinct below you are the solidly built structures of the camp area, the buildings well revetted, the orderly streets lined with telegraph poles that had to be lugged all the way from Japan. They are thorough, the Japs.

You see the two big hangars at the water's edge and the ramp leading up to them. You see piles of fresh lumber, trucks, tractors, even a row of rickshas with their empty shafts resting parallel on the ground. Everywhere you see foxholes and zigzag trenches and neat roads leading toward the adjoining sub base, toward the hill behind the camp, toward the gun emplacements along the ridges.

Surprises for the Japs

A couple of transports squat in the harbor like fat hens, their barges huddled around them like a brood of chicks, and still there is no movement, no sign of life—nothing but the stabbing orange-yellow tracers fanning the sky, the regular scarlet flashes of the heavier artillery like a signal light in a control tower, the increasing puffs of black smoke that materialize silently in the air around you and behind you as you make your run over the target.

The Japs have been handed two major surprises in Alaska. The first occurred on the morning of June 3d, when a group of their fliers proceeding blithely to polish off Dutch Harbor were utterly confounded by the appearance of a swarm of land-based planes from a secret field the very presence of which they had never even suspected.

That field changed the history of Alaska.

The second surprise to the Japs is the fact that they've been allowed to stay on Kiska so long. At first they must have suspected a clever ruse, but it is possible that they are wondering now whether our tolerance of them has a far simpler explanation.

There's a third reason for cleaning up Kiska. That reason is Russia. As long as Kiska is occupied, we cannot guarantee Siberia a safe conduct of supplies in case of attack.

The first land plane ever flown in the Aleutians was by the Army Air Forces last summer. They pioneered the first winter flying in all Aleutian history, and still they have to fly mostly by guess and by instinct.

A Navy pilot, feeling his way back toward shore in the fog, spotted a duck flying ahead of him through the mist. "I knew that duck wouldn't fly into a cliff," he said later, "so I just got behind it and flew formation on it till we got in."

Another PBY pilot, skimming low over the water with visibility zero, was discouraged to look out his window and see a sea gull flap to a halt and perch on his wing. He set his ship down then and there, and said that if the fog was too tough for a sea gull to fly it was too tough for him.

There's a phrase you hear all up and down the chain. When the sun shines, it's called senatorial weather. Recently, it seems, a Senate investigating committee arrived on the only clear day in weeks, spent one hour at a field near Dutch Harbor—six hundred miles from the enemy—and departed again in perfect sunshine for the States, where one statesman gave with some rather tart remarks about this so-called one-way weather that favors the Japs but not us.

As a matter of fact, he was right. The weather is literally one-way here. Almost invariably the storm fronts in the Aleutians move eastward. The weather makes up at Attu, like a commuters' local, and Japs who live at the end of the line always get the best seats. Not only can they utilize a storm to repair losses and get in supplies, they know just how long the weather will take to pass over our own bases to the eastward and consequently how long it will be before they can expect another attack. Who holds Attu holds the weather for tomorrow.

Meanwhile, as long as Kiska holds out, our Navy fliers must carry out their perilous patrols, and the weather ship must make its regular milk run to Attu, and now and then, when the overcast lifts a little, our Army bombers must take off on another routine mission to drop bombs in Kiska harbor.

"In case the Japs are running out of fish," they explain to you resignedly, and next day you pick up the newspaper and read the official Navy communiqué: "A force of Mitchell medium bombers escorted by Lightning fighters was intercepted by Jap Zero float planes while proceeding to attack two enemy cargo ships or transports in Kiska harbor. Two Lightnings and one Zero were shot down during the fighting which ensued. The Mitchells continued to attack the enemy shipping with uncertain results. One of our bombers was shot down."

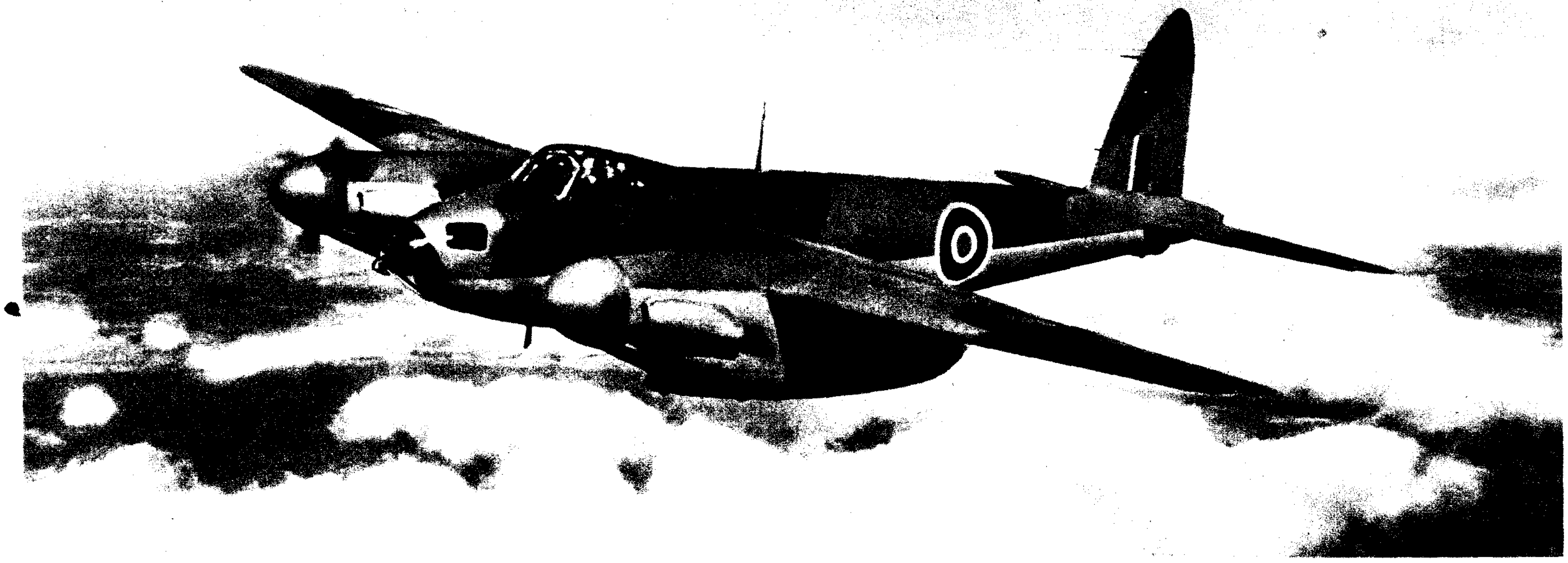
Well, maybe that's enough. It was just a routine mission; they go on all the time. No need to give it a great build-up. No need of recalling the sight of a slim Lightning—the most beautiful plane that ever graced the skies—crumbling earthward under the guns of six Zeros that have been hiding upstairs. No need of remembering the stricken bomber, leaving a defiant trail of smoke scrawled against the sky as it exploded on the waters of Kiska Bay. No need of mentioning the lone Peashooter, its gas line punctured, slowly bleeding to death as it struggled heavily and more heavily over the icy water in a desperate race back home.

Return from a Mission

No, a battle's a break from the dull routine. It's fun while it lasts, and it lasts only three or four minutes anyway. You get out of it or else you don't, and if you get out of it, you fly home, provided the weather hasn't socked in the field in the meantime. You buzz the field if it's been a good mission, and if it hasn't, you land quietly, and the ambulance is there to take out the men who can't get out themselves. The ground crews swarm over your ship and reverently count the holes, and you go to mess and eat canned Vienna sausage and lukewarm tomatoes and bread without butter, and someone admires the very elegant furrow plowed across the leather collar of your jacket. After chow, you go over to the hospital to have the fragment of shell taken out of your neck, so that you can keep the piece in your wallet as a souvenir.

It's the weather that's the real enemy here. The solid overcast, the sudden snow squalls, the mud and fog and endless numbing rain, the days and weeks of waiting (no town to go to, no beer, no mail to read), and the mission called off again at the last moment because still more weather has moved in from the west. It isn't glamorous or exciting, it isn't stuff that makes movies; but it's the story of our Aleutian war. It's what shows the kind of fliers we have in the Air Corps. It's what trains our fliers—the ones who come through it—to be the toughest and finest pilots in the skies.

THE END



The deadly new de Havilland *Mosquito* fighter-bomber

Who puts the buzz in the Mosquitoes?

THEY'RE AMAZING CRAFT, these lightning-fast PT boats the Navy has dubbed its "Mosquito Fleet."

Their exploits, in fact, are becoming legendary . . . as witnessed by this message to Lt.-Comdr. John D. Bulkeley from a superior officer . . .

*"Dear Buck: I really think your gang is getting too tough. The latest report is that 'three dive bombers were seen being chased over Mariveles Mountain by an MTB.' Don't you think that is carrying the war a bit too far?"**

This "kidding" comment referred to the amazing feats of Bulkeley's famous "expendables" and their PT boats in the Philippines.

In these boats, General Douglas MacArthur and President Quezon were spirited out of the Islands. Two PT boats aided in the rescue of Captain "Eddie" Rickenbacker and his bomber crew. Off the Solomons . . . off North Africa . . . in the English Channel, the PT has been in deadly and successful combat with the enemy.

The heart of the mile-a-minute torpedo boat, we're proud to add, is its bank of giant Packard super-marine engines — a precision-built brute of an aircraft-type engine.

That's the buzz that lets the PT boat give the Axis the business!

★ ★ ★

AND THERE'S ANOTHER MOSQUITO — the sensational new de Havilland "Mosquito" that's been giving the Axis headaches.

Nazis who've felt the lethal sting of its bristling armament or the earth-shaking *c-r-rump* of its belly-load shake their heads over the double dose of poison this fighter-bomber gives out.

Many a pair of Packard-built Rolls-Royce engines that comes off our assembly lines ends up in this type of versatile new combat plane. We're not only giving the Mosquito its buzz — but we're turning out gratifying quantities of Packard-built Rolls-Royce engines for the British Hurricane and Lancaster, and our own Curtiss P-40F, the deadly *Warhawk.*

★ ★ ★

BUILDING PRECISION "JEWELLED" ENGINES by mass-production methods is nothing new at Packard. But this wartime job of ours means that thousands of skilled Packard craftsmen are constantly acquiring *new* knowledge and precision techniques—experience which is bound to carry over into a still finer precision-built Packard car after the war has been won.

Ask the Man Who Owns One

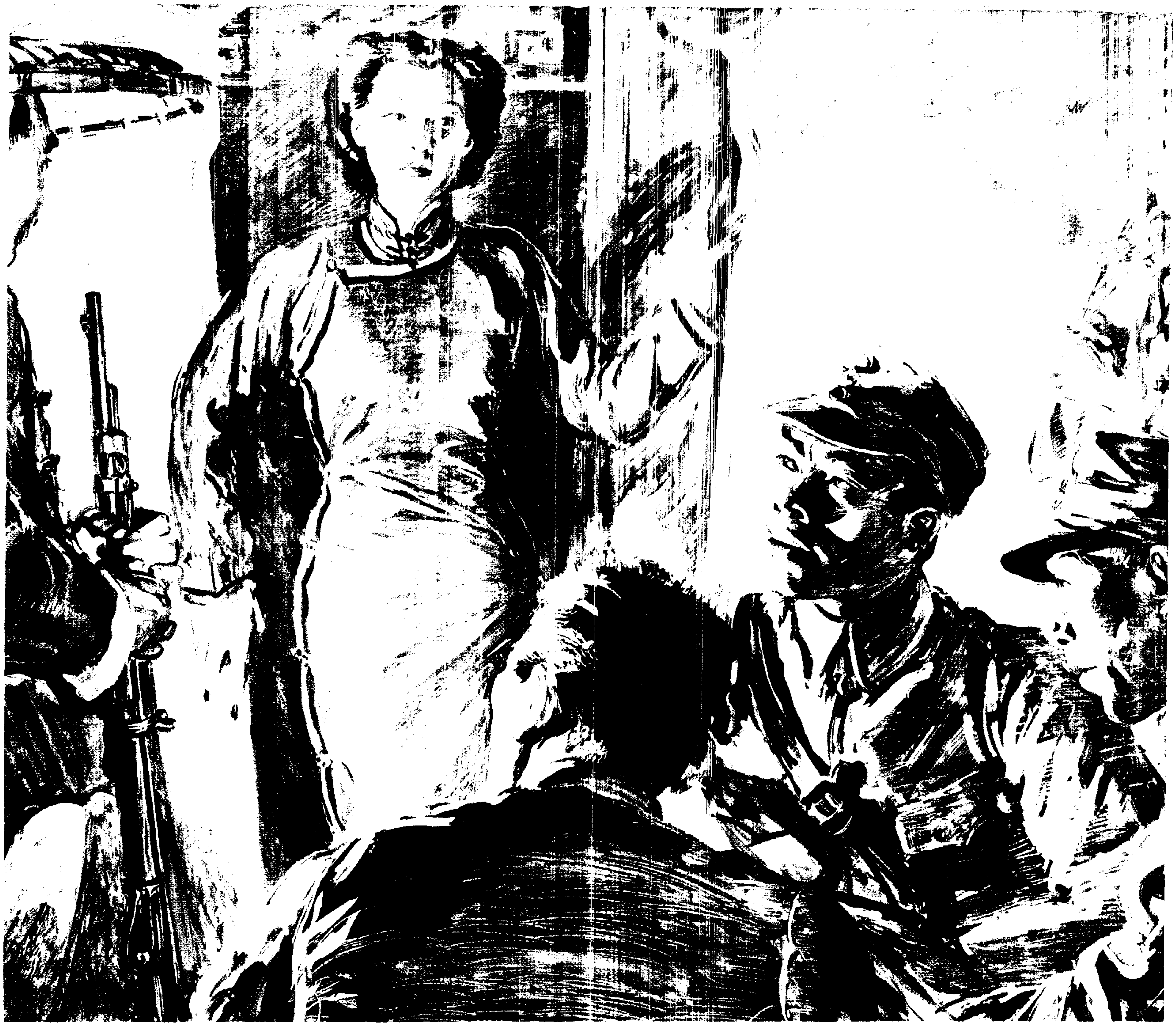
PACKARD

Precision - Built Power

*From "They Were Expendable," copyright, 1942, by W. L. White. By permission of Harcourt, Brace & Co.

OFFICIAL UNITED STATES NAVY PHOTO

PT boats in Uncle Sam's hard-hitting *Mosquito* fleet



She went to the door and suddenly threw it open. The room was full of men and every head turned to look at her

CHINA FLIGHT

BY PEARL S. BUCK

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

The Story Thus Far:

LIEUTENANT DANIEL JAMES, of the U. S. Marines, leaves his ship, the Petrel, at Shanghai and goes on a house-boating jaunt with the Hatfords—Arnold Hatford and his Eurasian wife, Leone. Two days later, Pearl Harbor is blasted; and, leaving his friends, James rushes back to Shanghai. The Petrel has fled! As the young lieutenant makes this appalling discovery, he is arrested. . . .

Seated in the Japanese Foreign Office, in Shanghai, a prominent official—the suave, beautifully educated Shigo Kuyoshi—greets three American prisoners: Lieutenant James; Jenny Barchet, correspondent for a great American newspaper; and a Mrs. Shipman, head of the "Gate of Hope," where unfortunate girls are given a chance for happiness—fed, protected, mothered.

The introductory remarks over, Kuyoshi tells the three what their fate is to be. It is all very simple: James is to be imprisoned, for the duration; Miss Barchet is to be interned at her hotel, the Cosmopolitan; Mrs. Shipman is to be interned at the "Gate of Hope."

James and the girl accept their sentences stoically. Not so, Mrs. Shipman—she tells Kuyoshi exactly what she thinks of him. And what she thinks is by no means complimentary! . . . When the victims are led away, Kuyoshi is restless, uneasy. Fully aware that Jenny Barchet is an enemy of his country, and a bitter enemy, he is strongly attracted to her. He realizes that he should have nothing to do with her. But, fascinated by her beauty and personality, he longs to see her again.

And see her again, he does—he calls on her, in her hotel room.

Jenny greets him coldly. Immaculately garbed, he seats himself, begins to talk. And within a few minutes Jenny realizes, to her consternation, that he is making guarded—and none too guarded, at that—advances.

Badly frightened, the girl implores him to go away. Kuyoshi (always the gentleman, *when he feels like being one)* rises, courteously. Then—after intimating that he will make other calls, later—he goes to the door, opens it, steps through it, and closes it softly behind him.

II

THREE hundred miles from the city of Shanghai, Leone Hatford smiled at her English husband, as they stepped out of their bamboo sedan chairs before a village inn.

It was night and they had traveled all day. She had said almost nothing through the hours, but Arnold Hatford had thought nothing of that. She was a quiet woman always, and part of her great beauty lay in her tranquillity. It was exciting to him to be married to a beautiful woman, after all those years with his English wife, Daisy.

Daisy had come out to him from England when he was a clerk in the Hong Kong Shanghai bank. He had met her in London on a picnic when he had been a clerk in the London branch, a very young clerk. When he was offered the post abroad he took it because his parents urged it—there was so little outlook for a young man in England in those days. But he had hated leaving England and suddenly it seemed to him that it would be easier to leave if the young innocent blue-eyed English girl would be

★ ★ Elm Street Miracle ★ ★

I STOLE up the stairs to Young Bob's room last night while Anne was still bravely fussing around the kitchen. Rowdy trotted after me.

The bed was smooth. The room was unnaturally neat. I opened the closet door . . . There, in the half light, were the things that clutter up the closets of all happy, carefree boys of eighteen . . . a broken hockey stick . . . cracked phonograph records . . . old socks . . . a limp gray sweatshirt . . . a mud-streaked football helmet.

Standing there, I was suddenly no longer ankle-deep in war. I was throat deep in a mighty surge of resentment against the sort of sideline American I had been before Young Bob left. The sort who shrugged his shoulders at men taking "extra days off," who thought that wildcat strikes, business as usual, politics as usual were the other fellow's headache...who felt a secret prick of resentment when taxes and war bonds and rationing were mentioned.

Suddenly I knew the true meaning of a service star.

And I saw a million fathers standing before a million closets all over the land. Feeling this war for the first time. Feeling it like a white-hot iron in their souls.

And I knew that this America of ours had, overnight, added another mighty force to the million or two Young Bobs who were dropping old shinny sticks to pick up new rifles. A mighty force for war production, day and night . . . Fathers whose secret shrine would always be a dusty closet, but whose constant battlefield would be that lathe, that office, that farm where the miracle of giving part of yourself had not yet touched

★ ★ ★

General Electric is doing many things to help speed war production. One of these is to supply G-E MAZDA lamps and the necessary lighting counsel to use them best... for war plants, large and small.

G-E MAZDA LAMPS
GE MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC
STAY BRIGHTER
MAZDA
DAYLIGHT

G-E MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

"FIRSTS"
A ZENITH HABIT

A GOVERNMENT official was being shown a new idea in the Zenith laboratories. In passing, he commented upon the outstanding manner in which the radio industry was effecting the rapid and continuous changes necessitated by war requirements. A Zenith official replied—he said:

"... the answer is easy. Radio and Radionics represent a trigger-quick, fast moving business. Concerns that couldn't 'change overnight' are out. In this industry, we're used to fighting with new ideas—only—now we're 'fighting' Japs and Germans instead of each other."

In that statement is evidenced the condition that made possible Zenith's attainment of industry leadership. Ever increasing public acceptance of Zenith name and product resulted from a never ceasing stream of Zenith "firsts"—new features—new devices and new sets which enabled us to truthfully say to the public:

"ONLY ZENITH HAS THIS"

Today you find as commonplaces—essentials—of most radio sets—features first introduced to the public by Zenith—such as—

"FIRST"
Push Button Tuning
Years—yes, *years* ahead of the industry—(1928) a Zenith set embodied push button selection of the station desired. Our slogan in 1928 was "Push the button—there's your station."

"FIRST"
House Current Sets
"Way back when" (1926) all home radios were operated from storage batteries until Zenith offered the first set run by house current.

For over seven years, Zenith Radio Corporation has advertised on our short wave sets—"Europe, South America or the Orient Every Day or your money back." It has never been called upon for a refund.

BELOW—A FEW NEW ZENITH "FIRSTS"—"FROZEN" BY ZENITH CHANGEOVER TO WAR PRODUCTION

"FIRST"
Long Distance
Push Button Portable
1942 saw the national introduction of a revolutionary new portable—the Zenith Trans-Oceanic. Without increase in size or weight it gave *push button* operation for foreign and U. S. short wave stations—tuned in the same way as locals—and standard broadcasts too. It contained a disappearing fish pole antenna plus dual Wavemagnets—operated from battery or house current—was born of Zenith pioneering in LONG DISTANCE RADIO RECEPTION.

"FIRST"
Safety Auto Radio
The only auto radio you can operate WITHOUT TAKING YOUR EYES OFF THE ROAD—or—YOUR HANDS OFF THE WHEEL—the Zenith Safety Foot Control Auto Radio. This remarkable new radio was on the FORD, NASH, MERCURY, LINCOLN-ZEPHYR, HUDSON and WILLYS. Owners of these cars will gladly demonstrate their Zeniths—give you a "preview" of "tomorrow's radio today."

—AND THESE ARE JUST A FEW OF THE MANY ZENITH "FIRSTS"—

"MILITARY SECRET"
Today all Zenith production centers on war needs. What we are making is a military secret. But three things we *can* tell you. *First*... we are dealing with the thing we know—Radio—and Radionics exclusively. *Second*... we are learning every day—gaining new knowledge which will reflect itself in Zenith civilian products when the time arrives. *Third*... we now know—by first hand experience—that our Army and Navy are more than "up-to-date"—they are alert and progressive in thought and action—almost unbelievably so. This fact is a great reassurance to us here *as citizens*—it commands our complete confidence as it would yours if you knew what we know.

RADIONICS
the New Miracle Industry
Four great industries are destined to lead this country back to normalcy after victory is won.
Planes and Radionics are two of the four. Radio—never a necessity on ship or train—is as essential as the engine itself to that great new form of individual and mass transportation—the airplane.

1917 WAR RUN BY TELEPHONE
1943 WAR RUN BY RADIO

—a Zenith Radio Dealer near you is giving reliable service on all radios—regardless of make.

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION — CHICAGO

BETTER THAN CASH
U. S. War Savings Stamps & Bonds

ZENITH RADIO
LONG DISTANCE
RADIONIC PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY—WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

coming out to him in a year, and so they had become engaged.

When ten years later in Shanghai he left the bank to found Hatford & Hunt—Hunt had had the money in those days, and he had the caution and the brains—Arnold got rich before he knew it.

Daisy had not been a success as a rich man's wife. She put on airs and she grew thick-waisted and her pink cheeks turned a veined purple with too much food and too little exercise. Of course everybody in Shanghai had servants. But she had felt she had a position to keep up and that had been annoying to Arnold who had no conceit.

It was in those years that Arnold had begun to notice the exceeding beauty of the young Chinese girls as they began to grow modern with Shanghai. Plenty of men took such girls as mistresses, but in his awkward fashion he was loyal to Daisy. He did not love her—he knew now he never had—but he was fond of her. And in a curious way he had been rewarded, for when she died, he had found Leone. He had to thank Mrs. Shipman for that—old Mrs. Shipman whom everybody knew.

THE Gate of Hope had been one of Daisy's charities, and quite often when he came home he found Mrs. Shipman there to tea, and he heard the solemn talk of the two women over the problems of the "girls." He was far too shy to ask anything about these "girls" or their problems, but sometimes Daisy talked to him a bit, with proper reserve as between man and woman. She did not, he perceived, want him to know too much about that sort of thing.

Nevertheless that was how he had first heard about Leone. Leone had been in some peculiar way a protégée of Mrs. Shipman, but still not one of the girls. He had heard Leone discussed sometimes, even while Daisy was alive. The Frenchman who was her father had deserted her mother, and old Mr. P'an, her Chinese mother's father, would not take her back. That was the time when Daisy and Mrs. Shipman did so much talking. He knew now that Mrs. Shipman had asked Daisy to take Leone in for a bit, and Daisy had refused.

The matter had been settled then by Mr. P'an's suddenly saying he would take his half French granddaughter into his house if he could bring her up entirely as a Chinese. And it had been quite ten years later that Daisy died, and quite a full year after that that Mrs. Shipman had come to see him one day and had proposed that he marry Leone, because no proper Chinese marriage could be arranged for her.

"You're lonesome without Daisy," she had said bluntly one day in his office. She had simply walked in, saying she wanted to talk to him. "Why don't you get married, Mr. Hatford? I have just the girl for you. You won't want to marry anybody like Daisy—it would be hard for you. But this girl is as different as can be—there'd be absolutely no comparison."

"Don't be absurd, Mrs. Shipman," he had said.

"I'm not," she had retorted. "I'm only being sensible."

And then she had gone on to tell him about Leone.

"I'm not a native, Mrs. Shipman," he had interrupted her with dignity.

"The Chinese are real sensible about marriage," she had replied. "What else do men want of women and women want of men except to get married—if they're decent? And you're a decent man, Mr. Hatford. I've watched you. You'd be good to poor Leone."

By coaxing and hard sense she had got him to come to tea and he had seen Leone. He had been relieved to find her so little Chinese. In Western dress she scarcely looked Chinese at all. And Leone had been so sweet, so exactly right in her shyness, that before he knew it he had fallen in love with her.

Now when she ordered the chairs set down before a filthy little inn in a Chinese town, he came forward anxiously, but always fond.

"I say, is this where you really want to stop, my dear?"

"Yes, it is, please, Arnold. It won't get better, you know—not for a long time. We're very far from foreign hotels. And there won't be any Japanese here, at least, as there might be if we went on to a bigger place."

Her velvet dark eyes looked up at him with their calm tranquil gaze and instantly he felt the sense of what she said. The inn stood on the edge of a vilely filthy canal, but he supposed that didn't matter.

"Very well, then," he said.

He turned to Yang, his number one boy whom he had brought with him. He took the chap everywhere because it was simply impossible to get any decent food or in fact do any business at all without him. All foreigners were dependent on such "boys." He had an uneasy sense that Leone could have done as well as any Chinese, but this he did not like to think about. Ever since he had married her he was careful to treat her as though she were wholly a Frenchwoman.

It had cost him a few friends—some of his best—but she was his wife. When the wives of his friends would not come to call on her, he simply dropped his friendship with the husbands. When he got to Hong Kong he'd jolly well tell Hunt that Mrs. Hunt had to come and see her regardless. He had more money than Hunt now, besides being the real head of the business.

"Boy!" he called imperiously, "Pay coolies chop chop and get some chow for us."

Yang, the number one boy, bowed slightly and reached his hand into his bosom for the cash he always kept in his belt.

"Masta, Missy, please go inside," he said in his gentle, cultivated voice. "I come chop chop makee all light."

THEY stepped into the dusk of the inn and a few men, sitting about the room at the square tables fell silent and looked at them with wide eyes. Obviously they had never seen foreigners before. They did not move, staring as though they were images. Arnold turned his back on them and walked over to the oblong opening in the wooden wall that served as a window. It looked out over the canal. Boats were passing below, small, hand-poled boats. The faint odor of cooking food floated upward from them.

His back turned to the room was angular and square and British. Leone smiled and looked down at the toe of her pretty bronze shoe. She stood gracefully withdrawn from everything, while the men stared at her.

In a moment Yang was there, and in a moment more they were being ushered into a bare room, a bed and a table and two chairs the only furniture. Their bedding was brought in and unrolled quickly.

Arnold pointed his stick at the bed. "Yang, bugs?"

"My look see," Yang said.

He examined the bed and in a moment brought out a large can of insect powder and sprinkled the bed thoroughly. Arnold sat down on one of the chairs and Leone on the other.

"Not too tired, my dear?" Arnold inquired, twisting his short mustache.

"Not at all, thank you," she said in her clear sweet voice. She turned her eyes on him pleasantly and smiled.

"You're wonderful, you know," he said. "Most women couldn't stand up to this sort of thing at all."

She continued to smile without answering. It would annoy him if she told the truth, that this room was no worse than many she had lived in with her mother in the bad days when her father had left them. But she had never told this English husband of hers about that. Instinctively she was, while she was with him, the sort of woman he liked, delicate and gentle and a little helpless.

She gazed downward, reflecting upon this. How different she had been with Dan James! She blushed slightly thinking of how she felt when she was with the strong young American. She had fallen in love with him the first time she saw him: From then on she had wanted simply to put her hand into his and go away with him, anywhere. But did he love her at all? She could not tell. Yet was he not a man?

SHE sighed, and instantly Arnold bent toward her.

"You are tired, you know, whether you know it or not," he said.

"Perhaps I am," she said.

"Boy!" he called to Yang, who was quite near him. "You fetch hot water chop chop for Missy bath. Then some food."

"Yes, Masta," Yang answered gently.

He drew the rubber tub out of the baggage, and lit a small portable oil stove. "One minute," he said and went away.

Arnold rose. "I'll go out, my dear, until you are ready. But I'll be near the door—in case there's any trouble." Trouble meant peering eyes at knotholes or the door creaking open gently.

"Thank you, Arnold," she said very softly.

He went out and in a moment Yang was back with a water coolie, who carried on either end of his bamboo pole two wooden buckets of hot water. Yang superintended the pouring of the boiling hot water into the rubber tub, and paid the coolie off. Then, glancing toward the door, he poured out a soft rush of Chinese to her:

"If you are determined, mistress, this is the place. It is a canal town, as you see. If you are sure, then I will hire for you a foot boat and tell the man to take you to the town through which we passed this noon. I have already hired the innkeeper there and he will expect you. From there he will take you to the village of my family, which is less than ten miles from Shanghai. At my home you will be welcome. I have already sent messages to them."

She did not ask how he had sent such messages. She knew that there were message routes everywhere over the countryside, a wireless as ancient as China itself.

"I am quite determined," she said. "I will not go on to Hong Kong."

She rose and took off her hat. Her Chinese was as perfect as his, and as she spoke it she suddenly became wholly Chinese so that her English tweed suit sat strangely on her.

"But you will be good to him?" she said. "You will guard him and see that he gets safely to Hong Kong to be with the other English?"

"Certainly, I will do that," he said. "Let your heart rest. What time shall you be ready?"

She studied the small diamond-framed watch on her wrist. "At midnight," she said. "He will be sleeping soundly by then."

"I will put something into his soup to make sure," Yang said.

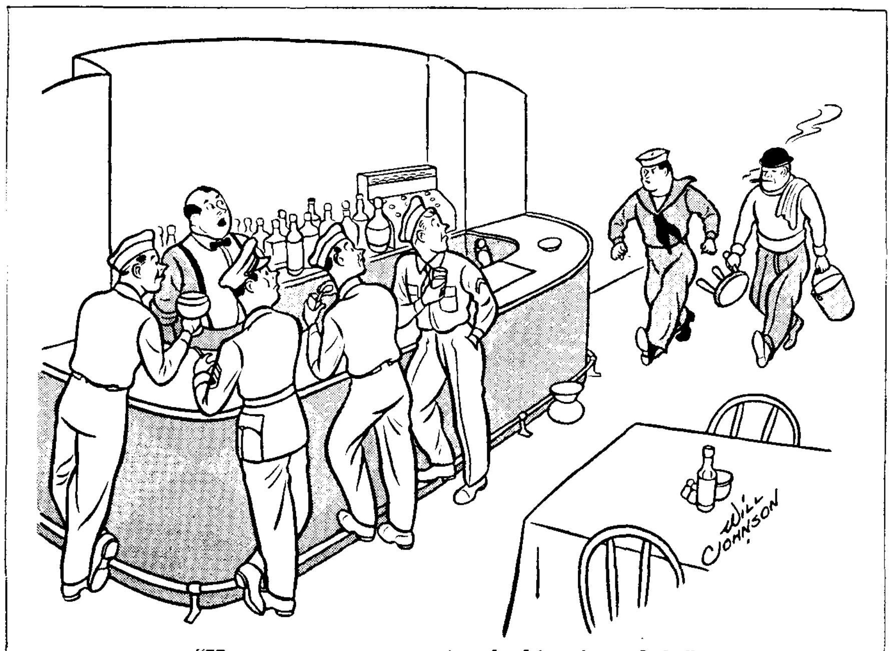
"Nothing to hurt him," she warned.

"Assuredly nothing to hurt him."

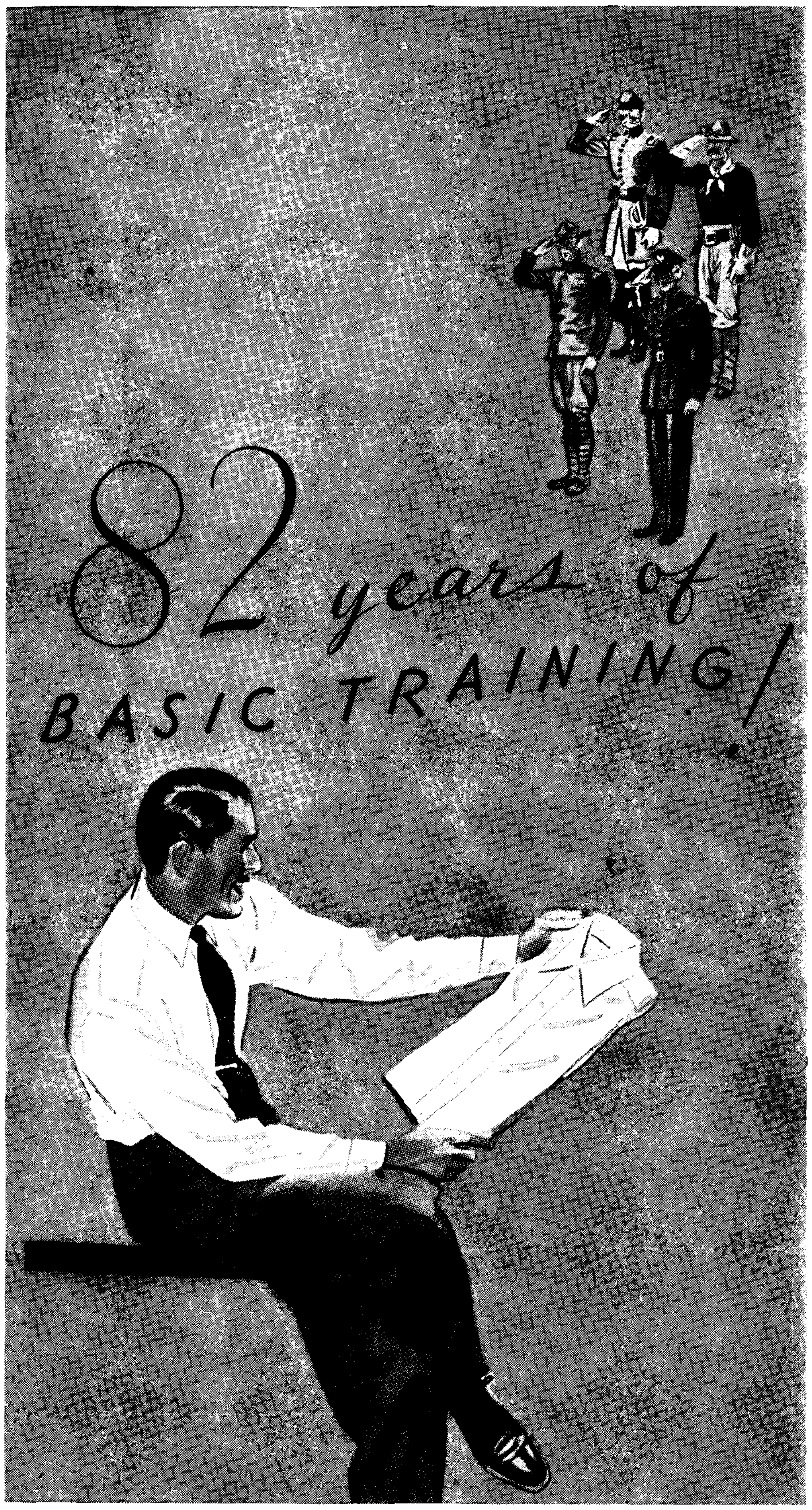
He went away then, and she undressed herself slowly and laid her clothes carefully on a chair. She would not wear these clothes tonight when she went away. She took out of her bag a soft Chinese silk robe of dark blue. Arnold did not like her to wear Chinese garments, but she always had with her a Chinese robe. She folded it carefully and hid it under the tweed skirt. It would be there tonight when she wanted it in the darkness.

Then she bathed herself. The water was still very hot, but she loved the sting and the burn of hot water. She was Chinese enough when it came to that. Arnold bathed every day in cold water, and she shuddered to think of it. She stood gracefully in the rubber tub pouring the hot water over herself, and then soaping her body. She laughed a little to herself. The first time she had ever used this tub she had not known that one must not sit in it as in a porcelain Soochow tub lest the rubber sides give way and flood the floor.

Cautiously now she felt in the water when she was soaped and cautiously she washed the soap off. The water sent up clouds of warm steam about her and she



COLLIER'S "Here comes one now, just looking for a fight" WILL JOHNSON



Manhattan's a seasoned veteran in the art of making a fine shirt. Since the first Manhattan shirts, in Civil War days, they've been the choice of well-dressed men. The secret of Manhattan quality is "knowing how" through experience.

Manhattans *must* fit you because they're *Size-Fixt*—average fabric shrinkage is a mere 1% or less. They're *Man-Formed* to conform to your body; collars are hand-measured for accuracy. Wear a Manhattan shirt—and see what a difference 82 years of "basic training" makes! $2.50 AND UP

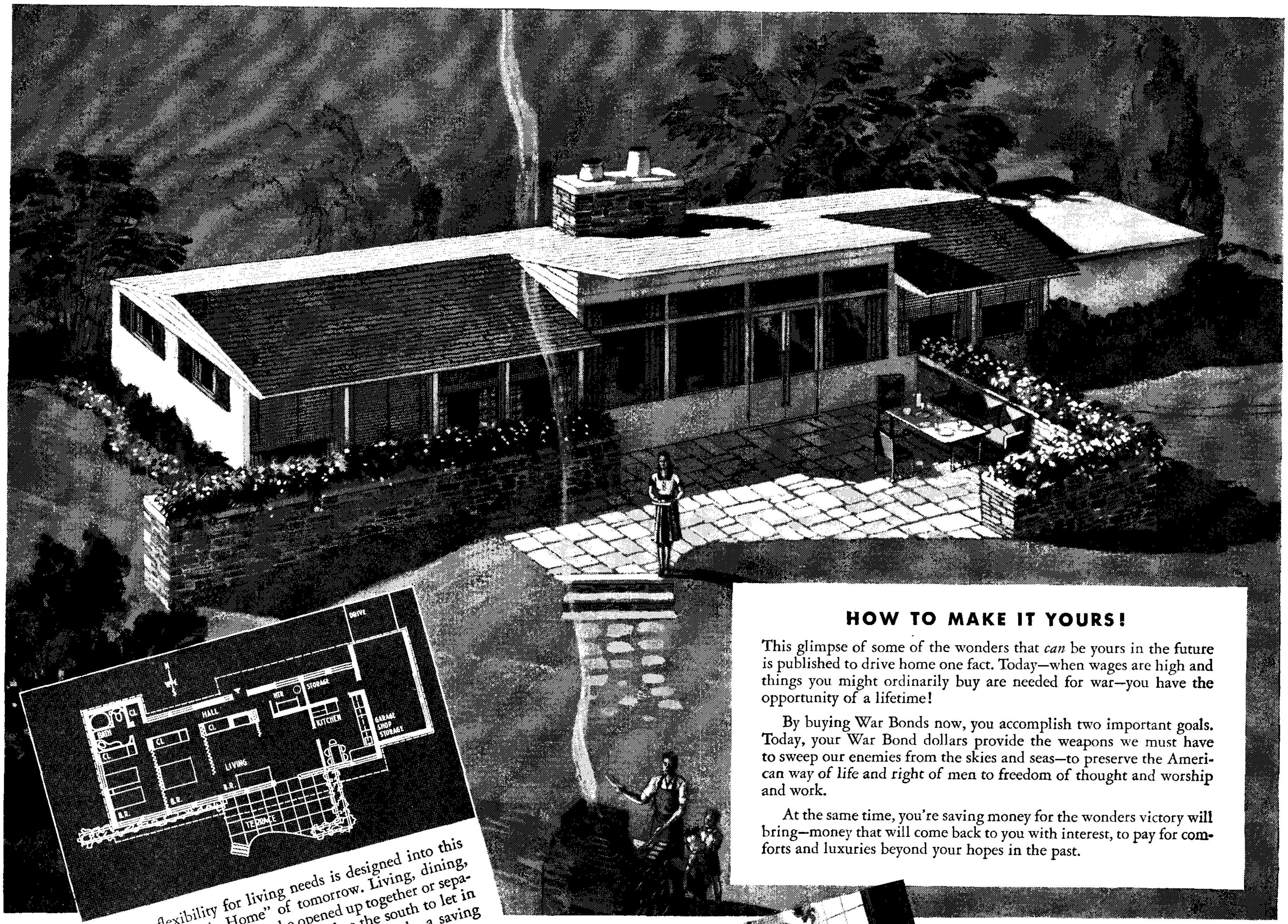
FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Manhattan SHIRTS

THE SIZE-FIXT SHIRT FOR THE MAN-SIZED JOB

John Smith

WILL OWN THIS "MIRACLE HOME" TOMORROW



Complete flexibility for living needs is designed into this plan for a "Miracle Home" of tomorrow. Living, dining, and spare sleeping space can be opened up together or separated in a moment. Living quarters face the south to let in a flood of sunshine and solar heat, to save fuel—a saving *further assured* by the almost windowless north wall.

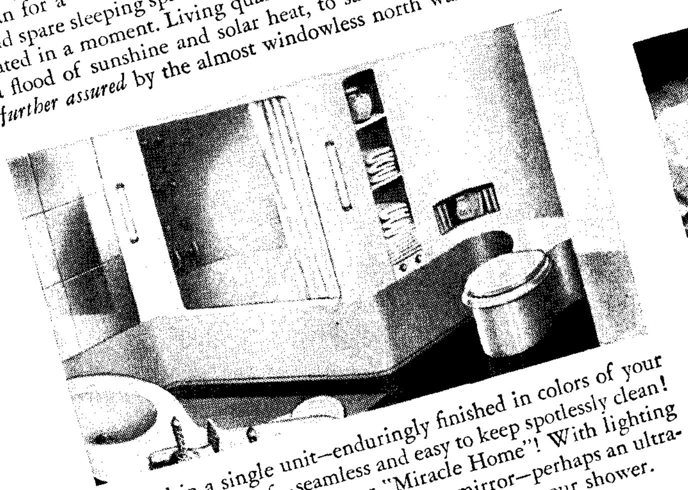
HOW TO MAKE IT YOURS!

This glimpse of some of the wonders that *can* be yours in the future is published to drive home one fact. Today—when wages are high and things you might ordinarily buy are needed for war—you have the opportunity of a lifetime!

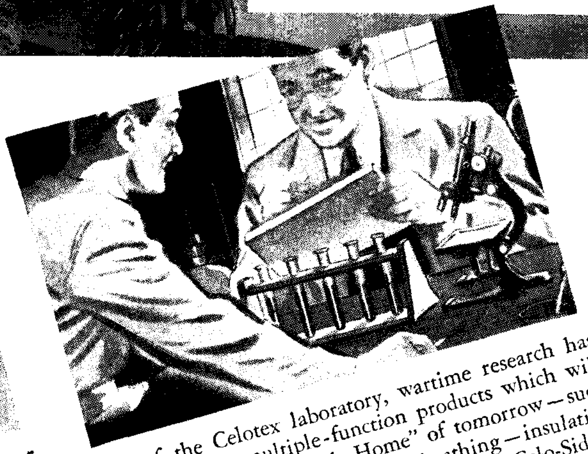
By buying War Bonds now, you accomplish two important goals. Today, your War Bond dollars provide the weapons we must have to sweep our enemies from the skies and seas—to preserve the American way of life and right of men to freedom of thought and worship and work.

At the same time, you're saving money for the wonders victory will bring—money that will come back to you with interest, to pay for comforts and luxuries beyond your hopes in the past.

Architect: George Fred Keck



Pressed in a single unit—enduringly finished in colors of your choice—leakproof—seamless and easy to keep spotlessly clean! That's the bathroom in your "Miracle Home"! With lighting scientifically planned for the shaving mirror—perhaps an ultra-violet skylight for a sun-bath while you take your shower.



Out of the Celotex laboratory, wartime research has brought many multiple-function products which will contribute to the "Miracle Home" of tomorrow—such as Celo-Roof which combines sheathing—insulation and roofing in one composite material; Celo-Siding which combines sheathing, insulation and mineralized exterior surface; and Cemesto which combines exterior and interior finish plus insulation into a complete fire resistant wall unit.

FREE!

To help you take care of your precious War Bonds, The Celotex Corporation offers you a beautiful, durable War Bond Container—specially designed to hold all your War Bonds conveniently and securely, with provisions for listing dates and numbers of all bonds. Ask for it at your Celotex Dealer's. It's FREE—to help you save for your "Miracle Home" of tomorrow! Or we will send it direct, if you will check the correct space on the coupon.

Average American

...WITH WAR BONDS BOUGHT TODAY!

IN the white-hot crucible of total war, American industry is telescoping *years* of advancement into week-ends! Old ideas, old materials, old ways of doing things are being outmoded with a swiftness thought impossible only a few short months ago!

Today these great events are concentrated on winning the war. In post-war America, their benefits will enrich the ways of peace. And one of these benefits will be a "miracle home" with undreamed-of comforts and conveniences for the average American family.

This home will be an infinitely better home—in clean, open, healthful surroundings far from congestion, dirt and noise. Low in cost—easily within reach of the average wage earner—this home will provide livability on a scale unknown even to the wealthiest family today! Ingenious new electrical servants will carry the load of tedious tasks. Manufactured weather and "climate-proof" engineering will seal out summer's heat and winter's chills, safeguard comfort and health.

In this home, you will enjoy the revolutionary advances now being created out of the vast war experience of the building industry . . . advances in design, materials, construction and economy made possible by the cooperation of America's architects, contractors and building craftsmen.

Your "miracle home" will not only be better in every way, and lower in cost—but also remarkably easy to own. For you will enjoy the fruits of financing plans that will make your home as easy to buy as an automobile.

Is all this far in the future? Not at all! It is now so close to reality that you can earmark the War Bonds you buy today for down payment on such a "miracle home" of tomorrow. Its foundations are already laid in the laboratories and on the drawing boards of the building industry. They are a part of the blue prints of the new America and its heritage that all will enjoy when victory is won.

But in the meantime...
Take Care of the Home You Have!

THE MARVELS of tomorrow must wait until victory is won—until today's big job is done. So until then, remember that your present home is better, more comfortable than the average family of any other land has ever known.

And Uncle Sam doesn't want you to let neglect steal the value of that present home. The government has made all necessary provisions to let you keep it in repair . . . and to insulate it for fuel-saving.

To help you guard the value of your home—to tell you exactly what you can do and should do to protect your property—The Celotex Corporation has prepared "A Wartime Guide to Better Homes." This is a complete, clear-cut, easily-understood book, full of valuable and timely information. It contains a simple interpretation of government rulings. Get it FREE at your Celotex dealer's—or mail the coupon.

And if you have a big house which can be remodeled into apartments to provide living room for war workers, Uncle Sam makes liberal provision for necessary expenditures on such remodeling. Ask your Celotex dealer!

Roof Repair or Replacement—is a part of *necessary maintenance*. Ask your Celotex dealer about doing the job with Celotex Triple-Sealed Shingles or Roofing. This means extra protection and beauty without extra cost. You can choose from a wide range of colors and styles.

New Rooms Can Be Created—easily and quickly, from waste attic space, with the help of Celotex Insulating Interior Finishes. Also with White Rock Gypsum Wallboard—a good-looking, fireproof material which can be painted or papered as soon as the walls are in place. Ask your Celotex dealer.

Insulation Saves Fuel—and fuel saving is vitally important today! Celotex Cane Fibre Insulation Products or Celotex Rock Wool Products can save up to 40% on your fuel bills, keep your home warmer in winter and cooler in summer. Get all the facts from your Celotex dealer.

CELOTEX

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ROOFING • INSULATING BOARD
ROCK WOOL • GYPSUM WALLBOARD • LATH
PLASTER • ACOUSTICAL PRODUCTS

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THE CELOTEX CORPORATION, Chicago, Illinois
Please send me FREE . . .
☐ War Bond Container
☐ "A Wartime Guide to Better Homes"
(Repair and Remodel Booklet)
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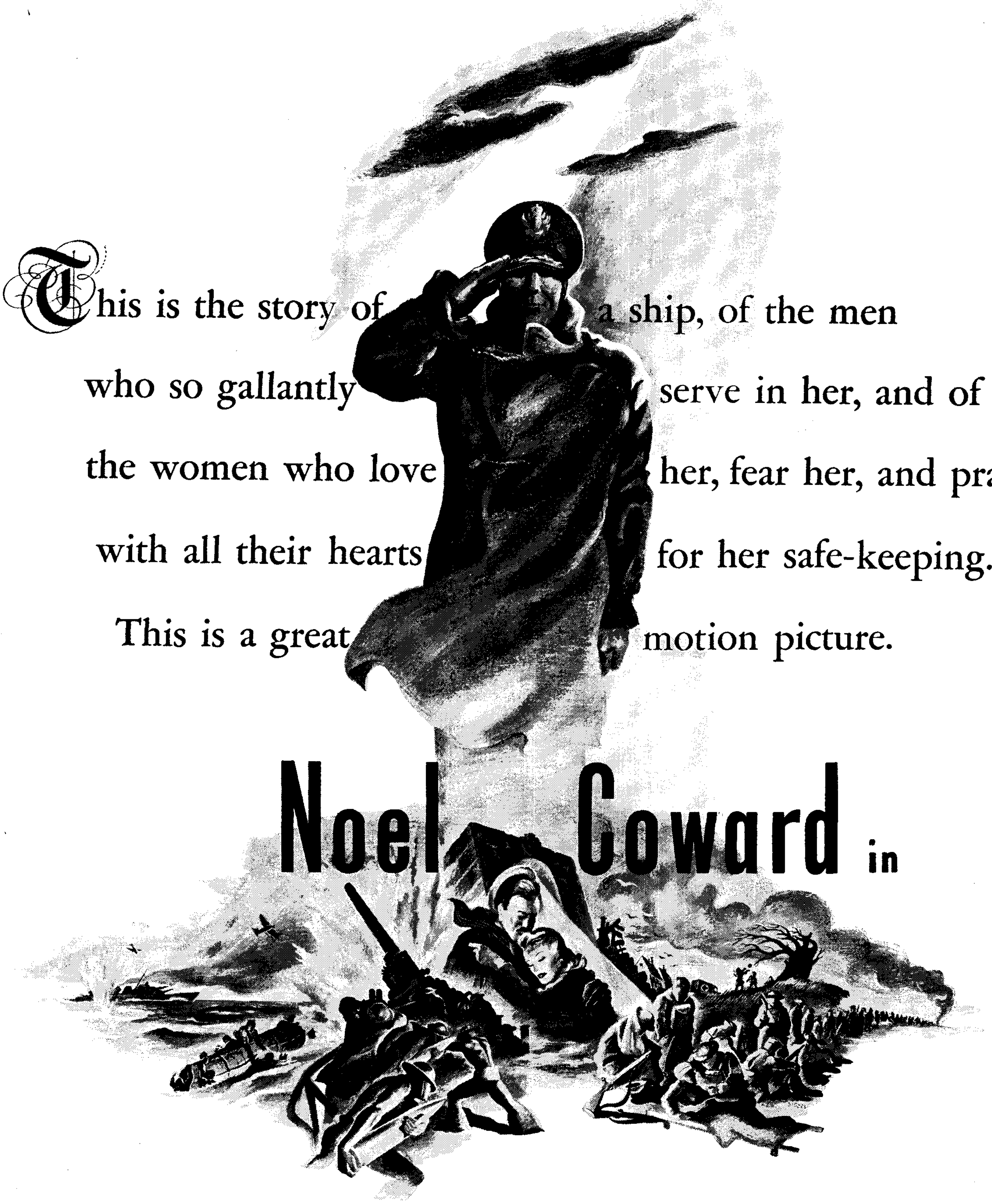


This is the story of a ship, of the men
who so gallantly serve in her, and of
the women who love her, fear her, and pray
with all their hearts for her safe-keeping.
This is a great motion picture.

Noel Coward in

"IN WHICH WE SERVE"

with Bernard Miles »»» John Mills »»» Celia Johnson »»» Kay Walsh »»» Joyce Carey
Written and produced by Noel Coward »»» Directed by Noel Coward and David Lean
A Two Cities Production released thru United Artists

REMEMBER TO SEE THIS PICTURE YOU'LL NEVER FORGET, WHEN IT COMES TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE!

breathed it in. It was just as well to have this good bath now—it would be days before she could have another—days before she could get back to her grandfather's house.

She stepped out of the tub upon a mat that Yang had put down and wiped herself dry and then slipped into her nightgown and a warm woolen robe. They would have their supper here in the room, and she would go to bed while Arnold had his bath. Poor Arnold—he would feel it very much tomorrow morning when he woke and she was not there! She would not leave any message or tell him anything and Yang would pretend to know nothing. Indeed Yang knew nothing except that she had decided to go home. She had told him no more than that she could not and would not go to Hong Kong where all the foreigners were, and if he did not help her to escape she would escape without his help, "or kill myself," she told him.

"You know how the foreign women hate me," she told him, "and Hong Kong is full of foreign women."

He had wholly understood this for he knew that no foreign woman had entered his master's home since she came to it. And since she would return to her grandfather, the rich old Mr. P'an, he had thought it wise to help her.

Tomorrow morning, she thought, imagining it, Arnold would wake up and she would be gone. He would call and Yang would come in and together they would search. Perhaps they would search the canal below the window.

"I'll throw my tweed suit out before I go," she thought. "Oh, poor Arnold!"

But her genuine pity did not move her in the least. She was sorry for him but she did not love him. With all her heart she knew now that she loved Daniel James. As soon as she got back to Shanghai she would find him. She would make her grandfather spend his money to save him.

The thought of him gave her strength and quietness again. She rose and went to the door and opened it enough to call through it:

"Arnold, I am ready."

He came in at once and the slightly grim look on his face vanished.

"I say," he whispered, "how lovely you are—even here!"

She smiled her sweet mysterious smile. Poor Arnold! She would let him make love to her tonight—since it was the last time.

AT MIDNIGHT she rose. Arnold was sleeping heavily, but she had not slept at all, her eyes constantly upon the small illuminated disk of her watch. She rose and put on her garments and over them the Chinese robe. Then she took her tweed suit and dropped it softly through the open window. There was no boat beneath and it splashed softly into the water. She put on noiseless Chinese shoes and into her bosom she thrust a satin purse with money. Then she opened the door and went out. Yang was there alone. He led her without a word to the back of the inn, and to the stone steps leading down to the water. A boat blacker than the water in the darkness was moored at the bottom of the steps.

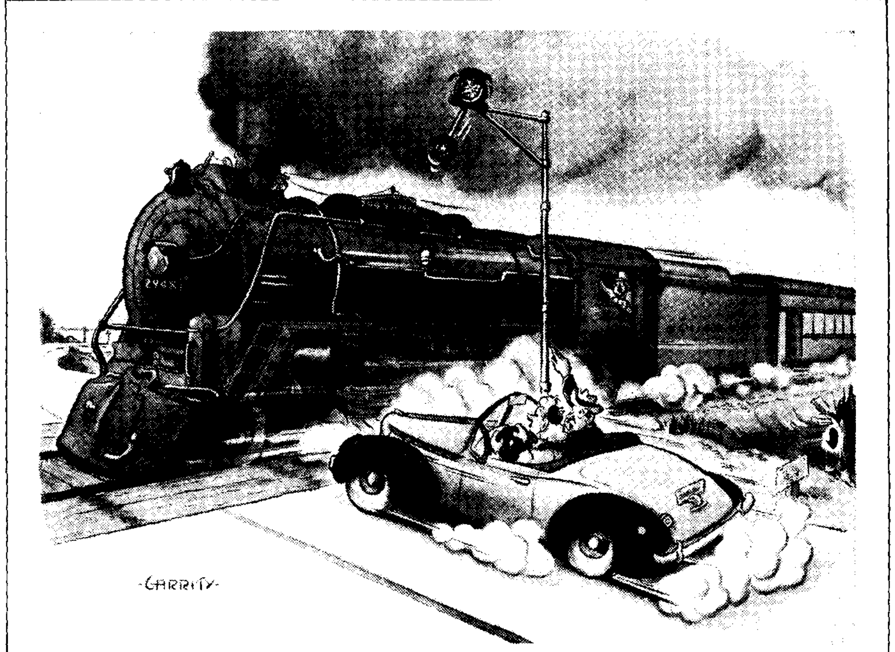
"I was lucky to find a man from my own province," Yang said in a whisper: "and he knows a man in my village. You need not be afraid. He will take you as far as he can in the boat, and then he will go all the way with you to the village. At the village my father will meet you at my home. You will not be dependent on the landlord at the inn, therefore."

"Be sure my grandfather will reward your family," she told him.

She stepped quickly into the boat and silently and quickly the boat moved away into the darkness. She had a strange sweet sense of escape. She had escaped into her own people. . . .

TWO days passed and already it seemed to her she could scarcely remember Arnold. She was at home along the roadsides, at home in the inn where she spent the night. The boatman had left his boat there with a friend and had come along as her servant. He was a middle-aged man, a man so silent that he asked her nothing and grunted a word or two when she spoke or asked him a question. But he served her well, for some reason that Yang had given him, and what that was she did not inquire. Instead she fell into silence, too, and so the end of the third day brought her to the village of Yang.

It was a large village. There had once been a brick wall about it but this had fallen now into ruin. Only the gate still stood and through this gate they went.



"Better stop, dear. That red flashing signal means a train going by!"

COLLIER'S MARTIN GARRITY

They were on donkeys that the man had hired and they rode down the narrow main street. People looked curiously at them, but the man called out loudly, "We go to the house of Yang the Third!" and so they were not stopped.

At the house they dismounted and the man pounded on the gate and it was opened by a servant girl.

"Here is the one I was told to bring," the man said.

The girl nodded and motioned to them to come in. But the man shook his head.

"I will not come in," he said. "I must get back to my boat."

Leone put her hand in her bosom for her purse but he shook his head again. "I have been paid," he said, and went away.

She was alone but not afraid. In a Chinese house she felt always more at home than she ever had felt in Arnold's heavily furnished English house in Shanghai. Now she stood looking about her at the familiar arrangement of chairs and tables, always the same in any Chinese house. The girl shouted, and an old man came into the room. From his resemblance to Yang she knew it was his father. He was the village elder, she could tell by his looks. There was something of the farmer about him, a country look, but he was better than an ordinary farmer. He wore a long cotton robe, and he carried a brass water pipe and he had the small beard of one of the gentry in a village. He bowed to her in a quick rustic fashion.

"Are you the one whom we expect?" he asked.

"Your son has been so kind," she replied.

"We are honored," he said, "your Outside One has been very kind to my worthless son."

"Your good son has been faithful and useful in our house," she replied.

Thus having exchanged courtesies, he clapped his hands and an elderly woman came into the room. Since he did not look at her, Leone knew this was his wife and Yang's mother, and she bowed.

"This is the one who is to be sent on her way to Shanghai," he said.

The woman smiled and burst into loud cheerful talk: "Oh, how tired you must be, lady, and how can you find any rest in this poor house of ours? But come in—come and drink some of our tea, though it is cheap poor stuff with no taste, and eat some of our coarse food."

Leone followed the woman out of this room and into a plain bedroom. "It is very kind of you," she said gently. "I shall not trouble you long. Some sleep and a little food, and I shall be ready to go on."

She saw a grave look flit over the woman's cheerful round face. But it was gone in an instant. "Do not hurry—do not hurry—stay a few days," she insisted.

LEONE did not hurry indeed. That day passed, and the next, and there was no mention of her going on. The family was a large one, with four daughters-in-law and their many children under the same roof. But no sons were there. When she asked of the other two, besides Yang, she saw by their answers that they did not wish to tell her.

"My eldest son," Yang's mother said, "is unhappily dead. The enemy killed him. My second son is happily with your own lord. My other sons are—are—" The old woman looked vague. "They have business," she finished.

Leone heard this with dismay. If all the sons were busy, who would show her the way to the city? The house was empty even of menservants. Old Yang himself was too old to walk far, and the women were old-fashioned women, not used to leaving home. Even the three servant girls were too young to go alone beyond the village.

How then was she to leave this house? They were all kind to her, pressing her with food and tea, and keeping the coals hot in the brass foot stove they insisted she have. But she thought only of the American whom she loved. What had happened to him? Had he reached the city alive? Was she too late to help him? The delay became too much for her.

On the third night when the evening meal had been eaten she went early to her room. She made ready for sleep and then lay awake a few minutes determining that if the next morning nothing were said of her going on, she would ask to be sent on. Then she fell asleep. She was still very tired from the days of cold winds that had blown upon her on her long ride. The uneven jogging of the donkey had been wearisome and she was still aching. She slept deeply.

It was after midnight when she heard the sound of men's voices in the main room next to hers. A man's voice woke her with a shout: "Now is the time, I say!" She woke and sat up, listening. Then she heard the voices of young men. She rose and slipped on her robe and went to the door and suddenly threw it open. The room was full of men and every head turned to look at her. Old Yang was there and his wife, but all the others were young men.

NO ONE spoke. She knew at once that she ought not to have opened the door. These were guerrillas!

"You need not fear me," she said. "I, too, am Chinese."

A tall young man, whose voice she had heard so loudly and clearly above the others, cried out, "You look foreign!"

"I had a foreign father, it is true," she said gently. "But he despised my mother who was Chinese, and I despise him."

Old Yang leaned across the table and whispered loudly, "She is the granddaughter of the honorable one, P'an Lao-yeh."

At the very sound of her grandfather's name the air in the room changed. The tall young man laughed.

"But what is this bright moon doing in your house, old man?" he said to old Yang. "Do you entertain the granddaughters of rich city men every day?"

Old Yang rose to his feet and turned to her. "You must excuse the roughness of this uncouth young man," he said. "He is a good man, and a brave one. He is the leader of—of—" the old man coughed into his beard and looked down.

"I understand what he is," Leone said, smiling. "And I can see that he is brave."

The young man's face turned suddenly red and he looked away, but she could see that he was pleased. "What I do is nothing," he said. He coughed and spat on the floor. "That is, it is nothing to what I shall do," he said loudly.

"I know that," Leone said.

She came into the room and sat down on one of the small side chairs and so all sat down. But still they were ill at ease before her.

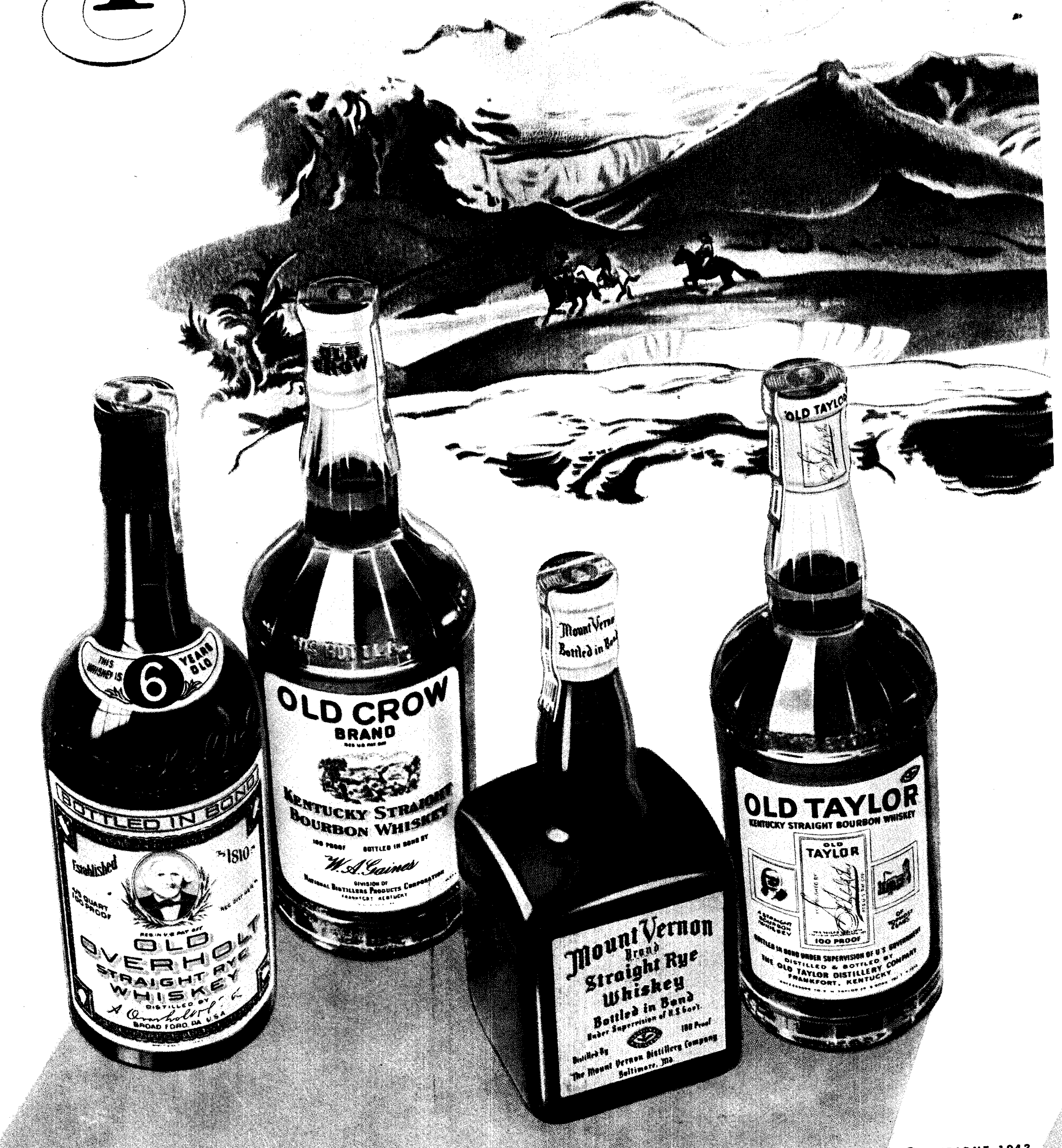
"I shall not disturb you," she said gracefully. "But I ask only one thing. Can it be that some of you go toward the city tomorrow? If you do, will you let me follow you until I see the city? Then I can go on alone."

The young men looked at one another, and then the tall one, laughing and clearing his throat and torn with shyness and pleasure, said in his loud voice, "Why, I myself—I will go—why not?"

His men cried out at this that he ought not to expose himself. But he answered them in pretended roughness, "I was planning to go near the city anyway to find out how many guards stand at the gate."

"How much I thank you!" Leone said

YESTERDAY...TODAY.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100 PROOF
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Bottled in Bond
Under Supervision of U.S. Gov't.
100 Proof
Distilled By The Mount Vernon Distillery Company
Baltimore, Md.
OLD TAYLOR
OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
100 PROOF
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
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THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

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TOMORROW...

Always the Same

OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

ONE of the hardest things we ever have to do is to change our habits. Especially the little habits of everyday life! We get into the habit of picking up our evening paper from the same newsboy, buying our cigarettes in the same store, saying "Howdy" to the same bus-driver, and if they change, we miss them. It upsets us a bit because we like the old, familiar faces we have come to know and depend on.

The same holds true of the things we buy, eat, smoke, drink, wear. Names, brands, trademarks and packages get to be habits in our daily life, because we know just what they stand for in price, quality and satisfaction.

And so when our country's war-time needs force changes and you have to take new packages to save tin and plastics, and when labels and sizes and prices all have to change, even though you're glad to play ball for victory's sake, you can't escape a sense of uncertainty as the old landmarks fade.

So to the discriminating men whose habit it has been to drink the finest whiskies, it is our distinct pleasure to point out that the quality of these five *great* whiskies will *not* change! For generations past they have been great landmarks in America's distilling art! And as they were *yesterday,* so they are *today* and will be *tomorrow!*

For even in war-time, the strict U. S. Government regulations specifying how bottled-in-bond whiskies shall be produced, are not changed!

OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

OLD CROW
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKEY—RYE OR BOURBON

MOUNT VERNON
BRAND
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

OLD OVERHOLT
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

softly, and she rose and went back again to her room. She closed the door softly behind her and crept into bed. That tall fellow—how he had looked at her!

In this way in the morning she came to be walking along the country road behind this tall fellow, who was a chieftain among the guerrillas. She wore her plain long robe and her Chinese shoes, and she walked some distance from him for a while after they had bid goodby to the family at the house of Yang. Then he motioned with his head that she was to come nearer to him, and so she came closer by a few steps, until they were almost side by side.

She perceived then what she had known the night before—that this rough fellow was ready to love her though he did not know it. The knowledge gave her a sort of tenderness toward him, such as she might have felt toward a young awkward boy. He was simple as men in the country are, so that whenever they see a woman it is with the question in them at once whether or not she is one to be loved. But he was afraid of her, too, since she was a woman from the city, and belonged to a rich house.

"You have children?" he asked her.

"Alas, I have not," she said.

"Your man—is he older than you?" he asked.

"Much older," she said gently.

"Is he good to you?" he asked again in his abrupt fashion.

"Very good to me," she said.

"THEN why do you come home?" he demanded.

"He is a foreigner," she said simply, "and he is going to Hong Kong, and since the foreign women who are the wives of his friends did not like me in Shanghai they will not like me in Hong Kong, and so I said to myself that I would come back to my own people." It was better to tell him the truth, for this he would understand.

"Are you leaving your man forever?" he asked.

"Oh, no," she said, "not that. I have my duty to him."

"It is strange that if you are Chinese you married a foreigner," he said bluntly.

"I was very young," she said. Then she told more truth: "Besides, no Chinese man would have me—whom my grandfather would allow."

He fell silent after this for a while and she fell a step backward away from him, but still not far so that she heard him give two or three great sighs.

"After you are in the city you will perhaps never come out again," he said after a long time. He waited for her to come near to him again.

"Perhaps I will," she said, smiling.

"Would you help us, your little brothers?" he demanded.

"How can I help you?" she said.

"If sometimes I should come to your grandfather's house pretending, you see, to sell some fowl, or something, would you tell me what the news in the city is, and how the enemy is—whatever you know?"

She understood completely that in this way he hoped to see her again by asking her to be a spy for the guerrillas, but she was touched, too, by his asking. It would be interesting, she thought, it might be exciting—and then suddenly it came to her that this man—these men, might be of use to her. If she could find a way for Dan to escape, might not they help him to get out of the city?

"Do you trust me?" she asked.

"Why not?" he returned. "We all know P'an Lao-Yeh."

He was looking at her with such frank longing that she laughed.

"Until my lord returns," she said, "why should I not make myself useful against the enemy?"

He nodded shortly and they went on for a while. Now the city was coming within sight on the flat plains, and once or twice he looked back at her uneasily.

"Have you no poorer robe than the one you wear?" he asked at last.

"I have nothing else," she said.

HE WENT on then but after another mile or two he turned aside toward a field. There, a woman was working alone in the field hoeing sweet potatoes. She was a middle-aged woman with rosy cheeks and a patched blue coat and trousers on, not too clean, and on her bare feet were straw sandals.

"You woman," the young man cried out, "go home and take off your clothes and give them to this one and she will give you hers!"

"I don't like this business of movie actresses touring the Camps . . . you know how attractive Frank is!"

COLLIER'S KIRK STILES

The woman's round black eyes stood out at this.

"Who are you to tell me such a thing?" she cried.

The young man made a sign and she saw it and without a word to him she threw down her hoe. "Come with me," she said to Leone.

Now at this moment it seemed well to Leone to part from this man and so she said to him: "It is a good moment for us to part." She coaxed him with her smile. "See, there the city is, on the edge of earth and sky. I know my way, now. It is better for you not to come with me closer. I will put on this good mother's garments and put dirt in my hair and dirty my skin, and if she will let me have a load of fuel, I will carry it into the city. I thank you, elder Brother—and I will do what you say."

He coughed and shook his head, but she nodded hers, and so at last he yielded.

"Well, let it be so," he said. "But I will soon be at your gate."

"I will open it to you," she said.

All this time the woman stood gazing at them, and she gazed as the man turned and went away, not back, but winding along a road that edged the city, but did not enter it.

"You are—?" she hinted at last.

"Brother and sister," Leone said quietly.

"You do not look alike," the woman said. "He is poor and you are rich."

"I was given to be the concubine of a city man," Leone said.

The woman was satisfied with this, and she led the way to a small farmhouse near by, and there was only an old blind woman sitting there, who lifted her head when they came by and cried out to ask who it was.

"It is only I, good Mother," the woman replied, "and this is a city woman come to buy eggs."

"Have we eggs?" the old woman asked anxiously.

"We have three good eggs," the peasant woman said and she motioned Leone into the room where she slept, and together they took off their garments and Leone put on the peasant woman's, but this one folded Leone's robes carefully and put them away into a red pigskin box which long ago she had brought here with her as a bride. It was this woman who showed her how to mix a mud from the yellow earth by her pond and rub it into her face, and she showed her, too, how to carry the load of fuel on her back and how to put the ropes crossed between her breasts so they would not cut her flesh.

"I learned that when my children were small," the woman said, "and I had to nurse them while I carried the fuel." And then the woman wished her well and so they parted.

NOW Leone went alone along the country road toward the city and as she came near the city gate her heart began to beat more quickly. Would she be able to escape the eyes of the Japanese men at the gate? She had crusted her hands with the mud, and broken off her long nails and rubbed off the red lacquer upon them. A quarter of a mile away from this city she went behind a house and found two bits of broken brick which she had slipped into her straw sandals to make her hobble as she walked, and there she saw her clean white feet and she rubbed earth into them and made them filthy, too.

No one looked at her as she passed. The life of the street went on. It was not the old gay life it had been before the enemy came. Men and women were quiet and their faces were grave, and there were far fewer on the streets than once were there. Even the children played silently and near the doors of their homes, ready to hide in an instant if enemy soldiers came into sight. Certainly none looked at Leone except two or three housewives who saw her fuel.

"Good Mother, are you selling your fuel?" they called.

But she answered each time without lifting her head: "It is already promised in the city."

Thus she came to the barrier, and now her tongue was dry and her lips were dry. Yet this only helped to make it easier to let her mouth hang as she panted. Even so she stepped aside at the last moment and went behind a house again into an alley, and tore a piece from her girdle and dirtied it in the gutter and tied it so that it blinded one eye and shaded the other. Then she put on the kerchief again.

There the guard stood beside the barrier, a single Japanese soldier leaning on his gun, and then she saw three or four others, leaning against the wall. She made to pass as though she did not see them, but the man with the gun stuck his bayonet through the fuel, and cried out at her.

SHE paused, and looked sidewise at him, pretending she could scarcely see him.

"Eh?" she said as stupidly as she could.

He shouted at her again, and she shook her head to show she could not understand him. Then he said in broken Chinese:

"Where are you taking the fuel?"

"It is promised," she said, "to a Japanese captain inside the city. His lady wants it."

The soldier scowled at her, not knowing whether she was lying and yet not daring to think she was not. "How did you hurt that eye?" he demanded.

"My man beat me last night," she said simply.

The soldier shouted with laughter. "A good husband," he said, and he took his bayonet out of the fuel and pushed her with his foot.

So she knew she was free and yet she took great care to limp slowly as though she did not know either fear or relief, and thus she came safely into the city.

She limped along until she was well inside the streets she knew and only then did she stop to take out of her sandals the bits of brick, and even after that she still went haltingly, though here there were not likely to be seen any Japanese. She chose the small streets and the hidden alleys. These ways carried her past the Gate of Hope and at that place which she knew so well, she saw what made her turn aside quickly at the west corner of the wall. For there before the gate stood two Japanese guards, their guns held upright and the bayonets shining in the morning sun.

What did this mean? She asked herself the question and then answered it easily enough. Mrs. Shipman was an American, and she would of course be interned. Perhaps Dan, too, was only interned. She turned as the wall turned and came to the back gate. There stood no Japanese, but old Wang, whom she had known since she was a child. When she came near to him she paused and sat down on the edge of the street as though to rest. No one was in sight in this alley. The houses across it were only back gates, too, and all were closed.

(To be continued next week)

"Everybody talks about the weather...

. . . but nobody does anything about it." No longer is this famous old quotation true. For Boeing engineers *have* done something about it!

They designed the Stratoliner*— the first transport airplane built to fly in the substratosphere, *above* the weather — where the air is thin, but smooth — where greater speed, safety, passenger comfort, and economical operation are possible.

In order to open up this new super-highway of the air, Boeing engineers designed the first cabin with automatically controlled atmosphere-conditioning. Thus at 20,000 feet, where the bitter-cold air is too rarefied for sustained breathing, the atmospheric "altitude" inside the Stratoliner is maintained at a comfortable level. That's why the Stratoliners, built for TWA and Pan American, marked a revolutionary advance in the design and manufacture of commercial airplanes . . . and a guide-post to the future of flight.

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And in another way, too, the Stratoliner is helping to win the Battle of the Skies . . . supplementing the work of another Boeing-designed and Boeing-built airplane — the Flying Fortress.* For the engineering and manufacturing lessons learned in building the Stratoliner and the Fortress are today being applied to creating still better military planes.

The engineering and production know-how acquired by Boeing in many fields—structural, electrical, metallurgical, aerodynamic and a score of others—this know-how will some day be converted . . . from making America victorious, to making the fruits of science and industry available to free mẽn everywhere.

Engineering leadership . . . manufacturing efficiency . . . now and tomorrow, these are implicit in the phrase "Built by Boeing."

DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS **BOEING**

*THE TERMS "FLYING FORTRESS" AND "STRATOLINER" ARE REGISTERED BOEING TRADE-MARKS

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Amarillo, Texas, White's Auto Stores
Atlantic City, N. J., Van Doren and Hemple
Augusta, Georgia, J. B. White Company
Aurora, Illinois, Biever Furniture Company
Baltimore, Maryland, Hecht Brothers
Bayonne, N. J., Lawler Brothers Sales Corp.
Berkeley, California, Lanam Radio
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Birmingham, Alabama, Louis Pizitz Dry Goods Co.
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Fort Worth, Texas, Leonard Brothers Co.
Fresno, Calif., Hockett Cowan Music Co.
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"How many bullets will this make, mister?"

Sacrifice isn't a thing you can weigh in pounds or count in dollars.

It is measured in the brave little gifts of children.

In the heartbreaks of women. In the suffering of men.

But remember—you boys who toss your precious toys on the salvage heap—

They'll be coming back, all gay and new.

And you grown-ups who are giving up so many American comforts and conveniences—

These things will be back, too.

New products of American industry. More of them—finer than ever.

Sparton will have a part in the keeping of that promise.

Today, we are building for war, in all Sparton plants in both the U. S. and Canada.

But we are looking ahead to a peacetime world of greater plenty for all, at lower cost.

There will be new and finer Sparton radios.

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All brought to you The Sparton Way—

Through one *exclusive* Sparton dealer in each community.

Meantime—

Thumbs up for Victory!

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Radio's richest voice since 1926

Home Sweet Home will be a house of wonders
. . . in the world of tomorrow.

THE SPARTON WAY . . . Sparton Radios and other precision-built home equipment will be sold The Sparton Way...a simplified method of bringing to your home better products at lower retail prices through *one exclusive dealer* in each community.

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Racine, Wis., White Brothers Appliances
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Rochester, New York, Weis & Fischer
Rockford, Illinois, Chas. V. Weise Co.
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The Coldstream Guards
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DEWAR'S "White Label"
Award, Lucerne, Switzerland, 1923...one of more than 60 medals honouring Dewar's White Label for Excellence in Scotch Whisky.

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AFTER a day of war time activity, guests salute the host who serves Dewar's White Label and Soda, highball of the highlands. This veteran campaigner—cited over 60 times for distinguished service—brings a victorious conclusion to any social manoeuvres!

COMMAND DEWAR'S AND...BE "AT EASE"

Dewar's
"White Label"
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THE MEDAL SCOTCH OF THE WORLD

Both 86.8 Proof • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
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Why Meat Must Be Rationed

Continued from page 13

left nearly 18 billion pounds for civilian use. There is a shrinkage of 10 or 12 per cent in trimming the meat carcass to retail cuts.

There are 114 million full meat eaters in this country, and 14 million babies and invalids who can be termed half meat eaters, which adds up to a total of 121 million full meat eaters. A bit of simple long division reveals the fact that each of these 121 million people in 1942, on the average, could have about two and a half pounds of meat per week. That is the 1942 story, with the government, the American Meat Institute, and the packers all agreeing on the figures. It is hoped that the production of meat in 1943 will exceed the 1942 total by about 3 billion pounds—a total of 25 billion pounds. That's by far our largest annual meat output in history. There is no actual shortage of cattle, hogs, or sheep, but the meat must go further.

Let us assume that our Army invades Italy or France or Greece during the next year. If that happens, the Army will bring surplus food along to pacify and insure the co-operation of the local inhabitants, who can be very useful. Sometimes a pork chop can be a more efficacious weapon than a machine gun. Local inhabitants will be less prone to snipe at our lads if our lads toss them food instead of bullets. Also, our Army will of course be much larger than it is now.

The needs of our Armed Forces and our allies add up to eight billion pounds. Take eight from the 25 billion output. That means we will have nearly 17 billion pounds to feed our civilian population this year, or an average of about 2⅓ pounds per week per person.

Lend-Lease in Reverse

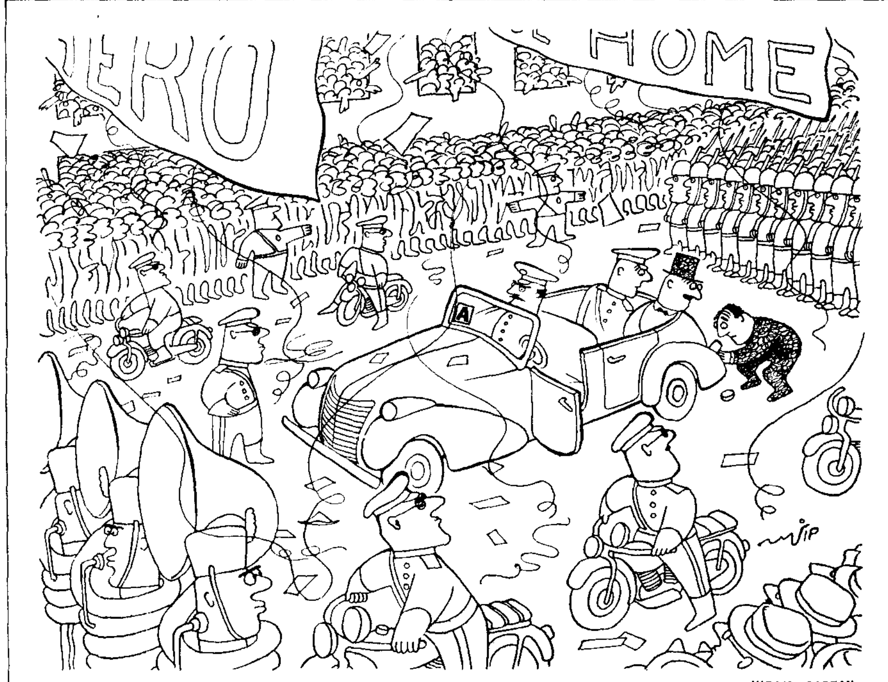
Inevitably a few boys and girls will still whine. "Why should we send all that meat to Britain or Russia under Lend-Lease when we have a shortage at home? Let the English feed themselves." Discard for a moment the fact that the British and Russians are our allies who to date have borne the brunt of the real fighting, for such an argument would hardly pierce the isolationist shell of such squawkers. Let us hurry to a more realistic argument as to why we will send so much meat to our allies. It may come as a wide-eyed surprise to many that Lend-Lease also works in reverse. We send no meat at all to Australia and yet we have thousands and thousands of troops there. All are fed with the beef, pork and mutton from Australia and New Zealand.

In Britain, our troops are supplied with potatoes, bread, fresh vegetables, all bulky food and considerable meat. Britain presents no bill for this food. Happily, the governments and the military leaders of both countries believe in the theory of pooling their resources. An example of Lend-Lease in reverse occurred during General Eisenhower's North African campaign. The operation would not have been possible unless Eisenhower had virtually drained Britain of available military supplies.

To quote some few of the war weapons "given" Eisenhower, we might mention 160 Spitfires; enough 25-pounder guns to furnish a division (more than 500 guns); 200,000 hand grenades; 334,000 antitank mines; 240 wireless sets; 600 ambulances; four complete 1,000-bed hospitals. At least a third of the ships used to transport our troops to Africa were British-made and British-manned. One might add that, for just about a year, 250,000 British workers have been allocated to the use of General Eisenhower and his Army. They have (Britain pays their wages) built barracks, airdromes, hospitals, sea bases and repair plants, which are operated by the British. Besides, all American airdromes and encampments are protected by British antiaircraft guns manned by British gunners.

One could go on for quite a while, but it is all a rather silly method of approaching the problem of pooling our resources. It sounds like a bargain day at a department store. Actually to win the war, we must of necessity pool everything we have. This is a stern military necessity, and for civilians even to question it is absurd. But it might be the answer to the uninformed critics who six months from now may grumble, "Why send meat to Britain when we haven't enough for ourselves?"

Incidentally, although a great deal of pork is sent to Britain and to Russia, less than five per cent of our beef is shipped and about the same percentage of lamb and mutton, so Lend-Lease can



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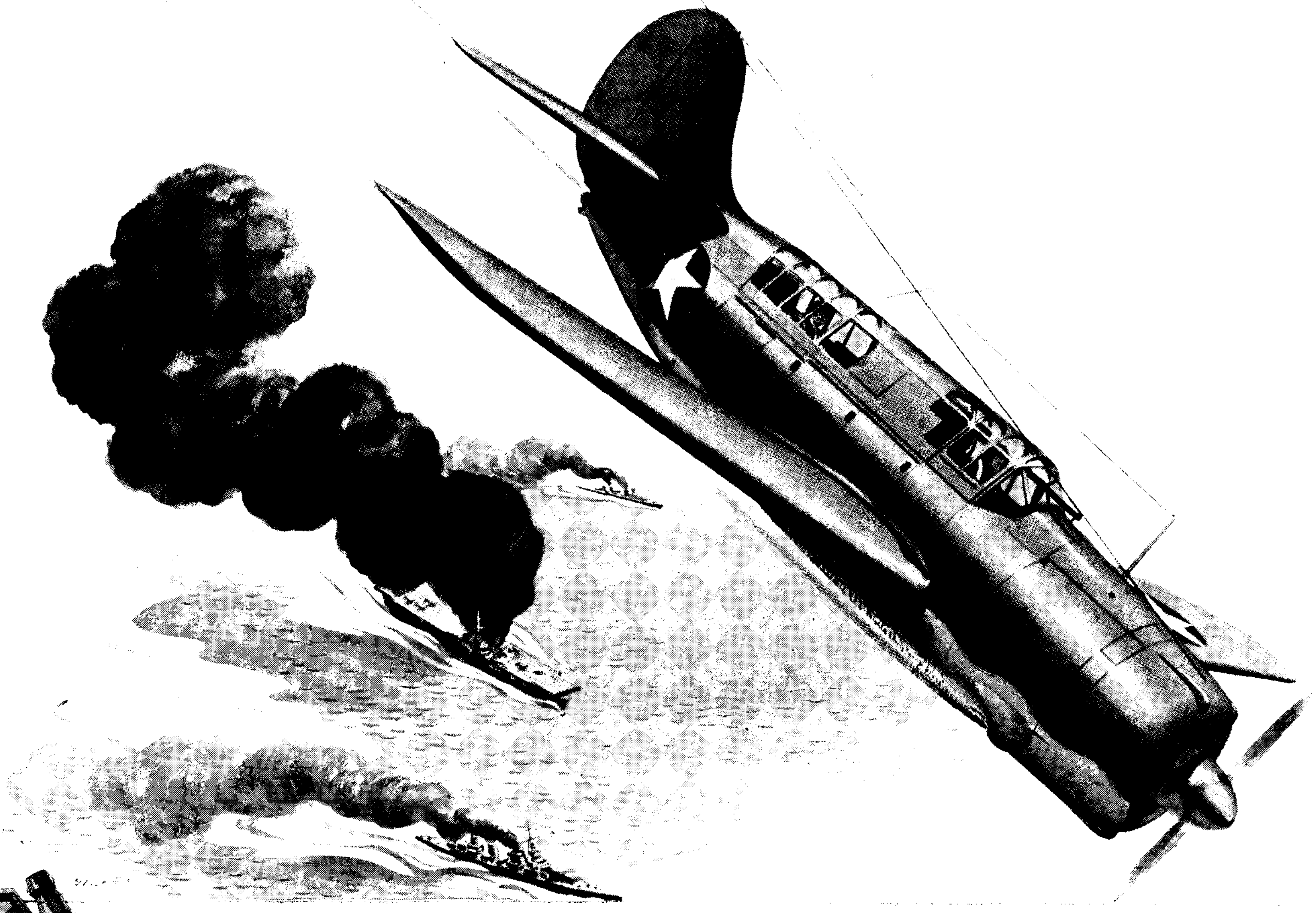
...are the dependable source of full, flowing engine performance, so vital to a Navy pilot at that crucial moment when an enemy ship—the never-to-be-forgotten prize—looms large in his sights. Champions are on active duty on every front.



GUARANTEED DEPENDABLE
CHAMPION
SPARK PLUG

The furious assault on an enemy ship by a formation of Navy dive bombers is a sight reserved for few to see. But a little imagination tells us what a magnificently awe-inspiring and intense moment it must be. Already the record books are replete with glorious achievement on the part of the men who man these avengers of Pearl Harbor. The records likewise show that many of these Navy planes, as well as all other types of planes in use by our air forces, are powered by engines equipped with Champion Spark Plugs. In performing their respective and vital tasks, instantaneous response to the throttle is paramount. This quality of performance depends on the proper functioning of the all-important spark plugs. The characteristic dependability of all Champions, including those for your car, is directly due to research, engineering and precision manufacturing unequalled in the spark plug industry.

hardly be made the Big Bad Wolf of the meat shortage. In fact, we are under certain obligations to our allies, just as they are under certain obligations to us. Mind you, if the anticipated meat shortage were to result in one single war worker in this country actually going hungry, the whole picture would be different. But there will be no such shortage as that.

The government's policy on this point is clear. Secretary of Agriculture Wickard, the man whom the President has commissioned to handle the distribution of our food supplies among all needs, puts it this way: "There will be no shortage of meat for civilians in the sense of our having less than the prewar normal amount. The civilian supply per capita in 1943 will be a shade over the average civilian supply in the years from 1935 to 1939—the years just before the war.

Soldiers Need Meat

One of our foundation policies in handling the wartime supply of meat—and of all other foods, for that matter—is to see that the American civilian population has enough for health and strength.

"Any doctor or dietitian will insist that men and women doing manual labor need more meat than the rest of our civilians who do nothing more energetic than punch typewriters, paint pictures, sell dictionaries or take tickets in a movie palace. Our troops, especially, not only need plenty of meat but want it. And our service men average just under a pound of meat a day."

In addition to the military need for meat, there is a civilian desire for meat to a degree we have never hitherto known. People in general will buy as much meat as their purses allow. Hundreds of thousands of defense workers who a year ago were able to afford steak or roast beef only once a week, now by virtue of increased pay envelopes and steady employment can afford it every day. They can't spend their money for automobiles, gasoline, electric iceboxes or other knickknacks which military necessity has decreed must be forgotten until after the war.

To these many thousands, meat, hitherto a luxury, is now an everyday fare. Today, they and their families literally purchase billions of pounds of meat which a year ago was not within their means. In other words, some people who formerly consumed about 100 pounds of meat per year are now purchasing meat at the rate of 260 pounds a year. There is no reason why they shouldn't have all the meat they need; rationing and restrictions will merely mean that they can't have all the meat they want.

This will be (and has already been) the condition in places like San Diego, Portland, Detroit, and a dozen other cities whose populations have mushroomed during the past year or so. The working out of technicalities in equitable distribution and transportation of meat to such suddenly grown cities has lagged behind the tremendous and not easily ascertained increase in population. As quickly as new centers of population arise, the packers and the government get together to adjust supply, transportation and distribution, so that shortages in such areas will be, at worst, temporary.

Now, leaving the over-all picture of meat alone for the moment, let's get down to what the shortage will actually mean to the ordinary housewife. It will not mean any radical increase in price. It should mean no increase at all. Last December, the Office of Price Administration fixed the price of beef.

Maximum prices per hundredweight for cuts of steer or heifer, for example, have been carefully worked out for the ten zones into which the country has been divided. These prices make allowances for the established charge for transportation applicable to each zone, based on the zone's distance from the territory where the beef is killed and packed. As to how this works out, one need only look at the prices charged for meat during the last war. Today, they are about thirty per cent lower than they were then.

"But," the housewife wails, "today my butcher has no steak. He has no pork, either, nor has he any lamb. What can I give my old man for dinner?"

When we discuss a "meat" shortage we use the word "meat" as the packers use it. It is a trade term meaning beef, pork, lamb, veal, mutton—nothing else. Nothing that comes from the head or the entrails of an animal is considered to be "meat." That is called "variety meat."

A good supply is anticipated of kidneys, brains, liver, tongue, oxtails, tripe, sweetbreads, pigs' feet, lamb fries and hearts, for these variety meats are not used in military feeding or for Lend-Lease shipment; and in addition, chicken, turkey, duck and other fowl are not rationed. They will come from a record supply of animals, and all will remain right here for us. They may be expected to be seen more often on our own tables. Any of them may be substituted for "meat" without fear that the old man will knock himself out from starvation if he takes a deep breath.

COLLIER'S "Poppa beat the rap again!" GARDNER REA

It may be that families accustomed to stuffing themselves on steaks, chops and roasts will not take kindly to occasional meals which lack those succulent dishes, but it must be remembered that Britain was a very big meat-eating country once upon a time, and her population has managed very nicely to adjust itself to the new conditions.

Extending Meat with Soya

There is a little thing called the soybean which is going to loom more and more important in our food program as time goes on. After the oil is taken from the bean, the protein is snatched from it and this (called soya) is going to be seen in one way or another on many a dinner table soon.

Our Department of Agriculture says that one pound of soya has the protein value of four pounds of meat. Already huge shipments of pork and soya sausage have gone to Russia and Britain. The addition of soya to the sausage extends the nutritional value of the sausage.

Russia has been given a large amount of a combination of dried milk, oatmeal and soya which, with the addition of water, gives one a dish with the combined strength of meat and cereal. In Britain, pork sausage with soya is not only considered a desirable and tasty dish, but a tremendously nutritious dish. In the words of the food experts, soya "extends the flavor of meat and helps to compensate in nutritive value for lessened amounts of meat."

To say that there will be adequate "substitutes" for meat is to fool ourselves with the Nazi philosophy of *ersatz*. There are millions of us who will never admit that any food in the world can equal a good steak. The best we can hope for during the war is to find something "almost as good" and just as vital in vitamins (which wouldn't make a bad advertising slogan). Dishes such as liver, sausage, braised oxtails, broiled pigs' feet, boiled tongue with raisin sauce, and numerous others are going to load down our dinner tables and we won't be any the worse off for them.

Rationing of meat will come almost any day now. We have come to rationing only because everyone concerned (government officials, packers and retailers) agreed that it was necessary and was the only fair method of seeing that every family in the country received as much meat as it needed. The Share-the-Meat movement of the past year was a noble experiment, but like all noble experiments, for it to have been one hundred per cent successful, people would have to be one hundred per cent noble. That is putting too much of a strain on most of us.

Then, too, the Share-the-Meat campaign put too much responsibility on the individual retail butcher. Most butchers were forced to adopt a "first come, first served" policy.

Around the stockyards in Kansas City and Chicago, they have an indelicate but very pungent slogan regarding meat. It is "Sell It or Smell It." The retail butcher, with all the good will in the world, couldn't hold back some of his meat for old and regular customers who might not order it after all—and the meat would be spoiled. You can't keep meat around until a customer makes up his mind.

The "first come, first served" policy is not at all a satisfactory solution in these days when men—and women—work on odd shifts. Twenty-four-hour production has turned night into day for thousands and thousands of households. A housewife who once did her marketing at ten in the morning now, by virtue of her husband's nightwork, might not get to the butcher's until four in the afternoon. And so very often when she got there, the cupboard was bare.

In addition, there were the few crooks who gleefully took advantage of the situation to set up what amounted to a Black Market in meat. In New York, for instance, the price of beef chuck rose to 51 cents a pound in January. Six months ago, the average price was 29 cents a pound. The retail butchers insisted that certain wholesalers had ignored the price ceilings and in many cases they, the butchers, had been forced to "tip" salesmen in order to get any meat at all. Retail butchers were afraid to report such violations to the OPA for fear of being blacklisted by wholesalers.

Mayor La Guardia, in his annual message to the City Council early in January, took note of the situation when he declared, "If food prices keep jumping, I am going to ask that we control the distribution." Whether meat rationing will eliminate such abuses will not be known until it has had a fair trial. In any case, wide-awake mayors can stop such abuses easily enough if given the wholehearted co-operation of housewives and retail butchers who will report violations and out-of-line prices.

Food profiteering is perhaps the nastiest form of illegal money-making, for in the long run the burden falls on the poor and on defense workers.

Rationing is Fairer

The methods of rationing which will be used are the most efficient that man has been able to evolve. To say that rationing will be perfect is to expect that human ingenuity is infallible. It won't be. But the mistakes made in Britain early in the war and the way rationing finally worked out with reasonable satisfaction to all have been studied, and our rationing should be the more effective for that study.

As long ago as last September, the government realized that meat rationing would be necessary. Since then, rules have been worked out and the mechanics of rationing have been carefully planned.

Here is the view of Secretary Wickard, the man who directed that meat be rationed:

"I don't have any doubt that the American people will be much better satisfied with rationing of meat when it goes into effect than they have been with the situation which has prevailed previously in the periods when supplies for domestic consumption have been short in widespread areas. I think there has been a tendency, in some quarters, to underestimate the patriotic determination of our people to see this war through, no matter what personal adjustments and inconveniences it may mean for them. I think, too, that their common sense has been undervalued. I have gone on the theory that if we told them why food supplies were short and why they were being asked to use ration books, or otherwise give up the free and easy ways of peacetime life, they would respond enthusiastically and cheerfully. So far, I have seen no reason to change my mind."

Claude Wickard used to be a farmer. Farmers have a way of talking more sense than the rest of us. Claude Wickard is no exception.

THE END

How American it is... to want something better!

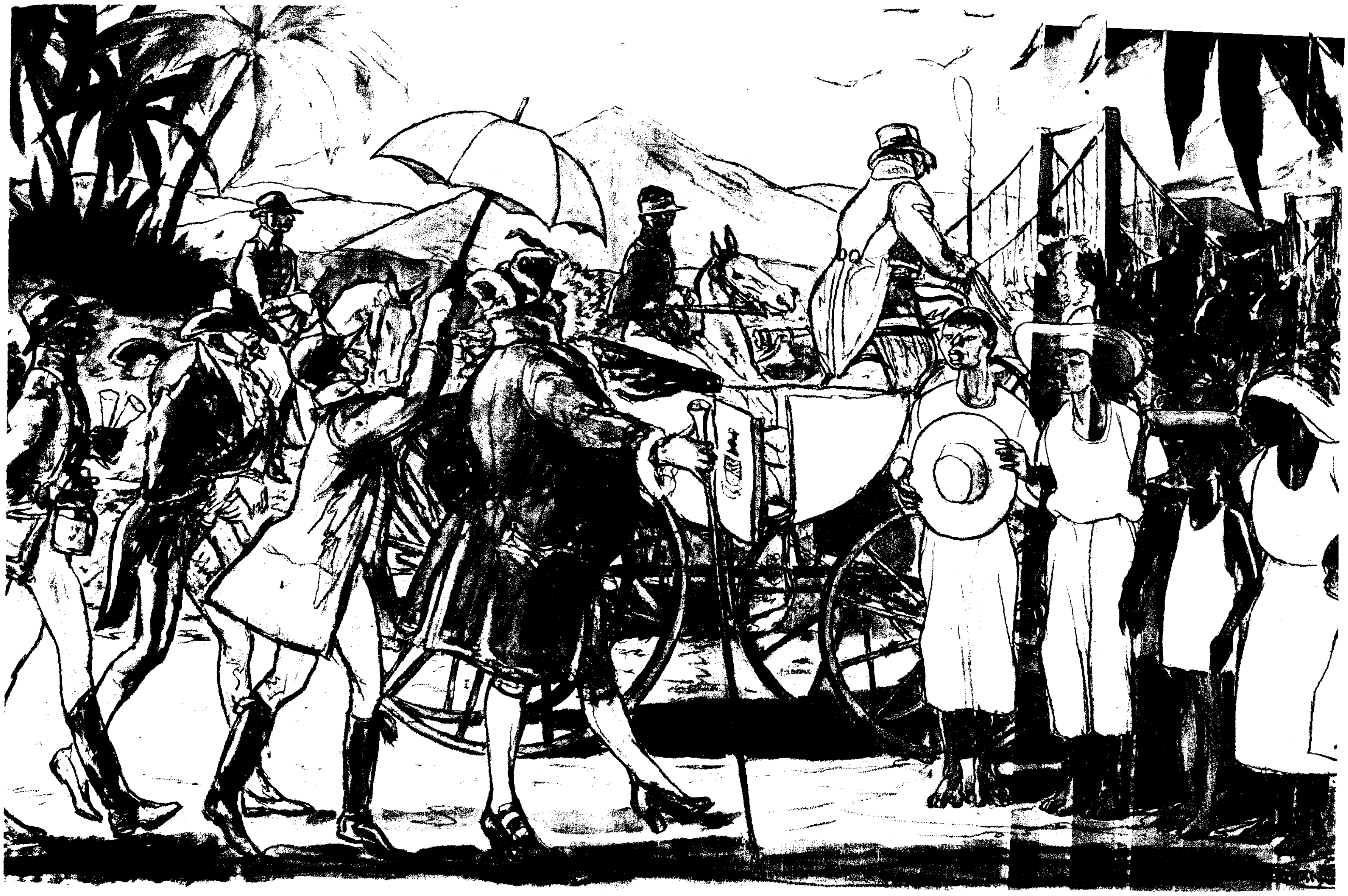
IT HAS BEEN SAID that the world seeks something *good* while America wants *something better*.

This hunt for *something better* has led a quite sizeable number of Americans to discover a notable Ale.

In fact, this moderate beverage lives up so literally to the "Purity," "Body," "Flavor," inscribed upon its three-ring trade mark, that it has easily come to be—

America's largest selling Ale

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.



Le Comte de Badoit moved in procession toward his carriage. And behind came José carrying a sunshade

THE FORGOTTEN GOVERNOR

by Wells Lewis

Success story of a great master in the unorthodox art of doing absolutely nothing

THE melon had been cooling in the cellar, so the body of it was deliciously chill. But the sun was filtering through the heavy trees of the patio, and the top of the slice of melon was mildly warm. Warm on the surface, chill underneath, the melon was also sweet but sprinkled with salt. It was a harmony of agreeable, gently contrasting sensations.

The Comte de Badoit dug his pointed spoon into the green flesh. In the morning, melons were comforting. It was one thing, in the evening, after bathing his huge body in a huge tub, shaving freshly and armoring himself in fresh linen, to battle with quail and wild turkey, with antelope pie and suckling pig, with *moles* and *chilis,* with large glasses and large decanters of wine, with cigars and pipes and bursts of song and thumping on the table and stamping on the floor and determinations to ride out into the night on immense, vague expeditions. That was all right for dinner. But in the morning, the count preferred melons and stillness and the sunlight meandering from leaf to leaf until it spread in small circles on the brick floor of the patio.

Again and again he dug in his spoon, and with double satisfaction. Bringing melons from Cuba to grow in the palace gardens had not been easy, but French elegance in northern Mexico in the 1830's demanded an effort, even from the governor of a province. Every hour of luxurious laziness had cost the count an ounce—or perhaps an ounce and a half—of his own sweat.

With the last spoonful, José appeared carrying the second course—chicken livers cooked with sherry, in a covered silver dish. Behind the footman, or butler, or valet—José had various titles—came Dr. Lorent, jittering with excitement.

"It is!" he gabbled. "It is! It really is!"

Badoit prodded the chicken livers to see if they were tender. "I'm delighted to hear it," he said. "What are you talking about?"

"Why—the—the—" Dr. Lorent stuttered, gazing helplessly at José. The elderly little doctor had no tact. But José had tact if nothing else. He smiled reassuringly and withdrew.

"Ah!" said Dr. Lorent, "I couldn't speak in front of that fellow, you know. It's most important! Vital! But secret."

"Secret, indeed. Explain yourself, man! . . . Or shall I assume that you have finally contracted sunstroke?"

"I thought I had sunstroke when I tested it! Almost pure gold! Such rich ore! There's millions in it—millions and millions!"

"Gold? Gold?"

"Yes! That outcropping in the cliff above the Rio Quintano . . . Henri de Badoit, you have a gold mine on your property!"

MONSIEUR LE COMTE began to eat his chicken livers in the most maddeningly casual way, his great shoulders hunched over the table. Between each morsel he thought for a while. After the sixth he said, "A gold mine?"

"A most amazing gold mine, I am sure of it."

"Um. . . . And people wish to acquire gold?"

"Of course."

Badoit seemed displeased. "To acquire gold, people will burn, steal, make impolite remarks, sell their grandmothers into slavery, and annoy me in the middle of breakfast." He sighed . . . a huge sigh from his prodigious, vatlike chest. "I had hoped that this province had no natural resources at all."

To the wrinkled face of the geologist came the expression of a man who has been trying to scale a mountain all his life and reaches the top to find planted there a "No Trespassing" sign. "But this is fantastic!" he exclaimed. "Do you mean to tell me that you have no desire to possess a house in Mexico City and another in Paris, a château on the Loire, a hunting lodge in the Vosges, a yacht, hundreds of servants?"

"No," said Badoit.

The geologist waved his hands like a hysterical windmill. "All right! Be insane if you will. But at least let me dig out some of that precious ore for myself!"

"Hah!" The Comte de Badoit suddenly pushed around his chair, rose to his feet, advanced menacingly toward his former tutor turned geologist. "Listen to me, you misguided old scholar," he said, wagging a big finger. "Do you think you could dig out that ore *alone?* Do you think you could drive the ore to a smelter or build a smelter *alone?* And do you think you could gather workers

(Continued on page 56)

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

Ivy and the Figurin' Man

Young Jotham was slow to action, but when he did move, it was in the right direction

By Putnam Fennell Jones

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

LONG before the others on the porch heard anything, Ivy knew Jotham's truck was out there on the road. Her ears had caught the faint rattle of its tailboard as it bounced down Cedar Hill, and while her father and mother and Ben Ellsbree kept on talking, she sat with her chin in her hands, waiting to see whether Jotham would drive past or would turn up their lane. She guessed there wasn't much chance, for Jotham never visited anybody any more. He just stayed by himself in the old farmhouse across the valley, up among the trees his father had planted. He'd been that way since his father's death.

Ben's dog raised his head and growled.

"Hey, Rebel!" Ben said. "What's the matter, boy? Cats?" The hound cocked an ear in the direction of the road, and Ben shrugged. "Somebody comin' up, I guess."

Ivy's father listened. "Sounds like Jotham Trent's machine."

"Huh!" Ben growled. He looked at Ivy, and his fleshy jaw tightened. "He been sparkin' around here?"

"Not once," Ivy answered. "Not once ever."

But her cheeks were warm as the little green truck rolled into the barnyard. Jotham turned the truck around and parked it, then came toward the porch.

He was dressed in the clothes he always wore to Stoneway, the county seat. These consisted of a dark blue suit that hung loosely from his tall frame, a clean white shirt with a knitted tie, and a pair of square-toed oxfords that had been rubbed to a dull black. He had no hat, and his tousled brown hair contrasted sharply with the solemn lines of his face. Jotham was only twenty-five, the same age as Ben, but he seemed older and more mature.

"Evenin', Miz' Jackson," he said. "Evenin', Mr. Jackson."

"Evenin'."

Jotham paused at the steps, and his gray eyes came to rest on Ivy's face. "Evenin', Ivy," he said. He spoke to Ben also, but the latter only grunted.

"Evenin', Jotham," Ivy murmured, trying to keep her voice steady. "Been over to Stoneway?"

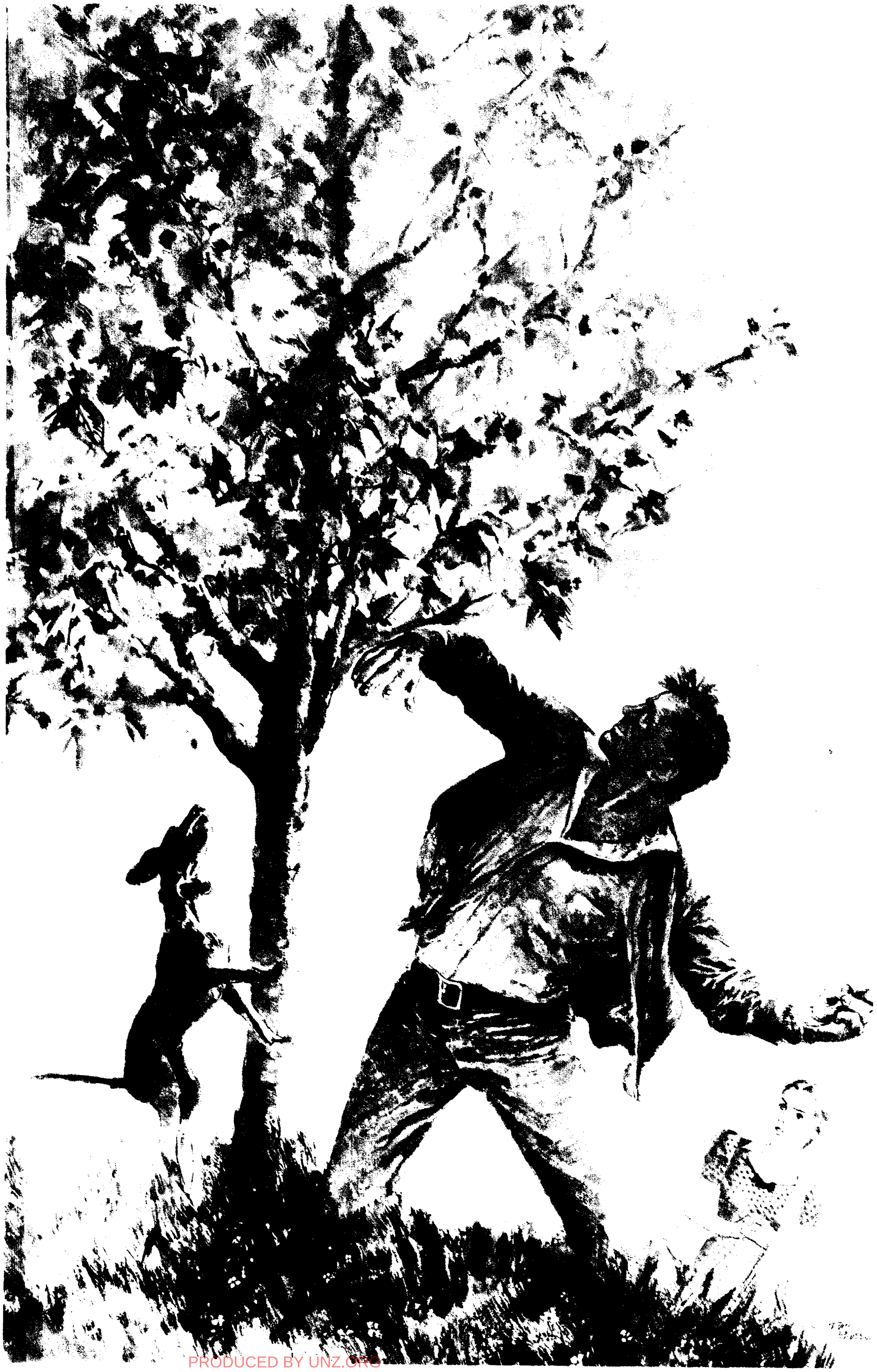
"Since mornin'," he answered. "Draft board wanted to see me." He stood silent a moment, evidently thinking about something else. At last he reached into his pocket and brought out a piece of newspaper, which he handed to her. "Wanted to ask you about this," he said. "Found it in yesterday's Gazette-Times. Thought maybe you could tell me what it means."

Ivy flattened the clipping on her knee. It was a drawing called "Strange Facts," and it showed a black cat looking up at Hitler, Mussolini and Napoleon. The lettering underneath said: "Like Napoleon before them, both Hitler and Mussolini are *ailurophobes."*

She stared at the queer word, but it meant nothing to her. "I'm sorry, Jotham," she sighed. "I've never seen that one before."

"Dictionary around?"

"It's in my desk at the schoolhouse. We could go down there now, if you



"So you're worrying about Jotham's cat," Ben grunted. "Well, let's see how she likes this." He stooped, picked up a rock, took careful aim and threw

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would like to. Wouldn't be any trouble."

"No, it ain't that important. But some day when you're around there, maybe you'd check up."

"I will," she said, disappointed that he hadn't wanted to take her. "I'll be glad to."

"Much obliged," he said. He nodded to the others. "'Night, folks."

Ivy's father pulled a chair forward. "Don't rush off, Jotham. Sit down and visit a while."

"Sure would like to, Mr. Jackson, but I got to get home. Lady's been shut in all day, and she'll be pinin'."

"She had her kittens yet?" Ivy asked.

"No, but she's sniffin' at boxes. House-huntin', I guess."

He turned toward the car again, but Ben called after him.

"Hey, Jotham, what'd the draft board say? You tryin' to skip the Army?"

"Killin' ain't my business," Jotham answered quietly. "I like to make things grow. Draft board told me to keep on raisin' food for people. Logical, ain't it?"

"Sure, if you're scared of the fightin'."

JOTHAM'S eyes were steady. "I might be scared or I mightn't," he said. "Nobody knows till he gets there. How about you, now? You goin'?"

"I would, only Pa can't handle the farm alone. The board allowed I'd better stay here."

"So?" Jotham asked. "Your pa been sick?"

Ivy wondered, too, because everybody in the valley knew that Phineas Ellsbree looked after his farm without any help from Ben. Ben spent his days in the thickets and the high timber, hunting rabbits and coons with his dogs. He'd never felt the heft of a plow.

"Pa ain't young any more," Ben said, shrugging. "And besides"—he paused and winked broadly at Ivy—"I'm aimin' to settle down. When you know what you want, there's no use waitin' on a war."

"Logical," Jotham agreed. He smiled briefly. "Well, I really got to get goin'. So long, folks."

Ivy sat frozen to the steps. She wanted to run after him and explain that Ben was only talking, that there wasn't any understanding between Ben and her. But the little truck started before she could move, and its swaying tailboard soon disappeared down the lane. She turned hot eyes on Ben.

"Why did you say that? I never promised I'd marry you."

"'Logical, ain't it?'" Ben grinned, imitating Jotham's soft drawl. "I don't want him trespassin'. Saves trouble, if he knows beforehand."

"He doesn't come here for that, I told you."

"Can't tell what he might do, bein' a crazy fool."

"I don't think he's crazy," Ivy objected.

"No? Well, listen, then." He ticked off the points on his fingers. "He's a nut farmer—thinks he can make a livin' out of trees. That's crazy, ain't it? Then, there's that cat. Who ever heard of a grown man takin' a cat in and worryin' about it? Doesn't make sense. And now, tonight, he comes askin' what big words mean, like a professor. Logical? Huh! If Jotham Trent's logical, I'm a cock-eyed muskrat!"

"Well, he aims to be logical," Ivy said. "He likes to figure things out, so he'll know what he's doing."

"Yeah, like growin' walnuts all over the place!" Ben chuckled. "Jotham Trent, the squirrels' friend! Ha-a-a-ah! Ain't that a honey? Jotham the Squirrel! Ha-a-a-ah!"

He slapped his thigh and leaned back, roaring.

Ivy stood up. "I've got a headache. I'm going to bed."

Ben grabbed at her arm. "Pretty early, ain't it?" he asked. "I counted on us takin' a walk after it got dark."

She pulled away from him and ran into the house, not stopping until she reached her room. She locked the door behind her and stood there a moment, then lay down on the bed, burying her face in the coverlet.

The window beside her was open, and she could hear the sounds of evening—the hoot owl up on the ridge, the chirping of the meadow crickets, the katydids' endless song. It was the hour when she liked to think about Jotham. Right after sundown, while the soft dusk was gathering, almost anything seemed possible, even a love match between Jotham and herself.

That was her oldest dream, the oldest and the best. When she was hardly big enough to walk, she had trudged across the valley to look at "the crazy Trents," as people called them, and her heart had been won by the awkward, solemn-faced boy who discovered her at the top of the path and took her to see his baby rabbits in the nest beside the barn. Years later, when she was sixteen and the Trents had begun their experiments with nut trees, she had watched Jotham graft the walnut stocks with his strong brown hands, and she had caught herself wondering how a tree felt, inside its bark, when he touched it. From then on, her thoughts of him had a breathless, aching quality that often brought tears to her eyes.

For the dream was only a dream, after all, and she would have to forget it soon. She was twenty-one, grown up, and anybody could see Jotham didn't want her.

She wished she could go to sleep and dream once more, then never wake up again. . . .

BY TEN the next morning, however, she had been awake more than three hours. By that time she had walked to the Lower Forks schoolhouse and back, had washed the breakfast dishes and made the beds, had got herself ready for the trip over to Jotham's. The dress she had put on, a soft summer print with a plain neckline, brought out the smooth texture of her skin, with its August tan. She had brushed her hair until it shone in glossy, upswept waves, and her dark eyes were alive with excitement. She made a face at herself in the mirror.

"Ought to have better sense, Ivy Jackson," she murmured. "He's probably forgotten that clipping already."

But on her way across the valley, she kept repeating what she had found in the dictionary, so as to have it by heart when she met Jotham. She hoped he would feel like talking to her for a while.

The path wound down through the bottomlands and across Swamp Creek, then up the other side toward Jotham's walnut groves. She had crossed the little stream and was in sight of the open hillside beyond when the brush suddenly parted at the side of the trail and Ben Ellsbree stepped out, his dog at his heels. Ben eyed her steadily.

"Mornin'," he said. "You sure look pretty, slicked up like that. Visitin' somebody?"

"Yes . . . Jotham Trent."

"Guessed you might, after last night. That's why Rebel and I been waitin'. Thought we'd go with you."

"I don't need company."

"You're gettin' it, just the same. Jotham'd have the wrong idea if you went up there alone. So I'm comin'."

She knew she couldn't keep him from

following her up the hill, and if they arrived at Jotham's door together, Jotham would think they were engaged for sure. There was only one thing to do.

"All right," she said quietly, "I'm going home." She turned and started back down the trail, toward the little footbridge she had crossed earlier. She hoped he would be satisfied and would leave her alone.

But he had no such intention, it seemed, for he caught up with her just short of the bridge. He walked close beside her for a few paces, then slipped his arm around her waist. "This suits me fine," he said. "We can make up for that walk we missed last night. It's nice and quiet down here."

"Cut it out, Ben," she said sharply, pushing him away. She knew what he meant by a walk, which was one reason she had never gone out with him.

She hadn't any choice, she guessed. Before Ben could grab at her again, she turned and fled back along the path toward Jotham's hillside. Better Jotham than Ben, no matter what came of it.

SHE heard Ben's grunt of surprise, then the thud of his boots on the trail behind her. The ground was soft, so that she couldn't tell whether he was gaining or not. She simply kept her eyes on the distant green slope and ran as hard as she could. If she once reached the meadow, she would be in sight of Jotham's house and Ben couldn't bother her.

But with less than twenty yards to go, she was sure she couldn't make it. Her feet were like lead and Ben's heavy breathing was almost at her ear. She expected each instant to feel his hand on her shoulder and to hear his grunt of satisfaction as he gathered her into his arms. It was this last thought that drove her on. She ran blindly, dizzily, trying to escape those avid fingers.

Then, suddenly, the air had a new quality. It was no longer damp, but warm and dry, filled with the sweet smell of clover. She was in the meadow! She halted, panting, and looked up toward the crest of the hill, where Jotham's white bungalow gleamed in the sun.

Ben, who had stopped beside her, followed the direction of her glance.

"Smart, ain't you?" he asked. "Well, runnin' won't get rid of me. I'm taggin' along, like I promised."

She didn't answer him. Though still out of breath, she started up the path, which skirted the northern edge of the walnut grove. Ben kept pace with her, and the dog Rebel, his nose close to the ground, scoured the meadow ahead. He was running in wide circles, apparently tracing a scent he had found.

Ben yelled at him: "Hey, Rebel! What is it, boy? Rabbits?"

Ivy's heart froze. She turned swiftly to Ben: "Ben! Call him back! Jotham's cat may be out."

But it was already too late. Even as she spoke, the dog gave a sharp yelp. A gray bundle of fur broke out of the tall grass and streaked into the open, making for the walnut trees. Rebel was in hot pursuit, so close that Ivy expected his next bound to end the chase.

Ivy watched tensely as the gap narrowed, for it was plain that even if Lady got to the tree she was headed for, Rebel would catch her when she jumped. The cat evidently realized this. Instead of jumping, she flashed past the tree trunk, then made a twisting, clawing turn and scrambled up the other side. Rebel wheeled at the same instant, but he was off balance and his teeth missed her hindquarters by a good six inches. Before he could gather himself for another leap, she was up among the branches.

Ben was laughing gleefully. "Hey, Rebel!" he shouted. "Where's your cat? Go get her, boy! Shake her out of that tree!"

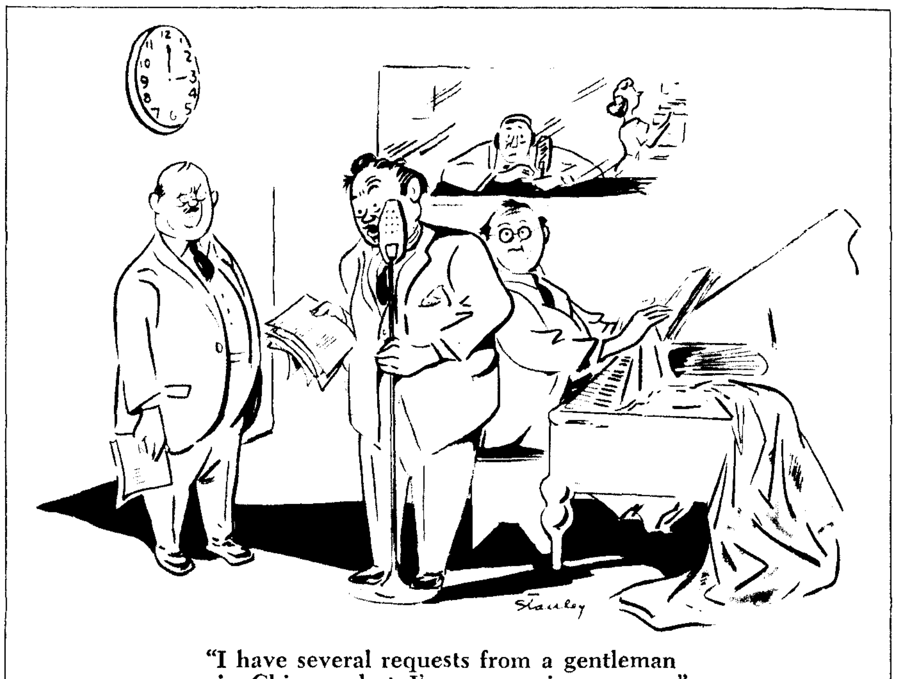
The dog barked wildly and jumped high against the tree trunk. It was one of the smaller walnuts, bearing its first crop, and the impact of Rebel's body made it tremble in every leaf. Lady had climbed to a small limb near the top, where she hung on desperately, her tail fluffed out like a fox's brush, her eyes fixed in terror on the dog below.

"Call him off, Ben!" Ivy pleaded. "Lady's going to have kittens, and she's scared to death."

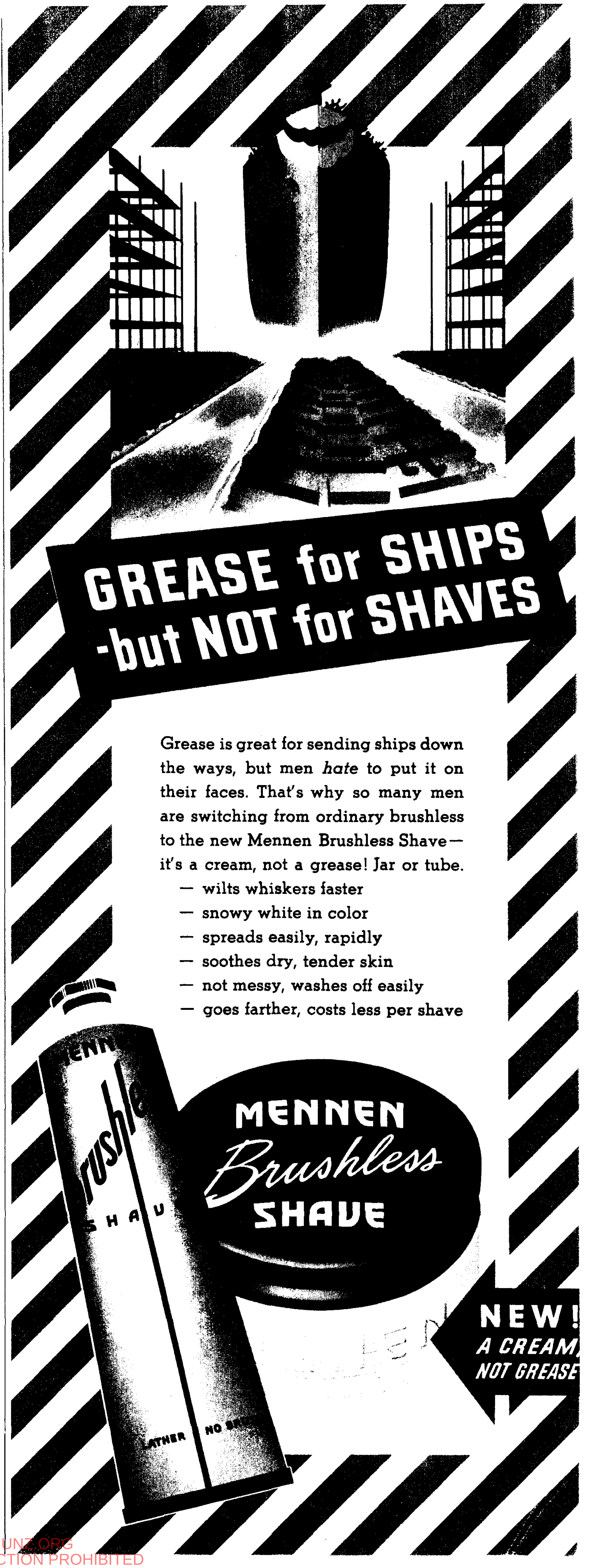
Ben laughed again, but his eyes were hard. "So you're worryin' about Jotham's cat!" he grunted. "Well, let's see how she likes this." He stooped, picked up a rock, took careful aim, and threw. The rock crashed through the upper branches, nipping a twig beside Lady's nose. She flinched backward, almost upsetting herself, and Rebel's barking rose to a frenzied pitch.

Ivy grabbed Ben's arm. "Please don't, Ben! She's so helpless up there! Can't you—"

She broke off, startled by the sound of footsteps. She turned and saw Jotham striding down the slope. His face was pale and set, and his eyes blazed with a fury she had never seen in them before. He made straight for the tree under



COLLIER'S "I have several requests from a gentleman in Chicago, but I'm gonna sing anyway" GENE STANLEY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which Rebel was barking. He lifted the dog by the scruff of the neck and carried him back to Ben.

"Don't want to hurt your dog, 'cause it ain't really his fault," he said. "But you better tie him up before I choke him to death."

"You choke him and I'll bust your head in!" Ben retorted. "Anyhow, why should I tie him up?"

"So I can get started bustin' *your* head in," Jotham answered quietly. "I saw you throw that rock."

Ben's eyes narrowed. "You mean you'll fight me?"

"I mean I'm goin' to thrash you, soon as you tie this dog up."

"Give him here, then. I'd tie my old man up for a chance like this. Always wanted to fight you, Jotham."

Ben was smiling grimly as he took Rebel by the collar and led him to the edge of the field. He anchored him to the fence with a piece of loose wire, then came back and stood in front of Jotham.

"So you're goin' to bust my head in!"

"Aim to try."

During the instant they faced each other, Ivy dug her fingers into her palms, wanting to cry out in protest. This was no match. Ben was known throughout the valley as the meanest, deadliest fighter in all those parts.

Jotham wouldn't have a chance in that sort of brawl. He knew nothing about fighting, and he hadn't even the weight to meet Ben on equal terms. He was tall, but lean and loose-jointed. Ben, with his bulky shoulders and his wrestler's legs and arms, outweighed him by at least forty pounds.

BEN put his weight into play from the start. He took Jotham's first punch high on the cheek, and then, with lips drawn back and eyes smoldering, he made a low, hard rush. Jotham braced himself and swung again, aiming at the big jaw, but Ben's head caught him in the stomach like a battering ram. As he staggered, Ben wrapped his arms around him, bending his spine into a tight arc. They fell that way, with Ben on top, and Ivy tried to shut her eyes. At the last instant, however, she saw Jotham send a stiff right to Ben's body, breaking his grip as they hit the ground. He rolled clear and got up slowly, struggling for breath. His back didn't seem to be injured.

But that was only the beginning. For the next fifteen minutes Ben attacked like a mad bull; he butted and gouged, clawed, slugged and wrestled, giving Jotham such a mauling that Ivy wondered how he stood up. At one point she thought it was all over. After straightening Jotham with a short uppercut, Ben slid into a clinch, then brought his knee up into Jotham's groin. Jotham's face went white, and his eyes were glazed with pain. But when Ben stepped back and measured him for the kill, Jotham beat him to the punch with a stinging left. Ben's fist glanced harmlessly off his shoulder.

Then, for the first time, Ben failed to renew his attack. He was breathing heavily, and his cheeks showed ugly splotches of purple, as if he had suddenly spent himself. He watched Jotham's eyes, and when the latter moved toward him, he gave ground slowly. Ivy prayed that the tide had turned.

Jotham closed in and hooked a right to Ben's jaw. Ben struck back clumsily, and Jotham put everything he had into three solid right-hand smashes. Each found its mark along Ben's jaw. After the third one, he tottered a moment, then slipped to one knee, spreading his hands on the ground for support. Jotham stood over him.

COLLIER'S "Cigars—cigarettes—candy—postcards!" JARO FABRY

"Get up, Ben. You ain't hurt much—yet."

Ben stirred a little, but he didn't lift his head. "I'm licked," he mumbled. "I can't take any more." The plea in his voice was naked, embarrassing.

Jotham looked down at him curiously. "Why . . . all right, then. Take your dog and get out. But remember, he ain't to come up here again."

Ben nodded without answering. He got up painfully and went over and untied the dog. Holding him by the collar, he led him down the slope, and in a few minutes the two of them disappeared into the thicket at the edge of the swamp.

Jotham turned and limped over to the tree where Lady was hiding. He had a queer, preoccupied look in his eyes as he climbed the tree for the cat.

She kept quiet till he got the cat down, but then she had to know. "Jotham . . . are you all right?"

He glanced at her, and his eyes were suddenly sharp. "Yes, I'm all right. You better go help Ben."

"But—but I came to see *you*, Jotham. About that word, remember? The one in the clipping? I—"

"Why'd you let Ben bring his dog, then?" Jotham demanded. "You knew Lady was here."

His voice cut like a knife edge, and she lowered her eyes.

"I meant to come over alone," she said, "but Ben picked up with me down in the swamp, and I couldn't get loose from him. I'm sorry about Lady, Jotham. About the fight, too."

"WELL, that's water over the dam," he said. "Reckon we better forget it." His voice had grown milder, though there were still signs of strain around his mouth. He was silent a moment, looking at her. "Ben won't like this."

"Won't like what?"

"*Your stayin'* here after the fight. You should have gone with him."

"But why, Jotham? What do you mean?"

His eyebrows came together in a puzzled frown.

"You're engaged, ain't you? Seems I heard Ben sayin' so, just last night."

"Maybe that's what you heard," Ivy answered quietly, "but it isn't true. I wouldn't marry Ben for anything."

Jotham glanced down at Lady, who was curled inside his arm. He rubbed her gently behind the ears, his forehead puckered in thought. "Funny thing to lie about," he murmured. From his tone, Ivy couldn't be sure who he meant was lying, Ben or herself. She made no comment, and after a while he raised his head. "Could we walk up the hill while you tell me about that word? Lady feels scared down here."

"Of course," Ivy answered. She reached across and smoothed the fur along Lady's throat. "Poor little thing! She got a chasing, all right." The cat pressed shyly against her fingers.

THEY started up along the path, walking slowly while Ivy told Jotham about "ailurophobes." She repeated the definition she had found in the dictionary—"A person with a morbid fear and hatred of cats"—and she noticed how intently he listened.

Then, because it had pleased her when she read it, she explained how the word was formed. The first part, *ailuros*, meant "tail-waver" in Greek, while the second half came from the word for "fear."

" 'Tail-waver,' " she smiled. "Isn't that a nice name for cats?"

"Sure is," he nodded. "Couldn't be prettier. Thanks for all your trouble, Ivy." He spoke with evident sincerity, but there was no smile in his eyes, no outward change from the dark and preoccupied mood he'd been in all morning.

They reached the level ground in front of Jotham's house, and he led her across the yard to the side porch. When they got there, he put Lady down and moved two chairs back out of the sun.

"Sit and visit a while?"

"I ought to get home," Ivy answered, taking the small rocker, "but I want to talk to you for a minute. Are you still cross with me about Ben's dog? If you are, you better tell me, instead of acting strange."

"I ain't holdin' grudges. Not against you anyhow. If I been actin' strange, it's because my head's like a squirrel cage. Can't seem to figure straight any more."

"About what, Jotham?"

"About me and the war, for one thing. I'd figured I ought to keep on farmin' as long as they'd let me, so as to get these nut groves paid for. But while I was up in Stoneway, I did a lot of readin', and I found out what those Germans and Japs have been doin' to other people, and what they aim to do to us." He paused and frowned at the floor. "Reckon I'll join the Army."

"You mean . . . right away?"

"Soon as they'll take me. I can't sit around while other fellows do the fightin'. It's my war as much as theirs."

"But what about your crop? And Lady?"

Jotham's eyes clouded, and he glanced down at the cat, which was rubbing daintily against his leg. "I don't know," he said, with a tired shrug. "That's where I get stuck in my figurin'. I'm all snarled up about the crop, about Lady, and about you."

Ivy bent forward, not sure she had understood him. "About me, did you say?"

"About you," he nodded. His eyes were steady, but a tinge of red had crept into his cheeks. "I shouldn't be sayin' it, the way things stand, but I've wanted to marry you ever since we were kids. I was ready to kill Ben for his braggin' last night. I figured he'd shoved in ahead of me."

She stared at him. "But you never said a word, Jotham. You never came calling, or anything!"

"Well, I didn't figure I should. Pa used to talk about that. He said I ought to have somethin' to offer before I went courtin'. That's why I've sweated over those trees. They're comin' along fine, too. This first crop, when it's ripe, will be worth three thousand dollars. Dealer from Stoneway told me so."

"Jotham! How wonderful!"

"Would have been nice," he agreed. "But it's just squirrel food, now. I ain't goin' to wait."

"Not even for Lady's kittens? What will happen to her?"

THE lines in his forehead deepened, and he slowly turned his head. "I been wonderin' if you'd help me, Ivy. Could you take her to your house? She likes you, and she wouldn't be much trouble."

"I don't know, Jotham," she murmured, shrinking from the words she was about to speak. "We've never kept cats over there, and I'm afraid the dogs would tear her to pieces. Besides, she's used to this place. She'd be uneasy having her kittens anywhere else."

She lowered her glance as she finished, unable to meet the disappointment in his eyes. *I'm bad,* she thought. *I'm just a hussy, and maybe he'll hate me for it. But please, God, make him see what I mean!*

"I guess you're right," Jotham said quietly. "She's got her box picked out, back in the shed."

Ivy looked down along the hillside, with its rows of trees. "Those nuts, too. It seems a shame to let them rot, after all your trouble. You've done the real work. Harvesting would be easy."

"You think I should wait, then?" he asked, frowning. "Gosh, Ivy—"

"No, no!" she cried. "You mustn't wait! I want you to fight, and I'm proud of you!"

Jotham blinked for a moment, and then he fastened his eyes on hers in a concentrated gaze. He leaned forward slightly, his brown hands tight on the arms of his chair.

"Ivy . . . is there a chance you'd marry me . . . now, before I go? I'm askin' you because I love you, and not on account of the crop, or Lady, or anythin' else. Could you, do you think, without any proper courtin'?"

Ivy brushed a tear away. "Of course, I'll marry you, because I love you, too. As for courting, I'll never want more than the things you just said."

They stood up together, and he took her into his arms. It was quite a while before either of them spoke. At last, however, Ivy turned her face and whispered against his chest:

"Jotham . . . you figure so beautifully!"

THE END

A HIGH HONOR FOR YOUR DAUGHTER

THE NAZIS look upon us as a degenerate nation. But they have a great respect for our accomplishments. And, if they win, they may decide that we have something in our blood which they can use in building their master race.

For they're great believers in eugenics, these Nazis. They're strong for selective breeding.

You they may cast aside and put to some ignominious task, such as scrubbing the sidewalks or sweeping the streets. But your daughter...well, if she's young and healthy and strong, a Gauleiter with an eye for beauty may decide she is a perfect specimen for one of their experimental camps.

A high honor for your daughter...

Does this seem a story spun in the realm of fantasy? It isn't. It is now happening, all through Europe. The latest experiment of the victorious Nazis has been to ship Austrian and Hungarian girls to the Northern countries. The result of these unions...unblessed, of course, by matrimony...will not be known for some time. But the Nazis, you must admit, are not above innovation.

Two, three, four, five years from now they may ship American girls to some far corner of the earth ...may select your daughter...if *you* relax, if *you* fail to do your part now. If you say, hopefully, "It can't happen here. We can't lose."

No, we can't lose. We can't afford to. We must not. Else all the terrors, all the degradation, all the misery and suffering that have been loosed upon Europe will be loosed upon us. We of all people will not escape it. We shall be the chosen...we shall be the elect...in the Nazi scheme of things.

We who have only just begun to win. We who risk the danger of resting on our new-won laurels and considering the job done.

This is no time to relax. This is the time...the opportune time...to do all we can to get this war over sooner.

We *must* measure up to the job!

AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE

30 CHURCH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y. · MANUFACTURERS OF TANKS · GUN CARRIAGES · ARMY AND NAVY ORDNANCE · STEAM AND DIESEL LOCOMOTIVES

The Forgotten Governor

Continued from page 50

and build smelters without having the whole affair heard about in Mexico City?"

The geologist looked worried. "I suppose not," he answered.

"You suppose not! Well, I suppose not, too! I must ask you to remember that I am governer of this unimportant, remote province only because Mexico City has forgotten me or doesn't care about me. I must ask you to remember that the dear old friend of my family who appointed me governor is no longer president; that he has been overthrown, and that there is a very different kind of man who is dictator now. This dictator would do anything for gold to pay the army that keeps him in power, yet *you* want to discover gold mines. *Gold* mines! In the name of a donkey! Do you want us to lose all this—" he gestured about the patio, pointed at the breakfast table "—this very pleasant life, and exchange it for a prison or a firing squad?"

The old geologist in his shabby black suit turned away from his patron, filled with insupportable dejection.

"No more about gold mines!" the count shouted after him. "Not a word to anyone!"

Badoit breathed heavily for a bit. He stared angrily at the breakfast table with the silver spoons and forks and dishes brought from France, the two surviving chicken livers. "Tchah!" he exclaimed, and stumped back to his armchair.

The sun had shifted; it came down more directly into the patio, pierced strongly through the trees. There was warmth for the count's bald spot, for the face like a corpulent eagle, for the generous stomach that appeared in the opening of the brocade dressing gown, covered only by a thin nightgown. The sun was soothing on the bald spot and the stomach. The sunlight was golden on the patio floor.

"Gold enough for me," murmured the count.

AN HOUR later, after dressing with care, Badoit moved in procession toward his carriage.

The count and any one other person were enough to make a procession. He wore an official cocked hat with gold lace, a magenta coat reaching to his knees, a light blue waistcoat with more gold lace. He carried a powerful cane with a topaz knob. On his waistcoat were stains of food and wine, imperfectly cleaned by José. Some of the gold lace had loosened itself from the hat and floated out upon the air. And behind came José carrying a sunshade. Indians, appearing from nowhere, cheered heartily for their beloved governor.

The carriage which he approached was old, the paint nearly all peeled away, doors sagging, axles obviously repaired, wheels at perilous angles. But hitched to it were six horses and each door bore a faded crest. It had been brought to the province by a Spanish royal governor. There were also outriders and postilions, and these and the coachman Badoit had dressed in liveries he had found in the palace storerooms, liveries various and decayed, but colorful. The servants in turn had adorned each horse with feathers, red ribbons, and fresh flowers. The retinue was better than a circus.

Badoit climbed into the carriage. It complained at his weight. Dr. Lorent hopped up on the seat opposite. José stepped on the footman's board behind and held the sunshade over the count's head, for the carriage was open.

At the last moment another servant hurried out with a bottle and two glasses. Badoit and the doctor each took some wine to fortify themselves for the twenty-minute journey to the town. Badoit passed his refilled glass to José, Dr. Lorent passed his glass to the coachman. Then with a cry, horses, carriages, governor, scholar and outriders moved off.

AND the Indians cheered again. They were truly fond of Badoit. From laziness, he collected money taxes only from the merchants in the adjacent town, not bothering with the peasant farmers. A few vegetables now and then, a few fowl brought to the palace door—these were tax enough. And a hungry man could always find a meal in the count's kitchen.

Apart from any fondness, however, the Indians cheered because Badoit was, for them, the perfect embodiment of what a governor should be. He was tall, he was fat, he wore a cocked hat with gold lace, he sang in a loud voice (a voice louder than any other voice in northern Mexico), he drove about in a carriage with six horses and each horse was adorned with feathers and red ribbon. Obviously a governor.

COLLIER'S
ED GRAHAM

"We'd just love to come, but John's a little tired—he just got back from Washington"

So they all cheered heartily again.

The carriage began to descend the mountain. The governor's palace, standing upon its own mountain, was surrounded by the huts of the Indians who worked, periodically, on the governor's *hacienda.* From the rear, the mountain was joined to the rest of the mountain range by a bridge suspended over a deep gorge. In the front of the palace was a square from which a road wound down to the valley through sharp curves among rocky foothills.

The coachman maneuvered his six horses down the road. Rocks bordered it, commanding each curve like so many gun emplacements. The approach was naturally fortified. . . .

In La Cholla, the carriage pulled up in front of Badoit's office, which was the chief tavern of the town. Badoit wheezed up to his private apartment on the second floor.

It was a large room with a big table suitable for official papers and for roistering, a couch for the siesta, and an awninged balcony on which the count could sit and observe life in the plaza.

But today it was too hot for state affairs or even for observing life, and after the two men had lunched, they separated, for the siesta. Badoit went gratefully to the couch, loosened his cravat, removed his boots, and soon fell into an enjoyable, dreamless sleep. As the gilded hours passed over the tiled roofs of La Cholla, the gentle music of snoring blended with the hum of bees, the chirping of the crickets, the whisperings of the earth.

In time, Badoit's siesta came to its heavy-lidded awakening. He got slowly to his feet, dabbed his forehead with cologne, and summoned Dr. Lorent. "Let us return to the mountain. It is too hot in La Cholla today."

But as the carriage was leaving one end of the town, there dashed in from the other, the southern end, a rider galloping a sweating horse.

He halted in front of the inn, and gave a weak shout for the innkeeper.

"An army!" he sobbed. "An army is coming from Mexico City! With cannons, with dragoons! They are coming to drive away our good governor. *Madre de Dios,* they may burn down La Cholla!"

The innkeeper was horrified. "You must go after him. At once! You shall have a fresh horse."

The rider stood for a moment on trembling legs, then pulled himself on to the new mount. He set off after the count's carriage, again at a gallop. But not far from the town his horse put a foot in an armadillo hole, fell, snapped a leg, and threw the rider violently against a rock.

WHILE the rider lay senseless, Badoit's carriage drove up before the palace door. The doctor went upstairs, the count went for a walk through the gardens. He inspected closely the melon vines, the bougainvillea he was training against the palace walls. He watched a gardener trim a cactus.

How hot it was! Badoit removed his cocked hat with the gold lace, threw it on a bank. He strolled to the gorge between his mountain and the rest of the range, examined the bridge. "This bridge must be repaired," he called back to the gardener. "The suspension cords are partly rotted. Attend to the matter immediately."

The gardener nodded vaguely. Perhaps he was too far away to hear clearly. But if he forgot, the count was certain to forget, too.

"The sun is still high," murmured Badoit. Forgetting his cocked hat on the bank, he returned to the palace, to the terrace, which received a breeze from the valley, and sat down in a chair with an awning top, near the old cannon which was an ornament for the terrace wall.

"That's better," he said. His siesta in La Cholla had not been long enough.

When Badoit began to snore his majestic snore, there was no need for anyone about the palace to stay awake. The gardener crawled under a bush. Only in the kitchen the cook began to prepare the evening meal.

GENERAL Fadrique Nuñez de Santa Cruz had studied at St. Cyr, the great French military academy. Though he had not seen many battles, his instructors said that the plans he had drawn up on paper were unsurpassed for brilliance and daring.

People in Mexico City wondered that so distinguished a general should be sent north merely to drive out that Frenchman, the Comte de Badoit. So did the general, until the dictator said, "That traitor, Badoit, is a lion in these mountains of his. We need our finest general to dislodge him. . . . Also I hear there is gold on his *hacienda.*" So off went the finest general with a handsome expedition and six big brass-plated cannon newly bought from the United States.

Nuñez de Santa Cruz began to show his subtlety, his brilliant military psychology, as soon as he approached La Cholla. Riding at the head of his column, he asked an Indian in a torn serape standing at a crossroads which was the way to the town.

"Watch the man's expression as he answers," whispered the general to his aide-de-camp. "Watch him."

The Indian, with no expression at all, pointed up to a signboard which said in large letters "La Cholla," and extended an arm straight ahead.

The general laughed contemptuously, a fierce contempt. "Pah! What childishness! I learned *that* trick my first year at St. Cyr—leaving spies by the wayside to misinform the enemy. Now look here, stupid one! Which is the way to La Cholla, the *real* way?"

The Indian was bewildered. "Please, Your Excellency! Please! The sign—does it not say 'La Cholla?' I cannot read, Your Excellency."

The general laughed again. "Am I to be held back by such foolishness as this?" he hissed to the aide-de-camp. "'Cannot read!' Pah! Bring my persuader."

A powerful soldier with a hideous, sadistic face, appeared carrying a thumbscrew. He hastened eagerly toward the bound Indian.

"Barbaric things," said the general, pointing at the thumbscrew with his riding crop. He laughed elegantly. "We don't use them in Europe. But they have their purposes. Torture is the only thing these Indians understand."

The Indian, still wholly bewildered, let the soldier seize his hands and thrust the thumbs into the screw. He did not even cry out at the first tightening. He was used to finding pain in this life. But the pressure became intolerable. He shrieked, and shrieked again. Excited by the shrieks, the soldier made two more quick turns of the screw, nearly crushing the Indian's thumbs.

"Mercy! Mercy! Mercy!" screamed the little Indian.

"Will you tell us which is the road

LOVE
TO
DADDY

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to La Cholla now?" barked the general.

"Oh, yes! Oh, certainly yes!"

"Which way?"

The Indian's thumbs were released from the screw. He started to point at the sign again, but instantly jerked his hand away from that direction and pointed along the road to the left.

"I thought we would find out something," said the general, very crisp and efficient. "This questioning has saved us several hours." He drew out his sword. "Forward!"

The Indian was dragged along, still bound, by the soldier with the thumbscrew. Said the general, "You had better not mislead us again."

Soon, however, it became apparent that something was wrong. The road that should have been the main road to La Cholla dwindled to a pair of tracks, and even these showed signs of disappearing.

"Halt!" shouted the general, and glared at the little Indian. "You have deceived us again." He looked quickly about him—especially at his aide—to see if anyone would contradict him. Then he said, "Hang the Indian on that tree over there. And gag him first."

Soldiers took the Indian to the tree and hanged him with extraordinary speed.

The general would not retrace his steps to the crossroads, but led the troops out across the plain, where there was no road at all. The horses, men, cannon moved forward unevenly, leaving the little figure of the Indian in his torn serape dangling from the tree.

After a while, footsore and ill-tempered, the troops got back somehow to the La Cholla road. They entered the town. The general's good spirits were restored by the terror and obsequiousness of the mayor and other officials. "Excellency! Excellency!" They bowed low to the new governor.

"It is fortunate that we took that roundabout way," said the general to the aide. "Badoit undoubtedly had some trap on the main road. He's a sly devil! I know these Frenchmen—from my days at St. Cyr."

THERE was only one road from La Cholla to the count's mountain. Very soon the palace was in plain view. The general drew up his troops about a hill near the mountain, then with his aide rode to the hill's summit to inspect mountain and palace with a spyglass.

General Nuñez de Santa Cruz was thorough in his inspection. He observed the curves in the road up the mountain, the natural battlements of rock, the ballistical advantages of the terrace. Noticing the ornamental cannon on the terrace he informed the aide that he could make out eight additional cannon partly hidden behind the rocks.

"Badoit is thoroughly prepared," he said. "Observe the fact that not a single soldier is in sight. They are all concealed with remarkable skill." He swept the spyglass upward to the terrace again, all at once saw the magnificent outlines of the Comte de Badoit asleep in the chair with the awning top.

"So!" he exclaimed. He passed the spyglass to the aide. "Look at that, will you!"

The aide looked. He burst out laughing. "The big fellow's asleep! What a joke! They aren't prepared for us at all. Probably don't even know we are coming."

General Nuñez de Santa Cruz turned to his aide with an expression of unutterable contempt. "You are young," he said accusingly, "you have had no military schooling. What you see through the glass is really a triumph of strategy. The Frenchman is more asleep than I am—and less asleep than you are. He is luring us on. We see him asleep—apparently. We advance up the mountain. Zoom! He destroys us with his twelve cannon, his deadly hail of musketry. What a trap, what a trap!" He smiled, turning up but one side of his mouth. "But not a trap for *me*." And he rode down the hill.

Dividing his force into two parts, a larger and a smaller, the general quickly sent the larger division out of sight, behind the hill, while drawing up the smaller group prominently within view of the palace. He put one of his captains in charge.

"March about, stir up dust, try to seem as numerous as possible," he told the captain. "I will summon you later—from the terrace of the palace, with the Frenchman kneeling at my feet!"

LEAVING the decoy, the general marched with the rest of his troops behind the hill until he flanked the mountain and found a road leading up into the range of which the count's mountain was the spur. It was not easy to drag the cannon up to the road along the top of the range, but the general urged on his men, cursed at them, ordered the dragoons to assist, with their horses, the artillery teams.

Scouts, meanwhile, were sent to explore Badoit's domain from the rear. One of them crossed the suspension bridge, holding shrubbery over his head to disguise himself as a tree. With every craft known to a veteran soldier, he squirmed about the count's garden. At last he spied a hat sticking up behind a bank. With a very extremity of caution he circled the bank. He saw Badoit's cocked hat, but nothing under it.

"Peculiar," he thought, and brought the hat back to the general.

"I knew it!" cried the general. "I knew it! This hat is a decoy, just like the men I left in the valley. Badoit has concentrated all his men in front of the palace, guarding that road; and stationed himself—pretending to be asleep—on that terrace to induce us to attack that way. Empty helmets, empty hats like these, have been placed behind the palace to frighten us away from the rear. There were other empty helmets about?"

"Perhaps, Your Excellency. I didn't see any."

"They were there, of course. I know the whole scheme. But I shall outwit the old French fox! We shall cross the bridge, take the gardens, and be inside the palace while Badoit still guards the front."

As the general drew close to the suspension bridge he ordered his men to be as quiet as possible. He made a ferocious grimace at a soldier who seemed about to sneeze. He himself, on tiptoes, stole up to the bridge and peered across it.

Also on tiptoes a few dozen soldiers moved on to the bridge. Three of the cannon came next. The general, leading his horse, advanced cautiously in a nest of soldiers with fixed bayonets. Then came two more cannon. The general, five cannon, and some hundreds of soldiers were all on the long bridge at once.

On the terrace, in front of the palace, the Comte de Badoit smiled in his sleep. He was dreaming about something pleasant, something to eat.

There was a stupendous crash.

The count woke up. "Mon Dieu!" he cried, "what was that? An earthquake?"

But it was only the suspension bridge, the old suspension bridge, collapsing into the gorge.

THE END

The Man Who Killed Blackbirds

Continued from page 12

the bimbâshi withdrew. He had gathered certain information, however, which dictated his course when he left Court Oaks. He went uphill toward that stone cottage which he had seen as he stood beside the dead man on the edge of the pool. It proved to be reached by a bridle path which branched off from a lane winding around the hill crest; and here he passed a constable standing beside a bicycle. A board at the corner bore the words:

PRIVATE
To Quarry Cottage Only

The place, on close inspection, looked well cared for. The door was newly painted and its brasswork shone in the sunlight. Masses of pink roses rambled over its porch. Bimbâshi Barûk rang the bell. A sound of movement followed, there were heavy footsteps, and the resentful Home Guard opened the door. He had discarded his uniform and wore blue overalls. At sight of the bimbâshi, his large, deep-set eyes lighted up with that look of mockery.

"Hullo," he remarked. "*You* here again!"

Bimbâshi Barûk nodded, smiling. "And I must warn you, Mr. Gillam, that the police are close behind me."

"The police?" Gillam's expression was one of authentic misunderstanding. "Why the police?" His expression altered; a dreadful possibility seemed to have presented itself. "You don't mean that something has happened to my wife?"

Bimbâshi Barûk shook his head; his smile grew broader and became a happy smile. "Have no fear on that score."

Gillam's eloquent eyes registered another change of mind. "Then what the devil do you want?"

"I want to come in for a chat. I am called Major Barûk, and I believe we shall have all our work cut out to save you from arrest."

AT THAT, Gillam's habitual expression of intolerant mockery returned. "You amuse me, Major. Come in, by all means."

He led the way into a sort of workshop-study right off the porch. There were laden bookshelves, a desk littered with papers and blueprints, and on a side table the bimbâshi noted a drawing board to which a partially completed plan was pinned. Under one window he saw a bench where a model of a complicated piece of mechanism seemed to be in process of evolution. Peter Gillam, whose hands were oily, picked up a rifle and peered into the barrel.

"Sit down," he said casually. "I have a job to finish."

"Cleaning the Lee-Enfield?"

"Cleaning the darned thing, as you correctly observe. I was ticked off today by a certain sergeant, on the pretext that my rifle was dirty. The fact is that I happen to be the best shot in the platoon, and my arrival has put this gentleman's nose out of joint. I am now assuring myself that the rifle is *clean*."

The bimbâshi took out his pipe and pouch. "Do you mind if I smoke?"

"Not at all."

As he began to fill his briar, watching this unusual man whom fate had thrown across his path, Bimbâshi Barûk observed an odd thing. A bee had flown in at an open window and was blindly endeavoring to fly out again through a pane of glass. Peter Gillam laid his rifle on the bench, captured the bee and wafted it on its way into the sunshine.

"A fellow worker, Major. We must help one another." He sat down. "And now—what's it all about?"

"May I ask if we are alone?"

"Quite. My wife has cycled into Moreton Harbor to buy our weekly rations. Why?"

Bimbâshi Barûk replaced his pouch and struck a match. "I am glad. You see, a charge of murder is hanging over your head."

"Murder?" Gillam's mocking voice robbed the word of its significance.

"Exactly. Did you hear a shot recently?"

"Yes—that is, within the last half-hour. Probably that swine Manoel shooting blackbirds."

"Shooting blackbirds? What for?"

The match burned down to the bimbâshi's fingers, and he dropped it.

"Just wanton destruction. Sits at an open window picking them off. Slaughters them for fun."

"*Slaughtered*, Mr. Gillam, not slaughters."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that Dr. Manoel was murdered in his own grounds at almost exactly two minutes past three."

Peter Gillam crossed the room and locked the door. "I begin to understand," he said, returning to his chair. "Please give me the facts."

Bimbâshi Barûk lighted his pipe. "They are simple enough. Dr. Manoel was shot through the head as he sat by the lily pool. Several windows of this cottage command the spot, at a range of little more than two hundred yards. I gather that you have never troubled to disguise your dislike of Dr. Manoel, and it seems that he distrusted you to the extent of asking for police protection—"

"What!" Gillam stood up. "He asked for police protection against *me?*"

The bimbâshi, using the end of a pencil, pressed down burning tobacco in his pipe bowl. "He does not seem to have *named* you; but the police apparently had no doubt respecting the person implied."

"They suspect *me!*" Gillam resumed his seat, watching his visitor. "And you found me with a rifle actually in my hands!"

Bimbâshi Barûk nodded, fixing a steady regard upon the drawn, somber face. "As time is by no means on our side, perhaps you would like to make your position in the matter more clear."

"Do I understand, Major, that you are acting for the police?"

"Certainly not. My presence on the spot was accidental—perhaps providential."

"You mean—you saw the crime committed?"

"I was less than twenty paces from Dr. Manoel when he fell. May I take it, Mr Gillam, in the first place, that you did not regard the doctor as you regard Hitler and Mussolini?"

PETER GILLAM smiled grimly. "You may take it that I hated him more than I hate either Hitler or Mussolini. Nevertheless, I didn't shoot him. But I recognize the fact that I have no alibi, of course. His having asked for police protection practically pins the thing to me."

"Why did you hate him?"

Gillam hesitated. Then: "As well tell you as tell it in court," he said, "so listen: For two and a half years, Juan Manoel treated Antoinette as neither you nor I would treat a mongrel dog."

"Who is Antoinette?"

"My wife. She was Manoel's wife at that time. I was young, and hard working. I had a small business in San Domingo, which brought in a meager living. Antoinette and I were engaged; we should have been married in three months, when her family (she is of old French stock) found out—"

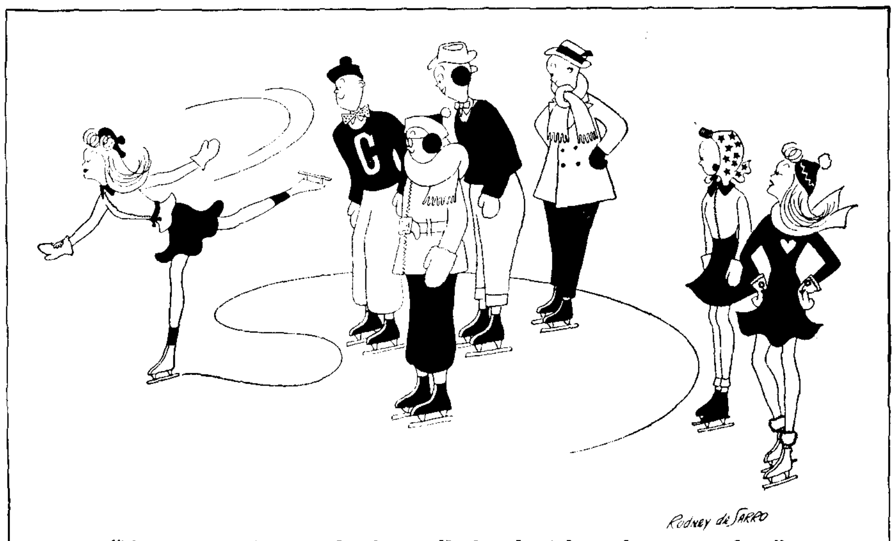
"Found out what?"

Peter Gillam stood up again and stared through the window; he had heard a car in the lane above. He replied slowly, as if choosing his words:

"The de Charnys—my wife's people—and the Manoels, their near neighbors, came to the West Indies in the days of Henry Morgan. They had always prided themselves on their family and their inheritance. My father was a British civil servant; I was born in Devon and I graduated from Merton. What they found out is this: They found out that I had no money and that my paternal grandfather was a convict." He twisted around to face the bimbâshi, and his strange eyes seemed to glow.

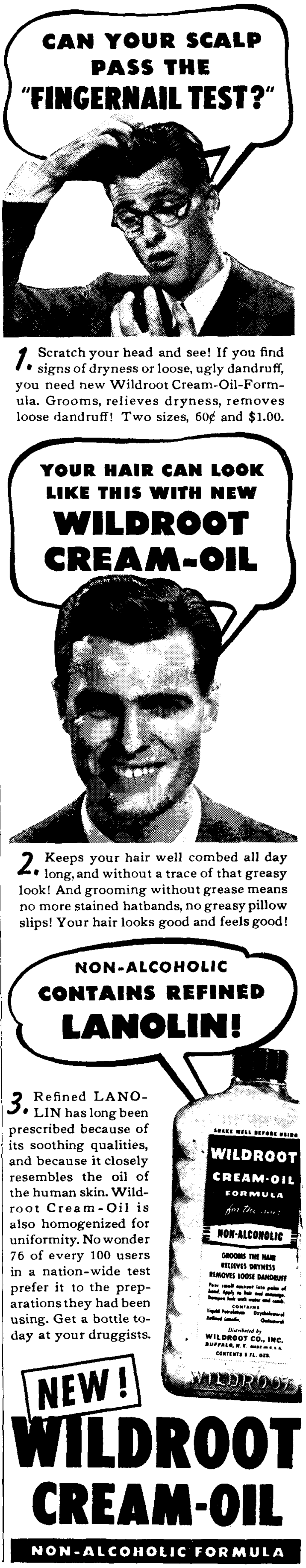
"The engagement was broken. Antoinette was forced into marriage with Manoel, the second wealthiest man on the island, and thirty years her senior. She never loved him—and he never allowed her to forget that she had loved me.

"I left San Domingo. I thought Antoinette shared her family's prejudices. I was a fool—a coward. It was more than two years later, in Mexico, that I found



"You notice she can do the really hard tricks only on one foot"

COLLIER'S RODNEY DE SARRO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2. Keeps your hair well combed all day long, and without a trace of that greasy look! And grooming without grease means no more stained hatbands, no greasy pillow slips! Your hair looks good and feels good!

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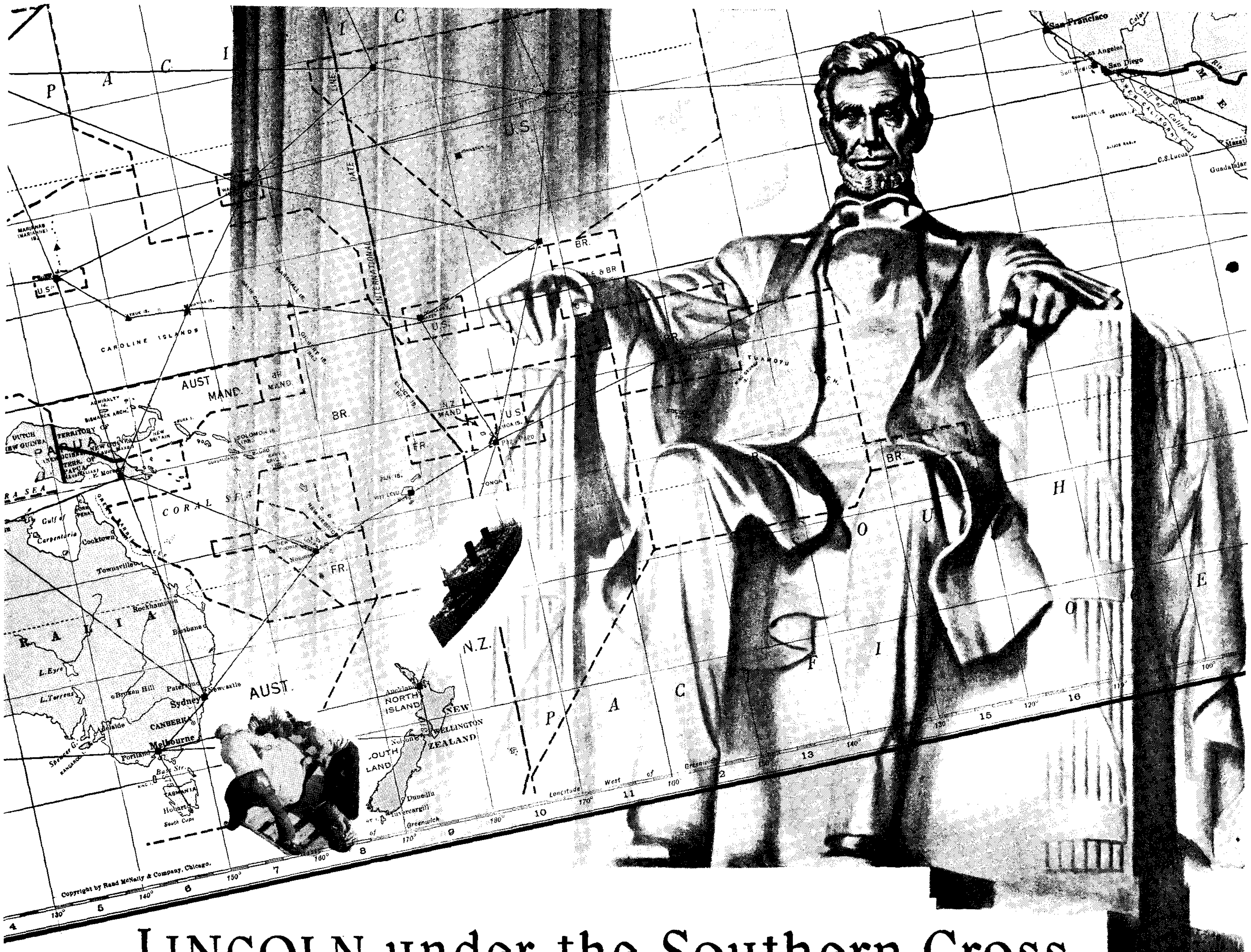

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LINCOLN under the Southern Cross

LINCOLN never died, really. His spirit still speaks to every true American, wherever he may be. Up where arctic winds shred the fog banks, or in coral seas "under the Southern Cross," the same spirit is saying: "*This Nation, under God, shall not perish from the earth.*"

Sense this spirit above the metallic clang of shipyards. Hear it above the roar of our fighting men-o'-war. It sustains our men on battlefronts. Wherever common men are, Lincoln's spirit must be also, for Lincoln loved common men. It was of common men that he said, "*God made so many.*"

There are many of these common men of our Merchant Marine. Our Nation, fighting for its life, needs them. Our soldiers need food for themselves, and food for their glutton guns. Common men, needing common men. Lincoln's spirit must be with them, for his is the spirit of common men.

We see this spirit of Lincoln, among those closest to us. Among the men, who man our squadron of freighters and our passenger liners, the LURLINE, MARIPOSA, MONTEREY and MATSONIA. Among the men who make our ships ready for sea.

These are common men, in common jobs. *Experience* directs the *skill* of their hands. *Courage* steels their hearts to give *all of both*, regardless of known dangers. High purpose steadies all three, in their faithful performance. Some call this patriotism. *It is.* But, that is the spirit of Lincoln.

This leads us to believe, that our 63 years of experience, our loyal personnel, our knowledge of ocean regions, and our *ready* fleet of ships, are serving more importantly than ever before, because we realize that *serving our Country in this emergency is more important than anything we have ever done.*

SHIPS FOR VICTORY

Matson Line TO *Hawaii* · NEW ZEALAND · AUSTRALIA VIA SAMOA · FIJI out my mistake. Manoel had property there, and I was silver mining. By accident we met again. I found that Tony (I mean Antoinette) was leading a dreadful life; he tortured her; she was a nervous wreck. I found out something else—that she still loved me." He smiled, shrugged his shoulders. "In plain English, we bolted."

"And then?"

"Manoel—the swine (oh! I hate him no less dead than alive) got his divorce, and we were married, in the States. But he used his wealth, and his influence, to try to ruin me. Time and time again, in the years that followed, he pulled wires and brought me down. Once, when I was flat out, he tried to get Tony to go back to him. I settled the matter with my bare hands, and he had evidence of assault. That made things worse. When the war started, being a Quixotic lunatic, I came home, and they turned me over to the Ministry of Supply."

"That is why you are here?"

"Just that. This cottage belongs to the Court Oaks estate—which was unoccupied. I leased it. A month later, Manoel bought Court Oaks!"

A bell rang.

"The police," said Gillam, and looked out of the window. "Tony is with them!"

AS GILLAM crossed and unlocked the door, his wife stepped in from the porch followed by Inspector Horley and a police sergeant. The bimbâshi had a glimpse of a small and girlishly slight figure, quick but graceful of movement, of a vivacious face characterized by a complexion peachlike in the Oriental sense and lighted by dark blue eyes whose expression conjured up the image of a gazelle. Hair of dull gold presented a mass of close, feathery curls.

"Peter, dear!" she cried, and ran to her husband. "Whatever has happened? What do the police want to—" She broke off as Bimbâshi Barûk appeared behind Gillam.

"Major Barûk. This is my wife."

The bimbâshi bowed, and Antoinette Gillam forced a welcoming smile.

Inspector Horley addressed Gillam:

"I have a few questions to ask you, Mr. Gillam, regarding the death of Dr. Manoel. After which I must request you to come with me to Moreton Harbor for further inquiries."

He paused. Mrs. Gillam, her delicate color fading, had tottered to a chair, supported by her husband.

"Peter," she whispered. "Peter!" Her dark blue eyes seemed to grow black with emotion. "Oh, my dear!"

"It appears to me, Barûk, to be a clear case." Colonel Brown-Maple, the chief constable, stared gloomily from a window of his car at one of the loveliest landscapes in the West Country. "Here's this fellow, Gillam—brilliant at his job, and a gentleman as far as that goes; but kinked, definitely kinked. He's a dead shot. He has a rifle in his possession. He's alone in his house at the time, and his house overlooks the lily pool. So I can't really see what evidence there is for the defense. Sudden impulse, perhaps. Tragic story. The eternal triangle. Sorry for his wife. Pretty little woman. Most attractive. Fatally so."

Bimbâshi Barûk smoked. Twenty-four hours had elapsed since the death of Juan Manoel. Peter Gillam had been detained for the crime.

"Manoel," the colonel went on, "was a queer fish admittedly. But he had pots of money, and influence. Why he bought Court Oaks in order to live in two rooms I don't know. He was allowed to retain some firearms for dealing with vermin, although everything had been confiscated except stuff issued to Home Guards. Shot a lot, I hear. Funny notion, because we have learned that he had only a short time to live. Angina pectoris. Harley Street had warned him the next attack would be the last."

"Another mysterious feature," murmured the bimbâshi, "is why he asked for police protection."

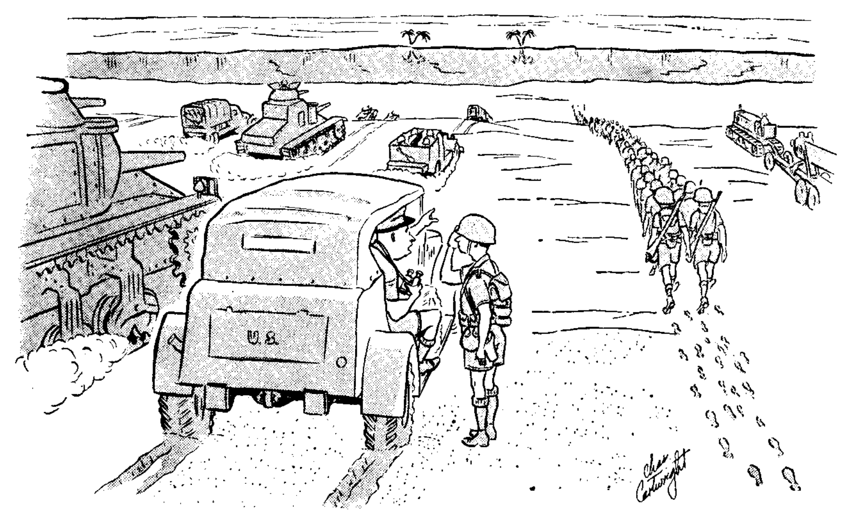
"That should be clear enough. You're a hot man at this sort of thing. He suddenly discovered who his neighbor was! Events proved him right, too. You say you have found the bullet. Was it fired from a Lee-Enfield?"

"I think there's no doubt of it. But I want you to form your own opinion—and here we are."

A police sergeant opened the door of Court Oaks and smartly saluted the chief constable.

"Anything you want me to see inside, Barûk?"

"Not at the moment, Colonel. Let's walk down to the pool."



"Captain, throw a pontoon bridge over that mirage—in case it isn't"

COLLIER'S CHAS. CARTWRIGHT

But when, passing through unfurnished, echoing rooms, and going out by way of a French window onto a weed-grown terrace, they began to descend the slope, Colonel Brown-Maple pulled up, shading his eyes against the sun.

"What the devil's that stuck on a tree, Barûk?"

Projecting from the trunk of a magnificent lime, beneath which the cane chair still stood, an object appeared which resembled a white disk—which, indeed, it was.

"That is an alibi, Colonel."

THE chief constable faced Bimbâshi Barûk, and his prominent eyes seemed to be more prominent than usual. "An alibi! What the deuce do you mean?"

"Allow me to explain." Walking to the tree, the bimbâshi pointed. "A round piece of wood, about the diameter of a human skull, and painted white. It is attached to the side of the tree by means of a rod. This rod fits into a slot which I found already cut in the bark."

"You say you found a slot there?"

"Yes. I assumed that some similar device had been used before, and so I extemporized this target. Its position, immediately over the chair, corresponds to the head of a man seated there—and the chair, as you can judge from the marks in the turf, always stood on the same spot."

"But you are merely confusing me, Barûk. Do you mean to say that—hullo!" He adjusted his monocle. "Your target is holed!"

"I know," said the bimbâshi. "I fired a shot through it this morning."

"What the devil for?"

"Let's walk around the pool and I will show you."

In a frame of mind betwixt mystification and annoyance, the chief constable followed Bimbâshi Barûk to the trunk of one of several fine conifers which rose, mastlike, from the farther bank of the pool. A cardboard target was pinned to this tree, pierced by a single shot mark.

"Outer—six o'clock," muttered the colonel. "Isn't this the bullet that passed through the wooden disk over there?"

"The same. And now, note the tree trunk as I found it before I attached my target."

HE REMOVED the square of cardboard. The bark behind it was pockmarked with bullet holes over an area of no more than ten inches in diameter!

"What the devil—"

"On finding this, I knew that *someone* had been practicing rifle shooting from a range of little more than a hundred yards, to judge from the penetration. Now, if you will note the general direction of the bullet holes and then glance back up the slope, it will occur to you that if one of those bullets is that which passed through Dr. Manoel's brain, it could not very well have been fired from Quarry Cottage."

Solemnly, now, the colonel inspected the marks, then turned and stared up the slope toward Court Oaks. It was possible from this point, to see Quarry Cottage, but fairly obvious that it lay outside the line of fire. The bimbâshi spoke in a low voice:

"When Dr. Manoel died, I heard the thud of the bullet striking, but I was uncertain of the exact point of impact. Having obtained your permission (after Horley had detained Gillam) I came and searched. Then I remembered the blackbird shooting of which Gillam had spoken. The servant José told me that it took place from Dr. Manoel's bedroom window at the top of the east wing. After several experiments, I fixed the wooden disk in its present position; and from the open window of the east wing, with a borrowed rifle, I fired a shot through it. You saw where my shot registered on the tree."

"Barûk," said the colonel, "I believe you have saved the life of an innocent man. But—who is the guilty man?"

The bimbâshi watched him for a moment, and his regard grew dreamy; then, "Dr. Manoel," he replied.

"Dr. Manoel! But—"

"Remember his record, Colonel; his insensate cruelty; his perverted family pride. Then, remember that he was robbed of his wife (whom he tortured mentally). I believe his latter years were entirely devoted to that man's ruin, and the ruin of the woman who had married him. Let's return to the house."

"But—"

"Remember (it is important for us to understand his motives) that he knew he had only a short time to live. When Gillam took Quarry Cottage, Dr. Manoel—who probably had Gillam's movements watched — immediately bought Court Oaks. What for? To be conveniently placed for his purpose."

"What *was* his purpose?"

"To bring Gillam to the scaffold."

"What do you say?"

They had reached the terrace, and Bimbâshi Barûk pushed open a French window. "If you will be good enough to follow, Colonel, I will lead the way to the room from which Dr. Manoel carried out his target practice."

The room at the corner of the east wing had evidently been used as a bedroom. One window commanded a view of the hillside. Staring out of it, Colonel Brown-Maple saw a policeman apparently searching for something in the little garden of Quarry Cottage. The other window overlooked the lawn sloping down to the lily pool. Both windows were partially obscured by masses of untrimmed ivy which had climbed as high as the roof. A rifle lay on the window ledge of the southern window. Court Oaks had stone walls of dungeonlike thickness. The only other object on the ledge was a cheap alarm clock.

"So this was the shooting gallery, eh?"

"Yes, this was it, Colonel. Whether Manoel shot blackbirds because he hated them or just as a blind, I don't know. But from here he did his serious target practice."

THE colonel examined the rifle, and then turned to Bimbâshi Barûk: "Was this the weapon used?"

"No. That is the one I borrowed for my experiment. My discovery of the weapon used was due to a lucky accident. Since Manoel had a resident servant, I wondered why he wanted an alarm clock. Trying to pick up the clock, I found that it was screwed to the ledge. The problem became more odd than ever. Next I discovered that some sort of attachment went down through the base. Accordingly I borrowed tools and removed the oak panel below the ledge. I will lift it out and show you what I found there."

The bimbâshi did so, and Colonel Brown-Maple stooped, peering into a deep cavity at the end of which a certain amount of light was visible.

"Formerly a ventilating shaft, but the grille has been taken out." The bimbâshi directed the ray of a torch into the gap. "A Lee-Enfield, clamped down to an oak beam. There is a simple counterweight fixture attached to the striker of the clock above. The rifle is trained accurately on the target you saw just now, and its barrel is concealed by the ivy."

He stood upright; so did Colonel Brown-Maple. The two men stared silently at each other for a moment.

"Unlikely to be discovered," the bimbâshi added, "until Gillam had paid the penalty. From this window, Manoel could watch all that occurred at Quarry Cottage and choose his time. His preoccupation with an after-life may have been real or merely another pose. The clock was set to strike at three—"

"But he was actually shot—"

"Two minutes later. Quite so. I understand, now, the agony of suspense in which I found him. By some oversight which we cannot hope to explain, he forgot to put the clock right. It is just two minutes slow. . . ."

THE END

DOES
STUFFED UP NOSE
SPOIL SLEEP?

Specialized Medication
Works Where
Trouble Is...

If transient congestion clogs up your nose tonight, hinders breathing, keeps you from getting to sleep, do this . . . Put a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril. This specialized medication shrinks swollen membranes—relieves transient congestion—and brings greater breathing comfort. **TRY IT!** *And remember*—if used at the first sniffle or sneeze, Vicks Va-tro-nol helps *prevent* many colds from developing. Follow directions in package.

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COUGHING COLDS Relieve coughing spasms and loosen phlegm, ease muscular soreness or tightness with Vicks VapoRub. Its poultice-vapor action brings welcome relief from coughing colds miseries.

VICKS
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KEEP

your scalp in condition, invigorated and tingling—

HAIR

manageable, well groomed and free from loose dandruff, with

JERIS

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At All Drug Stores and Barber Shops

I'll Be for You

Continued from page 19

"He left one wife for you," she said. "How do you know what he will do to you?"

Sally said, "This time it's different."

It was a year and a half since Chandler had left the first Mrs. Lorran, and Hannah knew Sally was waiting to marry him until Mom could be happy about it. Sally couldn't hurt Mom.

Hannah went back to her room. She picked up the hammer and tapped it lightly on the bureau.

Well, it didn't matter if she had not told Sally. Sally would have said what Marilyn said last night: "Why shouldn't you have gone? Why not take your chance when you get it?"

It had been so simple. Marilyn and Hannah had gone to Caplan's, the big downtown drugstore, for a coke, and the two college boys had come in. Marilyn thought she knew them, and smiled. When they came to the table, she said she had made a mistake, and they laughed and said, "Was it such a bad mistake?" Hannah knew then that Marilyn had never believed she knew the boys. But that was like Marilyn. Hannah admired her gay, careless daring.

She tried to ape Marilyn's manner, when the boys sat down. But her heart was pounding and her tongue thick. She'd never spoken to a strange boy before.

SHE didn't have to do much speaking. Both of the boys gravitated to Marilyn. Hannah sat with her hands growing cold, her fingers stiff. Of course, they liked Marilyn, tall and blond and wearing her lipstick glossy as a movie star's. Hannah wished she were home.

When the boys suggested dancing at the Belmont, she said, looking down at her skirt and sweater, "Oh, I'm not dressed right," but at once Marilyn cried, "Why not?"

The Belmont. . . . A rumba orchestra . . . a floor show . . . dancing with these good-looking, well-dressed students. Only she didn't know them. She mustn't be a pick-up. They would think . . .

In the end she went, because Marilyn was impatient with her and she could not let the boys know her youthfulness and inexperience. She had to call Mom and invent an excuse for coming home late, and that was hard. She wasn't used to lying to Mom.

But when they were at the Belmont, she was glad she had gone. There was a heady atmosphere to the place. The dim lights, the crowd, the smoke and chatter. And at the hotel, the taller, handsome, fair-haired boy paired with her. The short dark one fell to Marilyn.

Bob Huston. He was Hannah's date. He came from New York. His manner was casual and poised as a much older man's. When he asked her to dance she held back from contact with him, but he laughed and whispered, "Relax, sweetheart," and pulled her close. Excitement sped through her when his hand closed hard on her shoulder.

He asked her where she lived, what she did. Each dance he took her to the dance floor and held her more tightly. They didn't talk much but she thought, "He likes me . . . he acts as though he does . . . he must."

He said, "You know, you're cute. I'll bet you've got a lot of fire under all that ice. I'm going to see you again. Maybe you'll come over to college sometime."

When, between dances, he reached for her hand, she let him hold it. Her pulses drummed swiftly. She was thinking, Could *this* be it? Could it happen like this? Might this not be for her as it had been for Sally, with Chandler? Love coming from a chance date?

He brought her home, not to the door but to the end of the street. "Would you kiss a guy?" He squeezed her hand.

Hannah, embarrassed by the presence of Marilyn and Frank in the back seat of Bob's car, wrapped in each other's arms, murmured, "If I liked him . . ."

"Don't you like *me?*"

"I guess."

She did. Oh, she did. But when he kissed her, the thrill for which she raised her young mouth was not there.

He told her, "I may give you a ring tomorrow. I'd like some more of that. You're quite a girl, Hannah. I had you wrong at first."

She had to go down the dark street, alone, to her house. She was trembling then. The kiss had been a quick white light shining on the evening. She had been ready to fall in love. Why, it hadn't been love at all. She knew what it was. No more than payment. He had expected it.

TRIOLET ON A FATTY ISSUE

Bring on the rationing of butter!
Too much would only make me fatter.
That's why I'm not disposed to splutter . . .
Bring on the rationing of butter!
Though other epicures may mutter,
I claim it doesn't really matter.
Bring on the rationing of butter!
Too much would only make me fatter.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

She lay in bed afterward, swept by shame in rushing and retreating waves.

Still she could not dismiss the night. She *had* had a good time. She hadn't done anything . . . bad. Why shouldn't she go out with him again? If she didn't like Bob's kisses, it wasn't too much to give, was it, for dates; for the chance to meet other boys through him? How could she know but that one of them *would* be the right one.

"If he calls, I'm going," she thought now, savagely pulling on her socks. "I don't care." She wasn't as ashamed this morning. In the light of day, the end of the evening might never have been. She couldn't wait for life to come to her. She had to go out after it.

SALLY hadn't waited. Sally hadn't waited for Tom Fielding to make good on his engineering job in Panama and send for her. In the beginning she had, saving and scrimping toward the trip down, from the stenographer's salary which was the support of the whole family . . . all but the small amount of insurance Dad had left when he died. But that was before Chandler Lorran came to take over the management of the plant where she worked, and made Sally his secretary.

One night he had taken her to dinner, after they had worked late, and Sally had come home, flushed and impressed. She had drunk champagne cocktails, eaten lobster Newburg. Chandler had brought her home in his big black convertible with its white-wall tires.

That was more than two years ago. Chandler began to ask Sally out a good deal. She never told what happened between Tom and herself. His letters stopped coming. She never mentioned him. She had spoken of him only once since then, when they heard he was in the Army. "If I'd waited till Tom was ready to send for me, where'd I be now? Right back here and probably with children."

Instead, she was going to marry Chandler, rich, romantic, handsome. . . .

WHEN Hannah went downstairs for breakfast, Mom said, "You'd better just eat a bite. I've got the roast in." She did not say anything about the previous night, but you always felt Mom guessed what she had not been told. "If you're planning to go out with Marilyn today, Hannah, you'd better call it off. You ought to be here to help with the soldier. It's no fun for a boy, with just an old woman."

If Bob Huston calls I'm not going to stick around. Not for a general! What good is a soldier, leaving for someplace else right away?

She went to pick daffodils for the table after she had washed up her dishes. She was kneeling in the sunlight, clipping the pale green stems when a voice said cheerfully, "Hello." She looked up and saw a big, rawboned soldier grinning at her over the sparse barberry hedge. His cap was on the back of his head, and he had short sandy hair, a sunburned face. There were a corporal's two stripes on his sleeve.

"Hello."

He's not so much, she thought.

"Is this 400 Highspire Avenue?"

"Yes."

"I kind of suspected it. I don't know why. Maybe it's because the sign on the street says Highspire, and the number on the steps is 400." His blue eyes held a sparkle, like sun-diamonds on water.

"You must be our soldier," Hannah said.

"That's right. I'm your soldier. The Queen's Guard." He gave her a mock salute and came through the gap in the hedge. He was carrying a box camera and a package. He set them on the grass and sat beside her.

"What's your name?" Hannah asked. He was a whole lot nicer-looking than she had thought.

His eyes crinkled. "First, let me tell you yours."

"What is it?"

"Clytemnestra."

"Oh, she was in the Odyssey . . . or the Iliad."

He grinned. "Yes. She was a killer. Clytemnestra was the faithless wife of Agamemnon. Remember?"

Hannah said, "I'm not the type. I'm just Hannah. Hannah Wales. I'm not a *femme . . . fatale.*"

"I'm Dike McCann . . . and I'm not so sure you aren't a *femme fatale. . . .* Hannah, may I take a picture of you? . . . No, don't get up. Sit there like you are, with the flowers. I want to put it on my wall and tell the fellows it's Hedy Lamarr."

"You'd have to do an awful lot of telling," Hannah said.

"Listen, honey," he said, "*I* think you look like Hedy. *I* think you're beautiful."

It was as though he understood everything about her—how much she yearned to be popular, her longings, her confusion. His words went down into her and burst like exploding stars and, unexpectedly, before his clear gaze, she could have cried.

He took the snapshot and went inside with her to meet Mrs. Wales. Mom liked him. Hannah could tell by the darting smiles at the corners of her eyes. He asked to help, and Mom tied a white apron over his uniform.

"I've peeled my potatoes," she said, "but you can fix the radishes and celery."

"I've got a mean way with a radish." He took the rosy root and worked on it with the knife; held up a perfect little red-and-white rose.

"Oh, it's pretty enough to wear in a corsage!" Hannah cried. She leaned close to watch him.

"When I take you to the USO dance next week," Dike said, "I'll send you a corsage of radishes."

Hannah said, "Oh."

He was asking her to a dance! In front of Mom, so he must mean it!

He turned and smiled at her. "You want to go?"

"Yes," Hannah said. "Oh, yes!"

There was no doubt in her now. No worry over last night. Let Sally have Chandler and horses and perfume and mink. Let Marilyn have the dates she found in drugstores. Hannah would have a date with Dike.

They were setting the table, laughing over something Dike had said, and he had opened his package, a bottle of inexpensive sherry, and put it at Mom's place, when Hannah heard Chandler's car.

She snatched Dike's cap and the belt he had removed. "Oh, put them on. I want her to see you in them!"

"Wait a minute. *Who's* going to see me?"

"My sister Sally. Stand right there. Please!"

"If you say so." He ruffled her hair.

She was so proud of him. Sally must see how handsome he was. He was growing handsomer by the minute. Sally must know that he was hers, Hannah's, and that there was no one in the world like him.

Sally came slowly up the steps, as Hannah danced to the door.

"He's here, Sal."

"Who?" She was dusting off her breeches, limping as she came. Hannah saw her new boots were split. "Oh, Sal, did you fall again?"

"I did. To Chandler's disgust. The horse pushed me. So your soldier lived up to expectations?"

"He's . . . wonderful," Hannah said.

SALLY followed her. Dike stood in the door to the dining room. He had put on his cap and fastened his belt, and he was tall and straight and brown. Sally put out her hand. "Hello, soldier." There was a smudge on her nose, and her hair was whipped all about her shoulders.

Dike stared at her. He put out his own hand slowly, hesitantly—as though there were a film across his eyes he would have first brushed away.

"Hello, Sally."

He kept her hand, holding it in his, his face with a hushed and reverent look; like that of a man stumbling over a chest in the sand and opening it to find treasure.

A cold ribbon of steel began to wind itself around Hannah's heart.

Dike still had Sally's hand. "Looks like you met the enemy and you are theirs," he said. His voice had a different tone than when he spoke to Hannah.

"*Horses,*" Sally said. "I'm only living for the day they mechanize the bridle path. Can you help me off with these boots?"

She sat down, and Dike knelt at her feet, that look growing on his face. Hannah pressed against the wall. He didn't know she was in the room.

His hands tugged gently, pulling off the boots, and Sally leaned forward so that her hair fell down and touched his forehead.

"You're all cut up . . . your socks are torn," he said. "The horse must have stepped on you. You shouldn't have put the boots back on."

"In Chandler's sporting lexicon," Sally said, "there's no such word as shouldn't. I'd better get upstairs and change."

"Who's this Chandler?" Dike asked, adding, "I'll carry you up."

Tears were needle points against Hannah's eyeballs.

It isn't me. It's Sally. He only had to see her once. . . . He'll take her to the USO dance. . . .

And Sally would go. Something in her had come to life when she saw Dike. Her eyes had never held that light for Chandler.

THROUGH dinner, Dike ate with his eyes on Sally's face. Everything he said was to please her, rouse her interest, bring her laughter. Once he did say, "I took a picture of Hannah. I'm going to pass her off as my sister," and winked at Hannah. "What about it, Clytemnestra?"

But the silly name was no longer a shared private joke. Sister!

They were all in the yard at the back of the house, Sally lying in a deck chair Dike had brought from the cellar, when Chandler came. Hannah did not want to be there, watching them, but she couldn't leave.

Dike had cut a twig from the willow by the fence and made a whistle from it. When he finished, he gave it to Sally. "Blow."

She did. The tiny instrument produced a lovely, liquid, trilling note.

"Oh, Dike, what a heavenly sound!"

Dike put his hand on the arm of her chair. "I read a story once when I was a kid," he said. "The hero gave the heroine a silver whistle. Whenever she wanted him, she blew it and, no matter where he was, he heard it and came to her."

Sally bent her head, fingering the whistle. "He'd have heard it in an Army camp?"

"Across the world," Dike said.

Sally said nothing, but the sun caught a brightness of her lashes.

It was then Chandler came out on the back steps. He was smoking a pipe, and his hands were thrust in the pockets of his slacks. He looked compact, smooth.

"Hello, everyone." He came down, sure of himself, cordial, shaking hands with Mom, though he knew she did not like him. "Mrs. Wales, I brought you a bottle of sherry, Bristol Cream. I left it in the kitchen on the table."

Mom said, "Thank you, Mr. Lorran. I'll put it by for another special occasion. Corporal McCann brought me a lovely bottle for dinner today."

Dike said, "Old Monk. Ninety-eight cents a quart." His mouth was tight. But Chandler was unperturbed. He shook Dike's hand, said something about always being pleased to meet one of Uncle Sam's boys.

He turned to Sally. "Sal, I'm sure the corporal will excuse you. I'm going to drive out to Cotter's farm. I dropped around at the club for a few drinks and I hear Cotter has a young pointer for sale. I'd like to take a look at it."

"Chandler, can't you go tomorrow? It's so comfortable here. I'm a little lame, after this morning."

"Nonsense. You'll be stiffer tomorrow if you don't move around today."

"All right," Sally said, "I'll go." She rose.

She looked more than tired now. Old;

"Oop wi' our glasses... th' better tae see our absent friends"

Invisible, too—but quickly discerned—is the distinctive quality of Teacher's that makes it so unique . . .

"It's the flavour"
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HIGHLAND CREAM
Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky
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NOBODY LOVES a smelly pipe. Clean it regularly, and switch to Sir Walter Raleigh. This blend of choice Kentucky burleys is mild and mellow, free from tongue-bite And best of all, its fragrance wins approval from everyone around you! Next time you buy, ask for *"the quality pipe tobacco of America."*

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SIR WALTER
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the blueness under her eyes like blurred thumbprints.

She doesn't want to go. She wants to stay with Dike. Why doesn't she, then?

"You'd better get a coat," Chandler said. He took her arm possessively.

Dike stood with his hands in fists at his sides. Hannah felt that under his sleeves, his muscles were tense, coiled. But he did not move—not until Mom went into the house after Sally left with Chandler. Then he turned on Hannah:

"What's this see-a-man-about-a-dog gag? Who is this guy? Why does she have to go on his say-so?" His eyes were burning. "I thought she liked me. I told her I wasn't going to be around long. She said she'd stay here this afternoon."

Hannah twisted her hands together. She didn't want to see his face.

She said, moving her toe, bending the grass so that the light jade under the blades was turned up, "Chandler isn't anybody. She works for him. He's in love with her . . . she has to be nice to him. She . . . I could tell she liked you. She'll come back. You better wait."

She did not know why she was saying it—why she wished to hand Sally to him. She stepped back and raised her chin.

"But *I* don't like you," she cried. "I hate you. I hate you!" And she ran, stumbling up the steps.

Her suit jacket hung on a chair in the hall. She snatched it and flung it over her shoulders. "I'm going over to Marilyn's, Mom," she called, and rushed from the house.

MARILYN was sitting on her porch when Hannah went up the walk. She wore a silk dress and high-heeled shoes, and her hair done on top of her head in elaborate rolls and curls.

"What's the matter with *you*, Hannah?"

"Nothing," Hannah said. "What are you doing?"

"Hanging around. I saw Sally go by. Gee, she's lucky. A fellow that can still get gas, too. How'd the soldier turn out?"

"Dumb," Hannah said. "A dumbbell."

"Look," Marilyn said, "did that Bob Huston call you up?"

"Not yet."

"Neither did Frank call me. You know what? Let's us call them."

Hannah put back a lock of her black hair. "It's okay with me." She hoped she sounded devil-may-care.

Marilyn made the call. She talked for nearly half an hour to Frank, fooling, giggling. Bob came on to speak to Hannah.

"You doing anything, Hannah? Neither am I. We might as well do it together."

They're only coming over because they haven't anything else to do, and they wouldn't have called us. But I'm going to have what I can. Nobody'd like me just for me. Nobody ever!

When the boys arrived, they didn't get out of the car to come to the house. They blew the horn and opened the doors for the girls.

Bob said, "We can't drive any place. How about we just take a look at some scenery?"

There was no scenery to the well-rutted field where they parked; only the city incinerator in the distance, dirtying the sky with its smoke.

Bob put his arm about her without preliminaries. He did not even bother to say she was cute. He didn't look at her. She choked. She thought of Dike, holding her face in his hands.

"Don't!" she said.

"Oh, come on. Don't be like that!"

"No. I mean it. Please don't! Let's . . . let's talk."

"The heck with that." He sat away from her in disgust. "You want to go home?"

Hannah nodded miserably.

"Of all the babies," Marilyn said.

Bob turned on the ignition angrily. "What are you out on the town for? To wet-blanket a party?"

"I'm not on the town," Hannah said.

He let her out at the corner of her street. He did not say goodby. None of them did. She walked with her head down.

"I THOUGHT you weren't coming back to see me off," she heard a voice say.

As once before that day, she raised her eyes to Dike's face. He stood before her on the sidewalk.

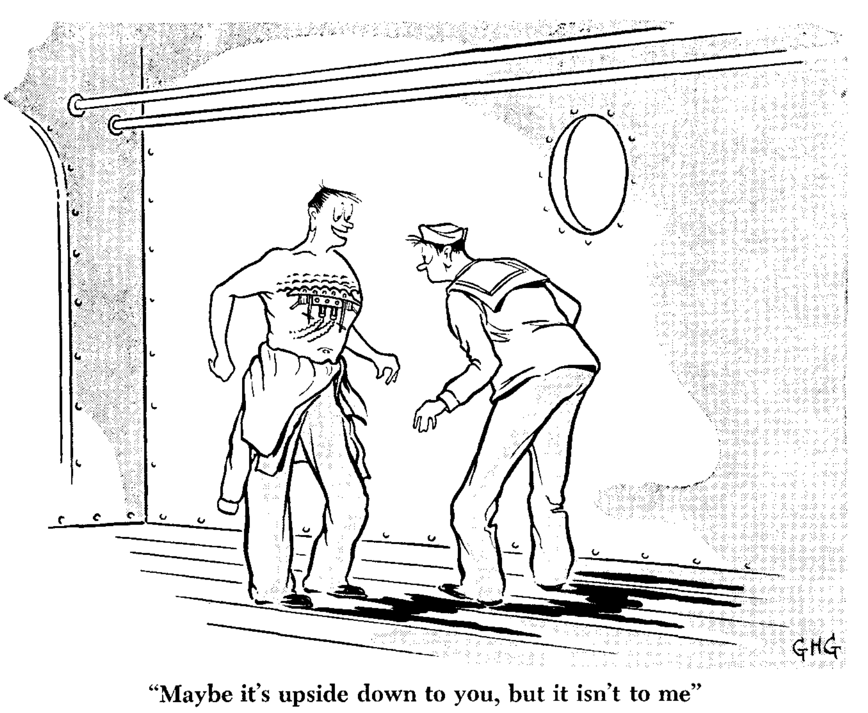
"You wouldn't really run out on me, Hannah?"

"Aren't you going to wait for . . . Sally?"

She didn't want to talk to him. She wanted to run and hide from him, from everyone.

"Sally came back," Dike said quietly. "I've got to catch the bus for camp."

"It doesn't go for twenty-five minutes."



"Maybe it's upside down to you, but it isn't to me"

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

"I'll wait. I can't take chances." He put his hand on her arm. "You don't hate me, Clytemnestra, do you? . . . About the dance . . ."

"I didn't want to go with you anyway," Hannah said fiercely. She shook his arm away. "I wouldn't go with you if you were the last man on earth."

She was running from him again. *Why didn't I stay with Bob? If I ever get another chance I'll take it.* But she knew she would not. Not now. Not since she had known Dike.

She went up to her room, but at the door she stopped. She heard a sound in Sally's room. Crying. Sally crying. Why should Sally cry? She had everything. She always had. All the looks. All the men. Now Dike.

Yet Hannah crossed the hall and went in. Sally's head was down among the perfume bottles. The cut-glass, gleaming bottles . . . the precious bottles, pushed every which way, tipped over.

Hannah put out a hand to her sister, awkwardly. "What's the matter?"

"Oh, Han . . . Han . . . he was so sweet!"

Hannah said desperately, not understanding why she must give comfort to Sally, as she had given it to Dike, "You aren't married to Chandler. . . . Dike's crazy about you. He's going to take you to the dance. What are you crying for?"

Sally raised her head and smiled a little. "No, he's going to take you, Han."

"Me?"

"He said he'd asked you."

"It didn't count," Hannah said bitterly. "It's you. He said it was."

"You don't think he'd go back on a promise, do you? He told me he was taking you. . . . Oh, darling, that's not it . . . . It's . . . that foolish whistle. . . . He said he wanted me to wait for him. . . . Wait for him. Me! I've never waited for anyone. I didn't wait for Tom. Remember Tom? He was a lot like Dike."

Hannah said, "But you—"

"But I got sick of scraping and washing out one pair of stockings night after night. And Tom was away. It was wonderful to meet someone like Chandler, who'd put a box in my hand and say, 'This is just for being gorgeous,' and I'd open it and find a dozen pairs of stockings. Oh, it was wonderful, all right! It still is . . . but there's something else . . . I can't explain it to you . . . but it's got to be there with whatever else there is . . . I thought I could get just a few of the things I wouldn't have a chance to when I was married to a poor, hard-working engineer . . . I got caught. If I'd waited . . ."

"Sally . . ." Hannah was baffled, lost. "Weren't you in love with Chandler? Until Dike . . ."

She could understand that. How Dike could make a girl forget everyone!

"Yes," Sally said. "In a way . . . oh, no. . . . I sold myself on the idea. I got to like the trimmings . . ." She was talking for herself, not for Hannah. "Dike wanted someone to be for him . . . that was how he said it . . . oh, Dike. He's so young and true . . . like Tom was."

"BUT it was all right," Hannah said. "You were going to marry Chandler. You said it wasn't—"

"I know what I said. He *was* going to marry me . . . when he got around to it. I kept trying to get him to. . . . I was scared. I thought I ought to have that much." She raised her eyes to Hannah's face. "But he didn't have to, Han. That was it. I'd made it too easy for him. And I couldn't get away. I was afraid to make the break . . . that's what happens."

Hannah's face was shocked and white. "Oh, Sally." *My lovely sister!*

"You've got a right to know. So had Dike. You see . . . I *couldn't* be for someone like him."

Dike. Hannah thought of him and what he had said about Sally; his face when he saw her. Later she would feel for Sally. Now she was thinking of Dike.

"He wouldn't care," she cried. "He loved you."

Sally shook her head. "No. It can't happen that quickly. He was half in love with an idea and he tried to fit me into it without knowing anything about me. I told him, Hannah, because I could trust him. I had to cut it off quickly. It couldn't hurt him that way."

"Sally, don't you love him?"

Sally smiled again, that small smile more heart-twisting than her tears. "No. . . . If I had . . . why, then . . . he made me think of Tom, remember how happy I'd been. . . . If Tom still cared he might understand. I was real—a person, not an idea—to Tom. . . ." She was rearranging the bottles now. "I'll always owe something to Dike. . . . I'm through with Chan. I can get a new job. Sometime . . . later . . . I can try to write Tom. . . ."

Mom was on the stairs. "Sally . . . my little girl . . ."

Hannah slipped away. Sally had Mom. Mom would understand.

But Dike. . . . *Dike. I wish you could have everything you want.* She wasn't thinking of Sally. She was thinking of Dike, wanting to go to him, offer him the world, hold him in her arms as she'd hold a child.

If the bus hasn't come yet . . .

He was leaning on a wall at the corner, still waiting for it, smoking a cigarette.

SHE went up to him. "Dike . . ."

"Why, Clytemnestra . . ."

"Don't fool," she said. "Don't fool, Dike. Please. I had to tell you. . . . I'm sorry . . . about . . ."

"It's all right," Dike said. "I fool because I *am* a fool. . . . She's a swell girl. . . . I just . . . I had this idiotic notion . . . it's that first boy with her and he'll be lucky. . . . but I still . . ."

She clasped his arm. "If you still . . . want someone to be for you, I will, Dike. I guess it won't matter to you . . . but I *had* to tell you. I'll be for you. I'll think of you and write to you and say your name in my prayers. I'll wait for you."

"Oh, Hannah!" He took her hand and laid it against his face.

"If it would help any . . . you'll know I'm waiting, till you find a girl you . . . really hope will wait. And I'll keep waiting even then. . . . Someone like you, Dike. . . . I didn't know there was anyone. . . ."

"Somebody like me, Hannah? Couldn't it be *me?*"

She knew he was only being kind, as he had been kind all day. She knew she was a kid to him, but he had sensed her uncertainty. He had held out, not needing to, a truth for her to grasp, a weapon, an armor . . . a promise.

"Yes, it can be you," she said.

They were both pretending now, but in the pretense, there was something as warm and sweet as reality. And when Dike bent and kissed her on the mouth and she answered the kiss, there in the late April afternoon, there under the red buds of the elm, it was a double gift, precious as love itself.

The bus came lumbering down the street, wheezed to a stop. Dike boarded it. She waved at him and he called through the open window.

"Don't forget the dance. . . ."

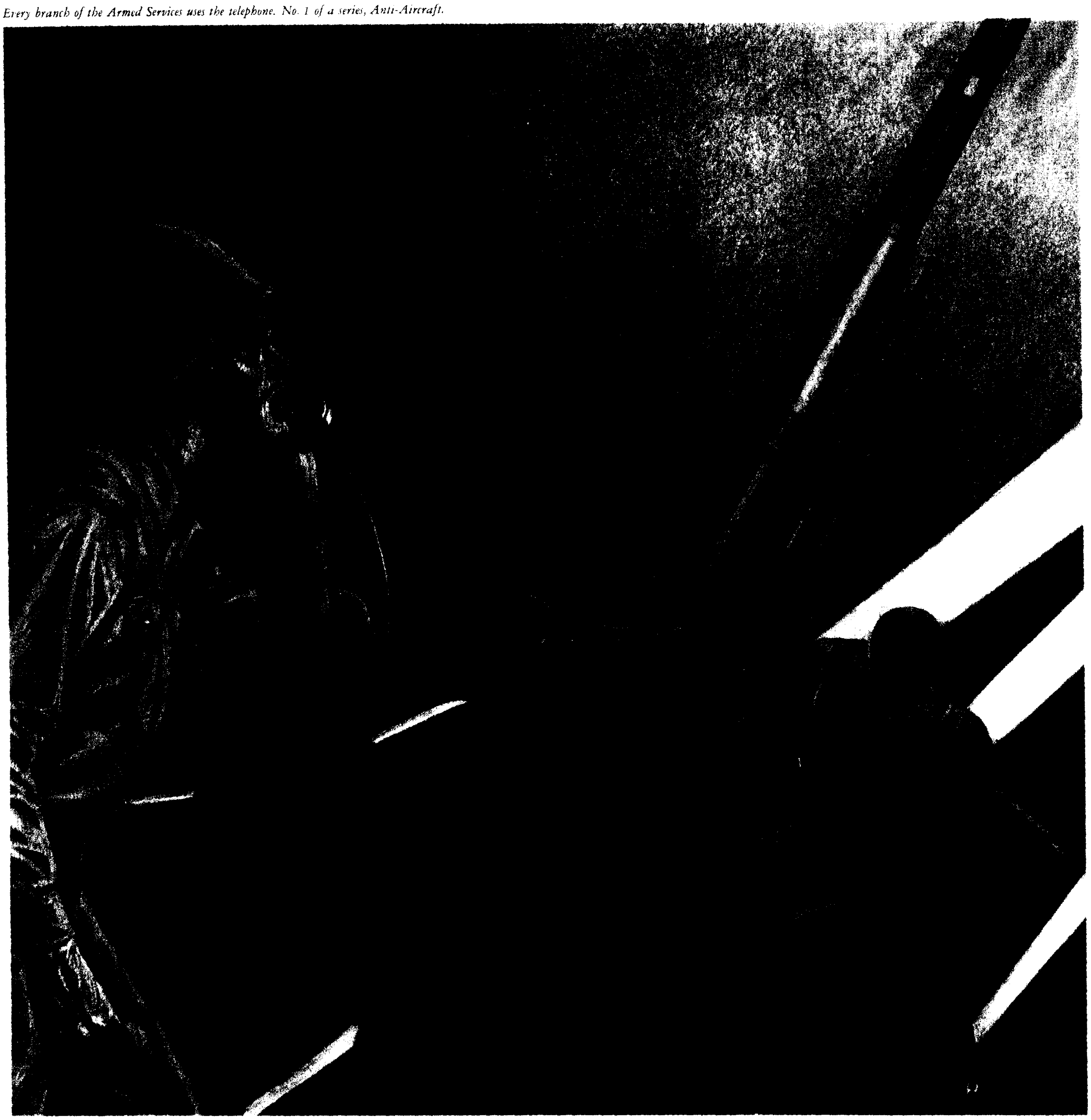
The dance . . .

I will have my hair waved . . . I will have a new white dress . . . I will smile for him. . . .

The dance. Oh, then, still the chance!

THE END

Every branch of the Armed Services uses the telephone. No. 1 of a series, Anti-Aircraft.



To his mother and dad it seems only yesterday that he was using the family telephone to call his high school sweetheart. But today the orders he sends and receives over his wartime telephone help speed the day when love and laughter, peace and progress shall again rule the world.

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IN PEACE...SOURCE OF SUPPLY FOR THE BELL SYSTEM
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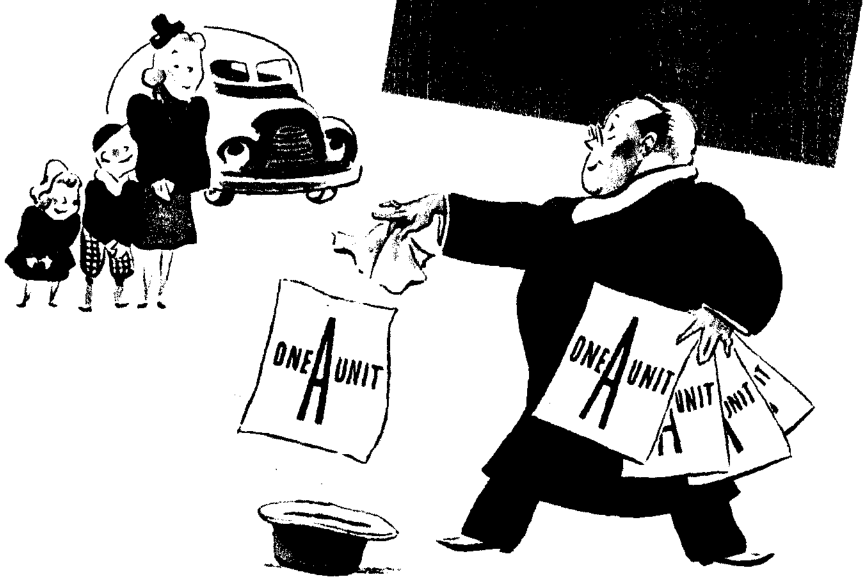

P. S. pulls a 5th gas coupon out of the hat

YOUR ration board told you the number of gas coupons and the number of gallons of gasoline you can get each month—but it *didn't* tell you the number of miles you can go on each gallon. By careful attention to *P. S.* you can increase your miles per gallon and, in effect, give yourself an extra coupon each month.

The first step toward getting this "extra coupon" is to make sure you're getting the mileage you should. Check the gas you put in against the mileage on your speedometer. And bear in mind now that you're driving slower, your car should deliver 30% more miles per gallon than they told you it would when you got it. (That figure was based on the assumption your average speed would be nearly 50.)

If you're not getting this amount, it's fairly certain something's the matter and that you should have your service man make a *Preventive Service* check-up to find and cure the trouble. Any number of different parts of your car, when in need of adjustment or repair, can waste your gasoline. The coil is one of these parts.

The Coil Can Waste Half a Coupon

Stepping-up the 6-volt current from your battery to nearly 15,000 volts is the job of the silent-and-tucked-away coil of an automobile. Of course, this constant strain is bound to have some effect on a coil—and it does. Like anything else, your coil gets "tired" after a while. And a "tired" coil means a weak spark and gas wastage.

Your service man can test your coil in a matter of minutes and tell you if it's behaving as it should or whether it needs to be replaced in order to save you precious gallons.

Electric Wires And Cables

Wires and cables that "leak" current are another source of gas waste. Loose connections, corroded terminals, and cracks in the insulation let voltage escape and end up by weakening the spark that fires the fuel. And even though the war scarcity of copper makes it impossible to replace the wiring as often as you used to, your service man has several tricks up his sleeve to keep wiring in shape. By shortening, mending, replacing connections, and keeping terminals and insulation clean, he can make wires and cables last a surprisingly long time—and he may save you as much as a fourth of a coupon each month.

This Collier's column has put the *P. S.* spotlight on two parts of your car's electrical system—the coil and the wiring. Regular *P. S.* attention to these, as well as other parts of your car will add "extra coupons" to your monthly gas ration. Remember, first check the miles you get per gallon. Then check your service man for *P. S.*

There'll be more *P. S.* columns in later issues. In the meantime, *send for the FREE P. S. Check List.* This form will help your service man tell you what *Preventive Service* is needed on your car now—and what can be deferred. To get your free copy, merely write to Collier's *P. S.,* 250 Park Ave., N. Y. C.

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Oil for the Planes of China

Continued from page 18

flown back to central Burma to finish other assignments.

At work or play, Forster liked dynamite. Knowing his specialty, the British government had sent him late in 1941 to Russia to advise Soviet engineers in their program of scorching the earth. He quickly decided that the Russians knew more than he did, but he stayed to learn their methods, visited secret areas of the Caucasus. He remarked afterward that the Reds had carried out factory wreckings in one day that Anglo-American experts had forecast might take six months.

"But I wish the Russians could have seen our job at Rangoon," he mused. "Smoke up to fifteen thousand feet. Vapor up to nineteen thousand feet. Not a drop of oil left for the Japs, nor a piece of workable machinery."

A Masterpiece of Sabotage

After Rangoon was gone, Forster tackled the pipe line which had run more than three hundred miles down-country from Yenangyaung. He plugged the pipe with cement at river crossings, smashed the section pumps, wrecked bridges. He turned to the oil fields. Acetylene torch crews were busy for weeks. Huge chunks were cut from fly wheels, shafts, hoisting drums, rotary drills, casing elevators—all the equipment which once was enough to drill fifty wells at one time in Central Burma.

In one machine shop alone were fifty huge lathes. Forster had damaged each one critically by a small explosive charge. A three-foot brick wall had been laid around the outside of the shop. Crude oil was piped in until it flooded the floor, and was set afire. The lathes, when the fire burned out, were no good.

But Forster was rather marking time when I encountered him. The last big job, he said, was blowing up the powerhouse.

"Cost a quarter of a million pounds to build in 1923—that's a million dollars U. S. Step up and see the new bellybands."

Up steel steps to the second floor of the big, reinforced concrete building marched Forster, a cork helmet shoved back from his sweaty forehead, followed by Bill Munday, my Australian reportorial sidekick, and me. The bellybands, we discovered, were belts of guncotton tied around bulging generators.

"Got 6,300 gallons of oil in drums stored above the transformers over there behind the partition. Got oil piped in here to the main room, too. And the jets will turn on after the explosion. Nice fire we're cooking up."

Forster glanced at his wrist watch. It was 10 A.M.

"With Corps Headquarters located twenty miles north on the road near Kyaukpadaung and the Japs fighting somewhere near Magwe thirty miles to the south, we're in the middle, as you know," he said. "Frankly, I'd like to blow this powerhouse now, but Corps would rather not, if a chance remains to hold it. It used to generate current for eighty-five per cent of Burma's oil production."

The untiring demolitionist strode into the walled yard where his dilapidated car was parked.

"Let's see if we've overlooked anything at the wells," he invited.

The Yenangyaung field was ten miles long and about a mile wide on rolling hills. Tagging along behind Forster in my American-made, Chinese Lend-Lease jeep, Munday and I covered most of the area. It was like seeing the guts of hell strewn out in the open, under a smoky sky.

Hundreds of wooden derricks had burned and fallen. But twice Forster stopped, got a can of kerosene from the back of his car, walked over to derricks that curiously hadn't yet been touched, soaked one corner near the boring, extended a piece of burning waste cotton on an iron rod and started a fire.

"The best wells were usually those with steel derricks," he explained. "We didn't bother the derricks, but we put a sweet mixture of concrete and scrap metal down the wells. It would be easier to bore a new well than try to punch through that kind of plugging."

Scattered through the field were twenty-four tanks holding a million gallons of oil apiece. All were on fire, spewing billows of black smoke. Once in a while, a ball of flame leaped up like a cannon shot. There were smaller tanks, also, which had contained 100,000 to 500,000 gallons. These had been the first destroyed earlier in the week. The Big Berthas were the climax.

Like a farmer inspecting his prize 40 acres, Forster took us through the razed machine shops on one hill.

"Figure the equipment in this whole field at five hundred thousand pounds ($2,000,000)," he said, "and you'll be conservative. To redrill the field would cost probably another ten million pounds ($40,000,000). The Army moved away one thousand tons of machinery for use elsewhere, but it took eight welders three weeks to cut the rest of it up with torches."

On another hill stood a Burman Oil Company refinery—a tidy plant with American apparatus which had turned out 250,000 gallons of gasoline monthly. But not now. Tanks were broken, gauges smashed. Twisted pipes strewed the floor. Munday and I lifted a fire extinguisher off the wall. A whitish chemical spurted out.

"Hold on," said Forster. "This isn't any place for volunteer firemen."

Telephone Casualties

Looking at his watch again, Forster suggested a new kind of activity for our tour. We ought to break telephones.

We followed the tireless scorcher, then, into the best bungalows of Yenangyaung—fine, two-story wooden houses with wide porches and green gardens which clustered on a few hilltops where man had not deigned to drill for black gold. Oil-company executives had lived in them, some until only a day or two earlier, when the final evacuation of essential civilian personnel left only Forster behind.

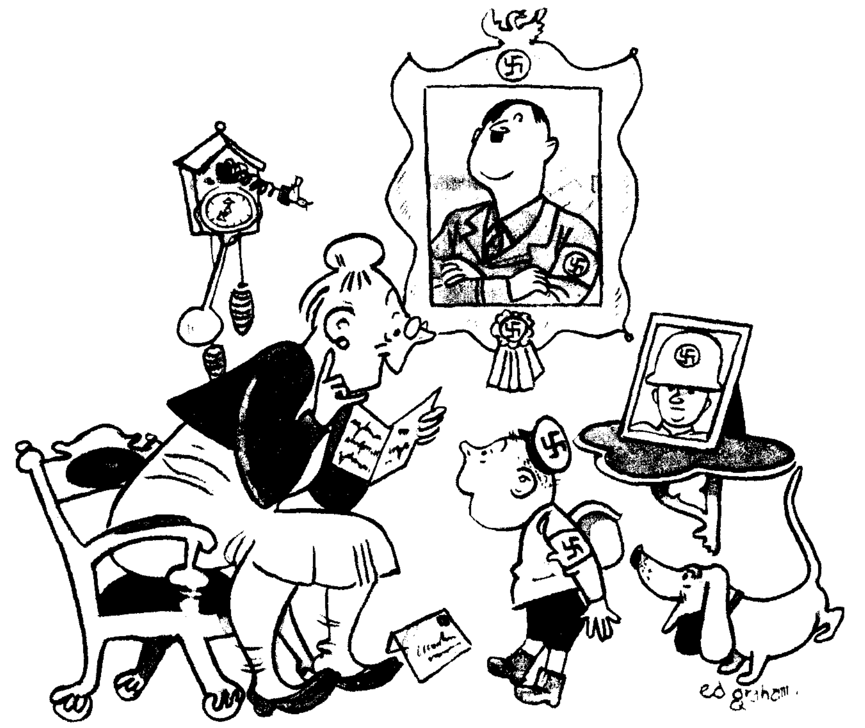
We broke the telephones by the simple procedure of slamming them down on the floors. They made a sharp clatter. Afterward, we looked in the iceboxes for a bottle of water, for it was a stifling day.

In the tree-shaded yard of one house was a swimming pool. Forster saw it first. We were surprised. The pool was temporarily inhabited by a stray black cow. Apparently she'd slipped in shortly before our arrival, but six feet of water was more than she'd thirstily bargained for. With difficulty, she was keeping her nose above water, and her eyes were rolling in their sockets. Forster said we should get her out.

Munday caught the end of a floating

rope which was tied around the cow's neck and tried to keep her nose up. That helped slightly, but only to slow down the process of drowning. Forster and I went into the house and he spied the big upholstered divan in the front room. We carried it out, Forster skinning his knuckles on the door. We dumped it in the pool, but the mushy upholstery didn't appeal to the cow. She refused to use it for a footing. Then Forster and I carried out the mahogany dining table. We returned for chairs. No dice. We couldn't seem to make the right kind of platform for the cow.

Eventually, Forster found a pipe valve in the garden and turned it, and the pool was drained. Down into a dry gulley, that six feet of water cascaded like a spring freshet. He looked at his watch once more, expressed the opinion that we'd done about all we had time to do. The Japs, coming along soon, would have to solve the problem of Bossy's levitation.



COLLIER'S "Such a jolly letter from Poppa! He's been captured!" ED GRAHAM

The little red notebook continues the story:

"Aft. Drove toward Magwe try find front. Went two miles to horse farm on southern ridge. Two Jap fighters strafing road. After strafing, had tea with West Yorks crew of armored car under tree. Bombs, gunfire ahead. Front seven miles away—*not* 30.

"Eve. Helped Forster burn 40,000 gals. gas. 'Twas emergency supply for armored brigade, which said now unneeded. Also 2 bungalows burned.

A Date with Dynamite

"11:20 P.M. Forster been informed Manchurian cavalry across Irrawaddy due westward Yenangyaung, Japatrols eastward. Forster said 10 substations, 20 transformer stations all demolished, only powerh. left. Capt. and lieut. told Gloucester guards powerh. will blow up at midnight, don't let anyone enter compound, hold posts on compound wall. If attacked, keep fighting. 'We'll blow powerh. if we have blow ourselves up with it.'

"11:55 P.M. Hill ¼ mile from powerh. Good view. Forster's signals: 1 pistol shot at 11:55 when all 12 guards go places safety. 2 shots at 11:57. 3 shots at 11:59. Then blast.

"12:15 A. M. All OK. Powerh. roof wall gushed flames. Guards and Forster OK."

I didn't keep notes the rest of the night, but I remember pretty well what happened. Munday and I checked with the guards of the Gloucester Battalion, and they told us Forster had been snugly couched in a dugout a hundred yards from the powerhouse with a captain of the Royal Engineers, W. D. Scott, when he touched off the explosion. The Gloucesters said it was the logical moment to leave Yenangyaung, what with the Japs here and there in the neighborhood.

Munday and I got in the jeep, and Charlie Fenn, an ex-New York photographer who'd come down from China for a look-see at the Burma war, climbed in the back.

I don't know how Charlie was able to sit down, because the back was filled with eighteen cans of gasoline, holding two imperial gallons apiece. But he managed. Both Bill and Charlie waded the Pin Chaung, the smelly-water creek just outside town, because it was two feet deep at least and spotted with quicksand, and driving a blacked-out, overloaded jeep across it in the darkness was a bit ticklish.

Getting back on the hard, oiled surface of the Burma Road was good, but we were soon flagged down by crews of a stalled column of army vehicles. We proceeded slowly, lights out, past a couple of hundred cars and trucks of assorted sizes. At the head, we found tanks—the little American "honeys" which the Seventh Hussars and the Second Royal Tank Regiment had brought with them from Libya shortly before Rangoon fell.

The tank boys, talking to us in a night so inky that we couldn't see one another's faces, explained that the Japs had slipped ahead with a mortar and registered it on the road. Mortar shells had knocked out a British lorry, a staff car and a motorcycle at one point, and when a tank had gone on to clear the road block, its track had been knocked off by shellfire, but another tank had hurried alongside and rescued the crew.

It was now about 1:30 A.M. and a Japanese machine gun opened up at targets a few hundred feet behind us on the road. Not too nice. A mortar-made block ahead, a machine gun behind, and every prospect at dawn of Jap fighters coming overhead to strafe this motionless line of stalled transport. A tired company of Indian Frontier Force Rifles, unloaded from the trucks and deployed along a culvert under a small road bridge, would try to clear out the nesting enemy after daylight—but that wasn't much immediate comfort.

A tank officer who'd participated in action at the road block said we could squeeze the jeep past it, if we cared to take the risk. There was room by swinging out on the soft right-hand shoulder to get by the burning truck in the middle of the highway and the disabled tank off under a tree.

Munday, a delightfully belligerent Aussie when he tangled with censors and Colonel Blimps, was the soul of reason now that we were in a pinch. I wanted to risk the road block in preference to a morning strafing. "I'm easy," said Bill. Fenn didn't offer an opinion. He merely climbed onto the gas cans again. We lowered the windshield flat on the hood to see better in the dark and proceeded in second gear.

The road block was as described, the fire of the wreckage dying low, the tank vague in the shadows to our right. For a second, perhaps, we were silhouetted to the enemy—a squat, beetlelike jeep with Munday beside me, holding his bedroll on his knees ("To keep the shrapnel outa my belly," he said) and Fenn streamlining himself on top of 36 gallons of gasoline.

Then, darkness. High gear. Putting distance between us and the Japs.

Torture by Thirst

Munday and I congratulated ourselves on having quite a story to write: The Death of Yenangyaung. We didn't know when it would ever be published. Burma had no telegraph line left to the outside world. But maybe the news was important enough, regardless of delay.

We didn't know that we were leaving another story that would be even more dramatic. For during our evening with Forster, the tired remnants of Burdiv (First Burma Division), probably 3,000 men and not more, had piled into Yenangyaung. When the road block was reported from the north, they settled down to wait and fight their way out in the morning.

They didn't get out in the morning. They were there three scorching days, tortured by thirst and fatigue, as the Japs drew ever closer. The last of the huge oil tanks burned out one by one, and the wooden derricks on the brown hills were white ashes.

The sun beat down. The enemy seized the banks of the Irrawaddy and the Pin Chaung. And there was no water. Forster's demolition program, of course, had included the town's storage tanks. Exhausted Tommies dug water pipes from the bottom of gullies and drank the sour, rusty dregs that these still contained. Thirst was a fiercer foe than the Japs.

On the third day, a Chinese regiment, rushed by truck from a reserve camp in the north, attacked the enemy line with the support of British artillery. The Japs cracked. The Chinese carved a big hole. Burdiv poured north and escaped. The Burma war went on, minus at least one potential disaster.

Later, upcountry, Munday and I encountered Forster one morning at British headquarters. He was very weary, but he was satisfied. He had left Yenangyaung a few hours after we did, going up the Irrawaddy in a launch with Royal Marines and stopping off at Chauk to demolish a subsidiary oil field there.

THE END

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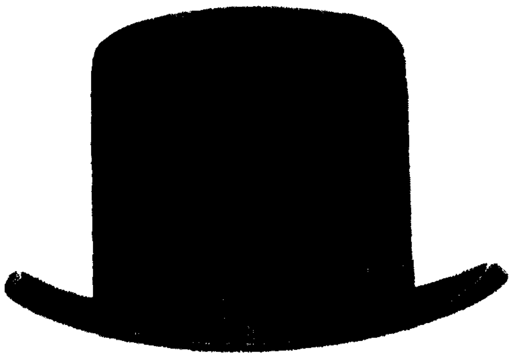
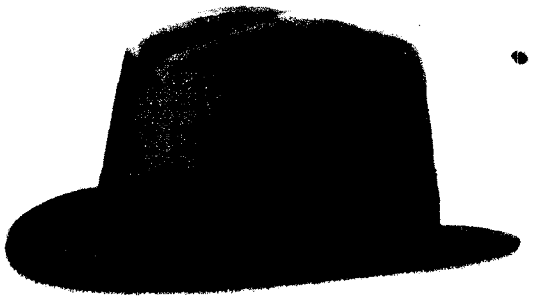
Here are their hats... *they're in a hurry!*

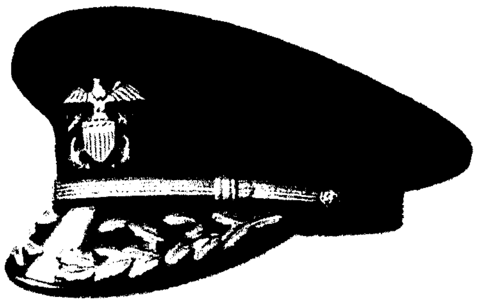


A PRIME MINISTER'S...

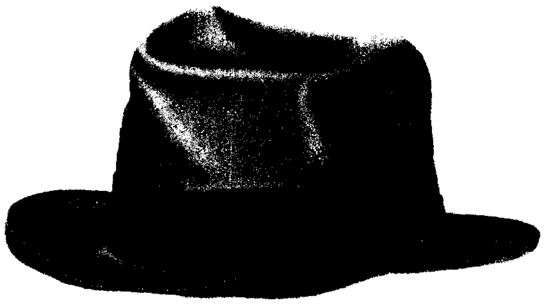
A FIRST LADY'S...



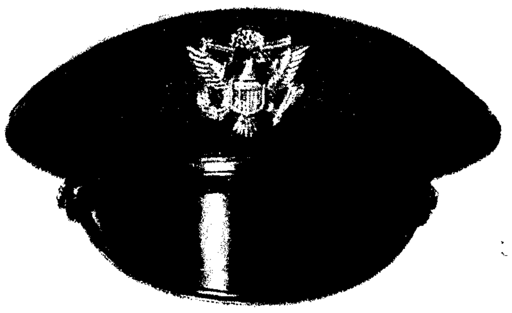
A SHIP-BUILDER'S...



A SEA-FIGHTER'S...



AN INDIANA GENTLEMAN'S...



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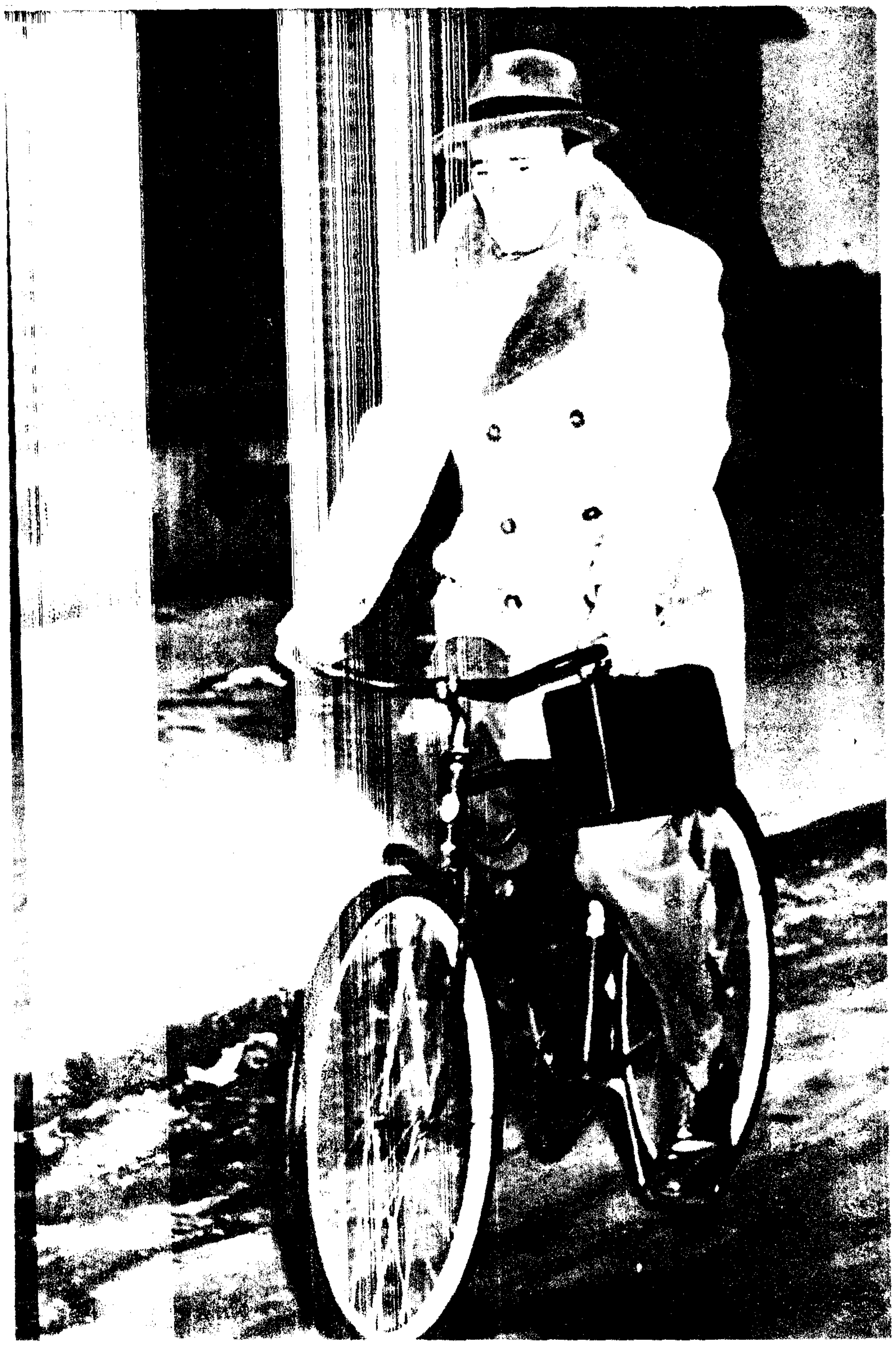
THESE hats travel by air these days. They ride in the same planes with sacks of important mail, with shipments of tools and materials marked *"rush by Air Express,"* and with thousands of other hats not so well known. They may go to New York or New Orleans... to Washington or Wichita... to Panama or Portugal. For today the Airlines of the United States maintain regular passenger and Air Express service between all industrial centers at home and to more than sixty foreign countries. In addition, they work hand in hand with the U. S. Armed Forces in the tremendous job of supplying our fighting men on war fronts all over the globe. Whether it's breaking a production bottleneck . . . or carrying out a military mission . . . Air Transport gets there first. *Air Transport Association, 1515 Massachusetts Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C.*

ACME

In alpaca-warmed parka, gloves and overshoes a sentry stands guard at entrance to antiaircraft gun pit "somewhere on the Eastern Seaboard"



MON

Here's the alpaca-lined coat with plenty of warmth without weight that looks good and is perfect for commuting—even on a two-wheeler

GET YOUR GOAT

BY HENRY L. JACKSON

NOBODY can deny that it has been a right snappy winter. A lot of wise people have faced it by getting themselves a goat. Not one of the old tin-can goats, but an aristocratic beast known as the alpaca. From an alpaca, you get wool; from wool, you get a coat; when you get an alpaca coat, you can look a thermometer right in the eye and sneer with perfect impunity.

These dandy little animals bounce around in the Andes, mainly in Chile and Peru, 14,000 feet above sea level. The climate is high, cold and wet, and the alpaca has to be cushioned up pretty well, to stand it.

Hence, alpaca is the warmest wool in the world. The climate in the alpaca goats' native mountains is so cold that shearing time for them comes only once in two years. The goats are so bushy by that time the wool is thinned out rather than sheared—the way a barber might do it. The result is very excellent wool indeed.

Alpaca was originally used in this country by duck hunters as a lining in weatherproof coats. Duck hunters are insane individuals who could use a bit of good sense and most certainly need a trace of warmth while sitting up to their ears in water in a blind. They liked the coat so well that they finally took to wearing pants of windproof gabardine, lined with alpaca.

Next, the college undergraduates, thoroughly fed up on the old sheepskin monstrosities, set up a yowl for the warmer and lighter alpaca-lined coats. These were turned out in regular trench-coat models, double-breasted, and in the shorter, finger-tip length coat, of weatherproofed cotton on the outside, with alpaca inside and on the collar and lapels.

Recently the Army, confronted with the problem of keeping our Alaska and Iceland troops warm, tested alpaca. It overrode all specifications. They found that it was suitable for weather 20 to 40 degrees below zero; it wasn't bulky or cumbersome (as was previously tested sheepskin), and it didn't cause active men to become overheated to perspire.

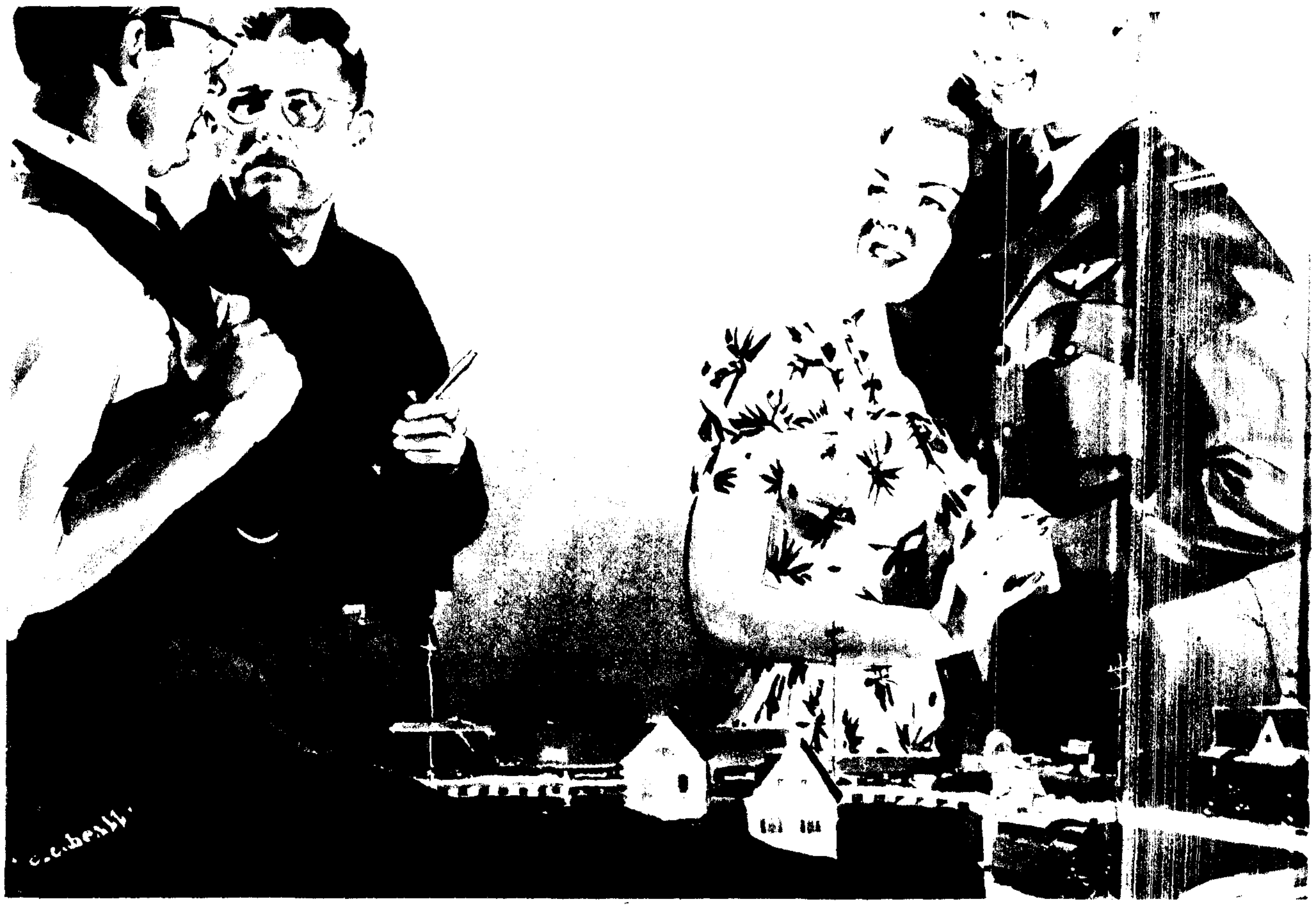
Then the ski troops got onto it. Now the Navy is testing it for wear aboard small vessels—torpedo boats, subchasers, patrol boats and similar craft. It's a safe bet that alpaca will shortly be government-approved for naval duty.

Civilians have gone for alpaca-lined coats in a big way. It is a perfect country coat with plenty of warmth without weight. Men like it for shoveling snow, running around in wet weather, performing civilian-defense duties, and waiting for trains on cold platforms.

In fact, they like it so much that alpaca has finally come to town. The weather gets just as cold in the city as it does in the country. And who cares about dressing up, anyway? Here's the coat with warmth without weight that looks good and is perfect for commuting.

Best of all, it doesn't take much moola to own an alpaca-lined coat. You can get a fine-looking coat with gabardine outside, alpaca inside and on collar and lapels for about $30. Civilian defense and air-raid workers are grabbing the mackinaw-length model, which sets them back about $18. A golf-type jacket, alpaca-lined, will run you around $12.50.

It has now reached the point where alpaca linings are appearing in vests, slippers, shoes, gloves and earlaps on caps. Alpaca wears like iron, won't mat down or water-spot and never changes color. It is undyed wool, the natural shades being brown, tan, fawn, white and oxford. Alpaca can even be dry-cleaned—nothing bothers the King of the Goats. ★★★



It was Jane who led young Harvey into the basement after dinner. "Dads," she said, "I want to get married and this idiot won't hear of it. Maybe he'll listen to you."

THE SEMAPHORE

By Robert S. Mansfield

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

JOE MICKLEMAUS and Harvey Frater were the richest men in town—and the craziest, the town said; they were also firm friends and had been all their lives.

They had gone to school together and in business later they were friends, and their fortunes had grown equally. Their homes stood side by side and one fence enclosed the two lawns. They married, and to the amazement of the town their wives got along famously. When Harvey junior and Jane Micklemaus announced their engagement on Christmas Day of 1941, the day before young Harvey went to report at Pensacola, it was no surprise to anyone in town. Joe and Harvey spent the afternoon of Christmas Day in their respective basements, dispatching drinks to each other over the complex network of their model railroads and sending each other congratulatory messages on the telegraph hookup which connected their dispatchers' panels.

For Joe and Harvey were mildly insane, although the town put it more strongly, on the subject of model railroading. Starting from the Christmas when Harvey had given young Harv his first electric train and Joe had spent Christmas Eve helping him set it up, their basements had become solidly massed with main lines, yards, bridges, tunnels, by-passes, country sidings, roundhouses, block signals and miniature stations with real grass lawns around them. They had even caused a tunnel to be dug between their two basements through which a double-track line connected the two major systems, with an interlocking signal network and the direct telegraph contact. They used the straight old-fashioned key, and each had a tobacco can propped behind the sounder to give it volume.

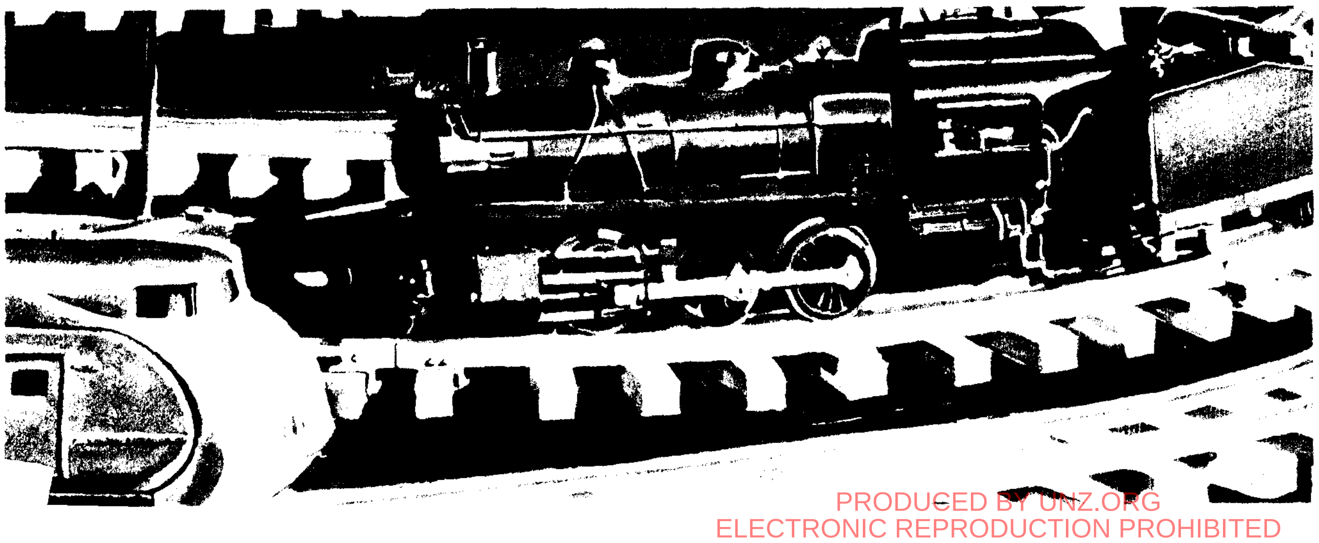
Harvey was a lawyer. It was he, in large, who was responsible for the amazing accuracy of detail in their fun. Joe contributed the special cars for carrying highball glasses. After Pearl Harbor their passenger schedules were cut down and they hauled more freight.

When young Harvey had his first leave and came home with his wings and his assignment to an aircraft carrier, the families had a reunion at Joe's. It was Jane who led young Harvey into the basement after dinner, where Joe and Harvey were doing some new wiring on Joe's layout. The youngsters watched them, their eyes warm, half laughing, their hands clasped. Jane broke it up.

"Dads," she said, "I want to get married, and this idiot won't hear of it. Maybe he'll listen to you."

"No, Jane," young Harvey said. "It isn't that and you know it! Only, things are so uncertain. . . ." He turned to his father. "I don't want to marry Jane now when we'll have just a snatch at happiness. If anything happened to me, it'd make it just that much tougher for her."

Joe walked over and laid a hand on young Harvey's arm. "I appreciate that, Harv," he said. "You're right."



Old Harvey grunted. "Keep your nose out of the kids' affairs, Joe. Times like these, they've got to take what they can get out of life."

"If this is all we can have of each other," Jane said, "just these two weeks, I'm not going to turn my back on it. Don't you see, Harv?" She turned back to the grave ensign. "I love you. That's all."

"That's right," Harvey senior told her. "You stick to the main line, Jane."

"Wait," Joe said. "You can't put a lifetime of happiness into two weeks. You'd just spoil something pretty fine."

"Joe," Jane said, and that hurt because it meant the father-daughter relationship was off and they were man to man. "Joe, I know how you feel, but it's wrong. It doesn't apply to Harv and me. This isn't anything hasty. We've always known we were going to marry some day. And that day has come."

Joe looked at them and he knew from Harv's eyes Jane had won her point. "I won't stand in your way, Jane," he said. "I hope you're doing the right thing."

When they had gone, Harvey looked over at Joe, drew a long breath and shrugged, and Joe held back his tongue because there was too much tension in that moment. When he trusted himself he said, "Let's try it," and walked to his dispatcher's panel.

Ten minutes later the Coast Flyer of the Mapleton and Western poured through the tunnel and drew up in the Union Station before Joe. He stared at it absently. He knew, deep down, why he had opposed the marriage; he wanted to protect Jane, he didn't want her hurt. Harvey shouldn't have been so shirty about it. He started the train again, glanced at the switch lights, and saw, too late, that he had routed it back through the tunnel against a closed block. A moment later he heard the crash as it piled up over the switch in Harvey's main line. Almost at the same moment came the unmistakable sound of Harvey's way freight plowing into the wreckage.

When Harvey closed the telegraph key two minutes later, Joe had been called everything the Morse code was capable of transmitting, and the tunnel block lifted once and dropped emphatically back to red and stayed that way.

It remained so until the light burned out, and still the semaphore stayed down.

JANE and young Harvey were married, and from the day they left on their honeymoon, Joe and Harvey senior had not spoken. They walked to work separately. They walked home separately. There was a deep anger in Joe's heart, a resentment, and a loneliness. Night after night their trains roared through separate schedules, their rumblings plainly heard in both basements, but the telegraph sounders were still, and the tunnel semaphore stayed down, and there was no joy in either house.

It was Jane who brought the news to Joe. A new, a different Jane—quiet, calm in her movements, already a little awkward from her burden of life, a straight-backed Jane with tears on her face and courage in her voice.

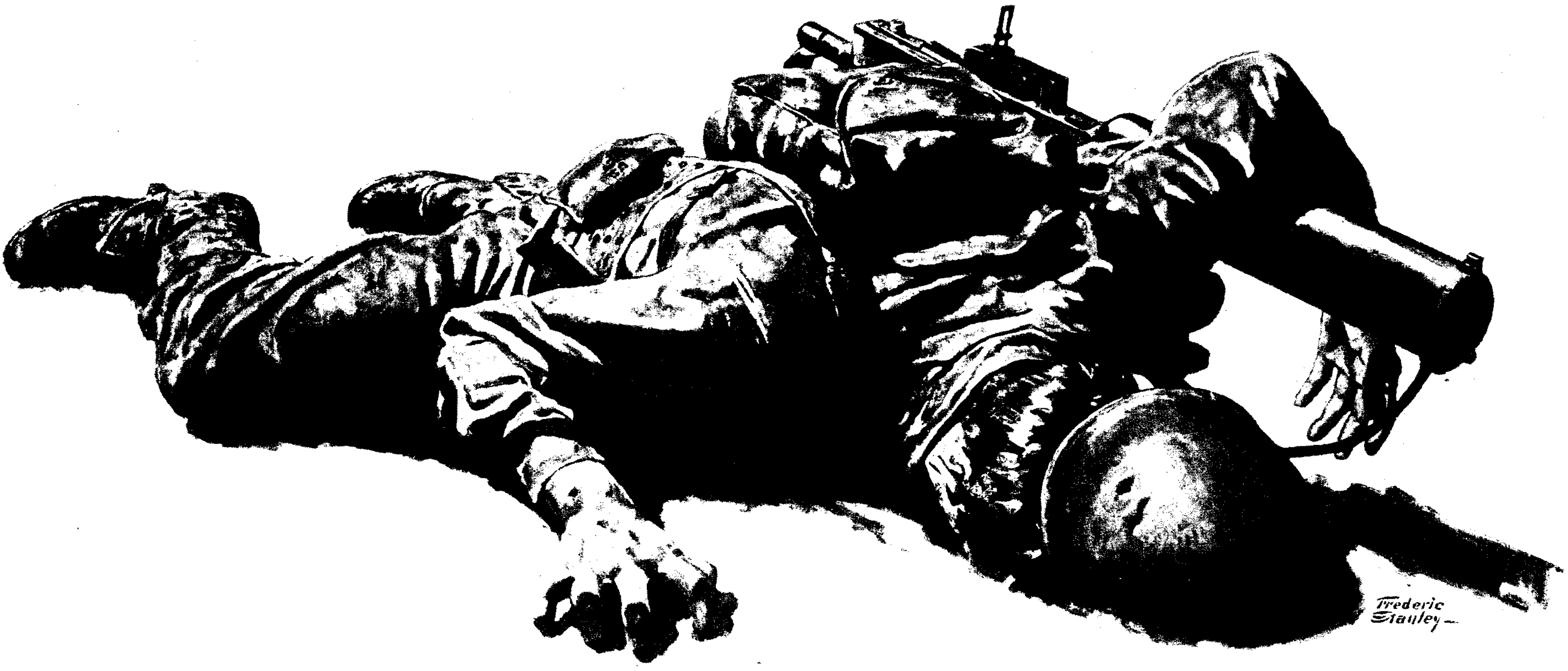
"Harv's missing," she said. "They wired me. Maybe he's dead." Her chin went up. "I'm glad we married, Dad. I'm glad!" She turned and went up the stairs, never faltering, not missing a step. Joe sat as he had been.

He was thinking of Harvey. Jane had within her the consolation and the demand upon her strength that she needed. She was young. Joe closed his eyes and opened them again. The sound of moving trains from the other basement had stopped. Harvey knew, now, and he was alone. Terribly alone. Joe knew he couldn't go to him, and he wanted to. His eyes fell on the highball car.

He reached into the cellarette behind him and drew out an ancient bottle. He poured from it, glanced at the siphon, shook his head and filled the glass directly from the bottle. He threw on the current and with a switch engine brought the long unused highball car from its siding and set the glass on board. As he reached for the control levers the Morse key clicked into life, and the distant rumble of a single engine reached his ears.

"Special coming through the tunnel," the telegraph said. "Clear the line to the dispatcher's yard. Missing isn't dead, and no son of an old blown-up balloon like me could sink. Rickenbacker had a rubber boat, too."

Joe started the switch engine, put the power into his trunk system. Over by the tunnel mouth there was a click and, slowly, creaking from disuse, the signal arm raised to vertical. All clear!



What did *you* do today ...for Freedom?

Today, at the front, he died . . . Today, what did *you* do?
Next time you see a list of dead and wounded, ask yourself:
"What have *I* done today for freedom?
What can I do tomorrow that will *save* the lives of
men like this and help them win the war?"

To help you to do your share, the Government has organized the Citizens Service Corps as a part of local Defense Councils, with some war task or responsibility for every man, woman and child. Probably such a Corps is already at work in your community. If not, help to start one. A free booklet available through this magazine will tell you what to do and how to do it. Go into action today, and get the satisfaction of doing a needed war job well! ***EVERY CIVILIAN A FIGHTER***

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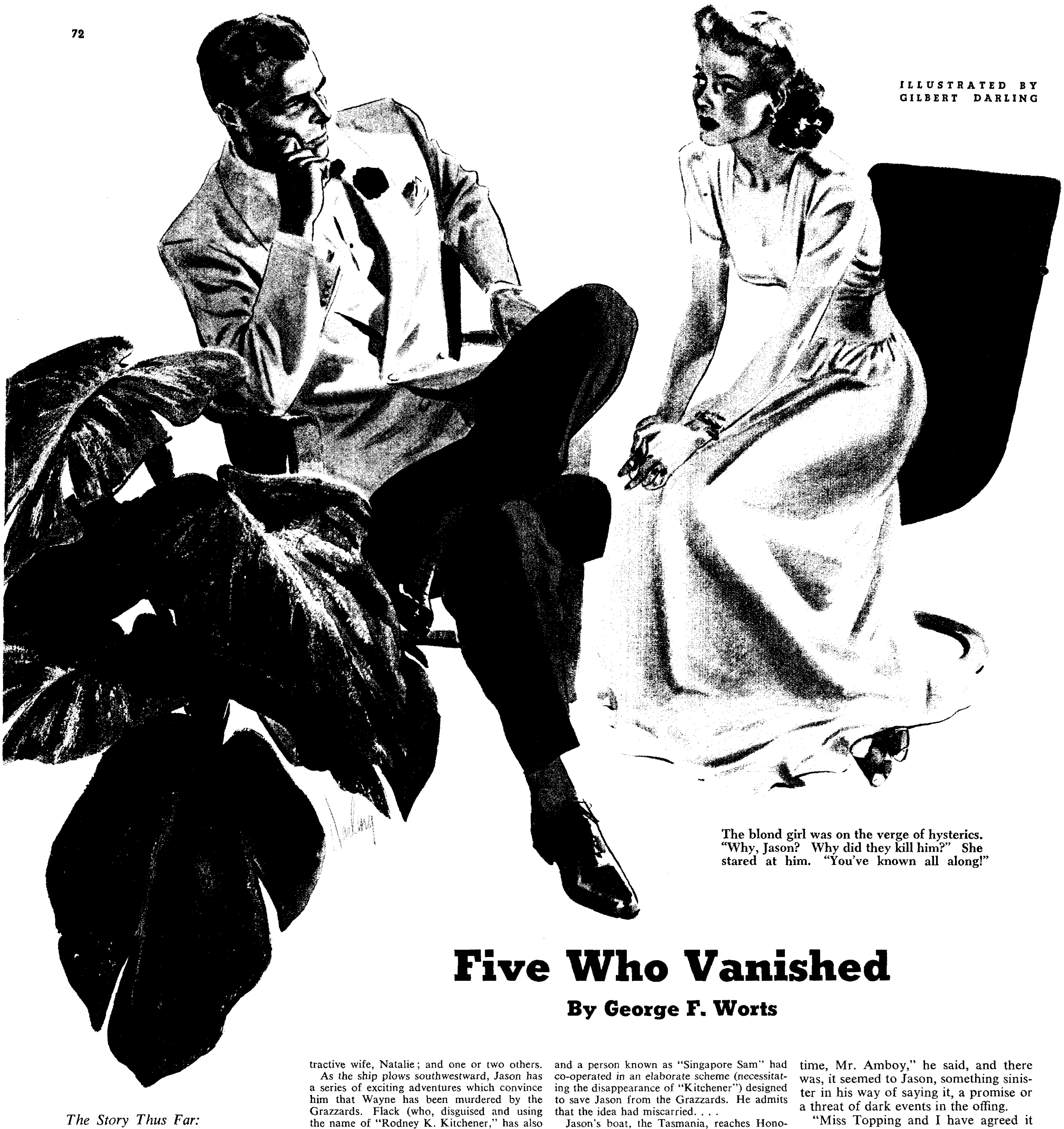

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

The blond girl was on the verge of hysterics. "Why, Jason? Why did they kill him?" She stared at him. "You've known all along!"

Five Who Vanished

By George F. Worts

The Story Thus Far:

EARLY one morning, a girl—an exceptionally beautiful girl—slips into the San Francisco apartment of Jason Amboy, knocks him out, takes a packet of letters (from his brother, Wayne) and makes her getaway.

Jason's valet—an eccentric named Flack—follows the intruder and learns that she is a Miss Topping—Luana Topping—of Hawaii. . . . Jason is notified that Wayne (who has been working in Hawaii for the powerful Grazzard family) has disappeared and that murder is suspected. Acting quickly, he takes a ship, starts for Honolulu.

Old Mrs. Hiram Grazzard ("Queen Bertha"), head of the Grazzard clan, takes the same boat. With her are: her son, Lorrin; Lorrin's fiancée, *Luana Topping;* Channing Mace, manager of one of the Grazzard plantations, and his attractive wife, Natalie; and one or two others.

As the ship plows southwestward, Jason has a series of exciting adventures which convince him that Wayne has been murdered by the Grazzards. Flack (who, disguised and using the name of "Rodney K. Kitchener," has also taken passage) feels certain of it. Nevertheless, Jason falls in love with Luana and he and Natalie Mace become close friends.

Jason permits a stowaway to share his stateroom. The fellow disappears. Natalie tells Jason that she is sure he has been murdered; she says that he was Winfield Grazzard, the black sheep of the family; she says that he *and Wayne* had tried to blackmail the Grazzards, who had done away with both of them.

"Rodney K. Kitchener" disappears. Unfortunately for Jason, the evidence makes it appear that he had killed the man; and he is placed in the brig for several days. Then Luana informs the captain *that she had seen "Kitchener" jump overboard;* and Jason is released.

A short time later, Flack shows up. He tells Jason that he, Luana, Jason's room steward, and a person known as "Singapore Sam" had co-operated in an elaborate scheme (necessitating the disappearance of "Kitchener") designed to save Jason from the Grazzards. He admits that the idea had miscarried. . . .

Jason's boat, the Tasmania, reaches Honolulu. Jason goes ashore and begins the investigation of his brother's death.

VIII

FLACK and Luana were at a table at the edge of the dance floor when Jason arrived at eight. His valet wore a tropical white dinner jacket. This once humble little man was suave, very urbane, very sure of himself.

Luana was wearing the cerise dinner dress she had worn on the night she had crawled into Jason's bedroom window.

When Jason approached the table, Flack arose and bowed. "You are on time, Mr. Amboy," he said, and there was, it seemed to Jason, something sinister in his way of saying it, a promise or a threat of dark events in the offing.

"Miss Topping and I have agreed it would be best to postpone our talk until we have dined. Is that agreeable to you?"

"Of course," Jason murmured. He sat down across from Flack.

The orchestra started to play a rumba. "I've ordered dinner, Mr. Amboy—with special attention to your preferences, of course," Flack said.

Luana was smiling at him mysteriously and her eyes were unfathomable.

"Will you dance, Luana?" Jason asked.

"I'd love to dance," said Luana.

It was rich smooth music and Luana in his arms was slim and light and sweet.

He soon discovered that they danced

beautifully together. There was a sensation of floating to a dreamy romantic rhythm.

"Darling, I don't know what this is all about," Jason said. "I soon will, doubtless to my sorrow, if I'm any judge of storm warnings—but let's skip all that and get down to the important thing. May I say that this is the happiest moment of my life? You are beautiful, you are sweet, you are wonderful and you're in my arms at last and I love you."

He felt the quick pressure of her hand on his shoulder.

"Jason—" she whispered.

He bent away from her and tried to see her face. Her eyes were closed. In the dimness he saw the shimmer of tears among her dark lashes.

"Luana!"

"Please don't say anything more, Cousin Jason. Take me back to the table."

But she was composed by the time they reached the table.

WHEN dinner was over, Flack sat twirling a brandy glass and puffing at the largest, blackest cigar Jason had so far seen him undertake. His manner was one of gravity touched with sternness.

"Mr. Amboy, we three have met here tonight," he said, in the voice of a man getting down to brass tacks, "to discuss some very important matters. If you are tempted to become angry, I hope you will restrain yourself. Perhaps the most important item, from your point of view, concerns your brother Wayne."

Flack paused, as if for deliberate dramatic effect. "Your brother is not dead, Mr. Amboy. He is, at this moment, alive and well—on Kahuna Island!"

"Aren't you surprised?" Luana cried.

He glanced at her. He shook his head very slowly. "No, Luana. Why should I be? I don't believe it."

"But I know he's on Kahuna, Jason!"

He bent forward again. "Did you see him there?"

"No. But he is."

"You mean, someone told you he is."

Luana was staring at him and her lower lip was stubborn. "I didn't think you'd behave like this, Cousin Jason. I thought you'd be delighted. It's true!"

"I still don't believe it. My brother is dead. Who told you? The queen? Channing? Lorrin?"

When she didn't answer, he put his hand in his pocket, and took out Wayne's watch. "Do you know what this is, Luana? It's my brother's watch. It was lost between the head of his bed and the wall the night he vanished from Kokala. Notice that strap. Notice that blood on the back?"

"Yes," the green-eyed girl said coolly. "I know all about that watch. You sent a man over from Honolulu and he found it. But what does it prove?"

"That my brother was murdered."

"Your brother, Jason, went off somewhere almost every Saturday night and came home fighting drunk. He may have lost that watch behind the bed weeks before he left Kokala."

Jason was gazing at Luana speculatively. He suspected where this was leading.

"All right," he said. "My brother is alive and well on Kahuna. Go on."

"He was taken to Kahuna," Luana answered crisply, "on the night he vanished so mysteriously."

"After your brother was rather badly beaten up," Flack put in.

"Who beat him up?"

"I don't know," Luana said.

"You were in Kokala that night, weren't you?"

"No. I had dinner and spent the evening in Koloa with Dr. and Mrs. Waterhouse. I got home at one o'clock. Your brother was then on his way to Kahuna."

"With whom?"

"I don't know, Jason."

"But was everyone at Kokala—the queen—Lorrin—Channing?"

"Yes."

"Had they spent the evening together?"

"I presume so."

"But you don't know?"

"No."

"All right. Why was my brother beaten up?"

"I'll tell you," Luana whispered. "It's what I've been dying to throw at you since all this started!" She paused. Her eyes seemed to have glints in them. "Your brother is a blackmailer! Do you pretend you don't know that?"

Jason shrugged. "I've heard that one from other sources. You aren't surprising me. Don't be so tender with my feelings."

Luana looked startled and a little angry. "Your brother spent years in Burma, where Aunt Bertha's brother Colton once lived. Why do you want me to say this, Jason? You know all about it. You know that your brother found out some very unsavory things about Colton Grazzard—and that he used that information to try to extort money from the Grazzards."

"Yes, I've heard that story," said Jason. "And Uncle Colton is now occupying the palatial family doghouse on Kahuna Island, brooding over those sins of his youth."

"Then you're not denying any of it?" Luana cried.

"Of course I deny it," Jason said. "I've been denying it for days. But I want to hear your side of it."

He was aware that Flack was bending forward, as if he were crouching to spring. Luana had settled back in her chair with the air of a girl trying not to seem tense.

"Go on, Luana," Jason said calmly.

Luana came forward again. "You're not only in it with him—you directed the whole horrible thing!"

"Go on," Jason said pleasantly. "Let's have both barrels."

"You're callous!" Luana cried. "You haven't any shame! You arranged it all! Those letters your brother wrote you were nothing but an ingenious code informing you of his progress!"

JASON bent forward now and dropped his elbows to the table. He clasped his hands hard. He glanced at Flack.

"Flack, do you agree with all she's saying?"

"Yes, sir. And I'm amazed at the dexterity with which you pulled the wool over my eyes."

Jason gazed at him. "Flack, I am horribly disappointed in you. I considered you my best friend. And now—"

"He only found out the truth about you!" Luana cried. There were tears in her eyes, and they were not tears of fury.

Jason took a deep breath. "Well, the two of you have made a very interesting point. And I'm glad we're finally in the open on these letters. I want very much to know more about this, Luana. When did you learn that those letters were in a sort of code informing me of Wayne's blackmailing progress?"

"It doesn't make any difference!"

"It makes worlds of difference."

"The point is," she said hotly, "they were."

"All right. Let's approach it from another angle. Who sent you to my apartment for them?"

Luana straightened up. "That doesn't make any difference, either."

He bent toward her and said slowly

CANADA DRY
PALE GINGER ALE

[illegible] There it is—on the table—your theatre of war. Those stamps are your bullets—those books are your guns. When you've filled them, they'll speak in tones the whole world will hear—and know that an American home has not failed its sons at the front. As an old family friend and welcome guest in the home, Canada Dry says: let freedom ring—with all the War Bonds and Stamps you can buy.

If sometimes you can't get all the Canada Dry Ginger Ale you want, please don't blame your dealer. Wartime restrictions on bottle caps, sugar, and particularly on fine imported ginger make it difficult for us to keep up with the growing popularity of Canada Dry, "the Champagne of Ginger Ales."

CANADA DRY "THE CHAMPAGNE OF GINGER ALES"

Don't TORMENT a SORE THROAT

SOOTHE it with GLYCO-THYMOLINE

Give your throat the soothing benefit of effective, Glyco-Thymoline. It helps soothe and helps heal the delicate membranes of the nose and throat which are so often irritated when common colds and ordinary sore throats — one of the most common winter ailments — affect you. Glyco-Thymoline helps relieve discomfort.

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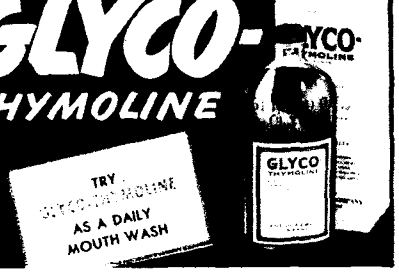
GLYCO-THYMOLINE



and menacingly, "I want to know. Who was it?"

"All right," Luana said, in her melodious voice, "I'll talk about it. I'll tell you just how it happened. I know a girl who lives in that apartment building across that little court from yours. It happens that she knows you."

"Ah," said Jason. "Marion Crookes. So Crookesey is in this, too."

"No, she is not in it. She doesn't know anything about it. We were up on the roof sun-bathing a few days before this happened. You'd taken her to a dinner party a week or so before that, and she was talking about you, and she pointed out your apartment. Then, on the night when I wanted to get into your apartment, I recalled seeing a long plank lying on the roof. So I simply went up the back way, pushed that plank across to your window and got in."

"That isn't what I want to know," Jason said. "I want to know who sent you there."

"Nobody sent me there. I did it entirely of my own accord. I didn't even tell anybody I was going to do it. Lorrin and Channing were talking about those letters. It was the first I'd heard that your brother had been trying to blackmail the Grazzards."

"Just when was this?" Jason interrupted her.

"A little after three that morning. Do you want all the details?"

He nodded grimly. "Every scrap. This is very important."

"All right. I knew your brother had disappeared from Kokala, but I didn't know why. Lorrin was horribly upset because, if there's one thing the Grazzards hate, it's scandal."

"WHERE did this talk take place?" Jason interrupted.

"In the sitting room of Lorrin's suite," Luana said.

"Was the queen there?"

Luana shook her head. "No. Only Lorrin and Channing and I. We'd all been to a late party in San Mateo. Aunt Bertha and Natalie had gone to their rooms, and Lorrin and Channing went into Lorrin's. I heard them talking and I went in. I heard enough to get an inkling of what was going on, and they told me the rest."

"Just what did they tell you?"

"But I've told you, Cousin Jason! That your brother had tried to blackmail the Grazzards and had disappeared!"

"Did they tell you then that he was on Kahuna?"

"No, that was later. They didn't know that your brother had written you any letters, but they hoped he had. They believed that if he had written letters to you, they might contain incriminating statements. It was Channing's idea that if they could secure such letters, they could be held over your brother if he made any more attempts at blackmailing us."

"So that was it," Jason said. "This is very interesting, Luana. Go on. I'm very curious. I've been dying to know just why you walked that plank at four forty-five in the morning. And you haven't explained it yet."

"Very well," Luana said crisply, "I'll explain it. That afternoon Lorrin had tried to find the letters in your office, in Oakland."

Jason's eyebrows went up with surprise. "Did he break into my office?"

"Yes, Jason. There was only that one man there—your foreman. He drove off somewhere on his motorcycle, and Lorrin broke in and went through your desk and your files. But your brother's letters weren't there. Channing and Lorrin agreed it would be practically impossible to get into your apartment. But I knew it was possible.

"I said good night to them and went to my room, and I thought about it. I knew I could do it."

Jason was nodding thoughtfully. "So you slipped out of the hotel, and you got the letters. Whom did you give the letters to?"

"Lorrin. I woke him up and gave them to him."

"And explained just how you'd got them?"

"Yes, Jason."

Jason grinned. "How did my favorite aviator take it?"

"He was furious—but he was pleased, too. You see, Jason, Lorrin is proud of me."

"He should be," Jason said firmly. "He certainly should be proud of you." He bent toward her again. "When did you learn that those letters weren't so innocent as they seemed, but contained cleverly coded information?"

"Later."

"It was quite recently, wasn't it?"

"A few days ago."

"Yes," Jason said. "And were you convinced that they were in a sort of code?"

"Of course! Taken with the fact that I knew your brother was a blackmailer—"

Jason checked her with a wave of his hand. "Please don't say that any more. I'm allergic to it."

"But it's true!" Luana said sharply. "Just as it's true that you sent him there to extort enough money from the Grazzards to finance your airplane engine!"

Jason started out of his chair again, and again settled back. "You mean, Luana, I sent my brother to the Grazzards to demand a hundred and ten thousand dollars?"

"Why," she cried, "are you so brazen? You know very well that that was why you sent your brother to Kokala!"

"I know," Jason said. "I must seem awfully pigheaded and awfully brazen about this. But I'm terribly curious. Please be patient with me. I now want to know when it was you learned that the sum we were demanding from the Grazzards was exactly a hundred and ten thousand."

She looked at him vaguely. "I don't remember."

"All right. Do you recall the day at breakfast when Channing, Lorrin and Queen Bertha were questioning me about financing my engine?"

"Yes."

"Queen Bertha asked me how much I needed, and I said a hundred and ten thousand."

Luana nodded. "You looked at her very deliberately, when she asked you if it would be hard to raise, and you said, very significantly, 'No, I don't think it will be!' And if that wasn't damning—"

"Things are becoming so much clearer," Jason interrupted her. "Now, can you answer my question? Wasn't it after that conversation that you were told for the first time that the sum my brother and I were trying to extort from her was exactly a hundred and ten thousand?"

"It may have been," Luana said, still with defiance, "but what difference does it make?"

"It's all in the point of view," Jason answered thoughtfully. "I'm still trying to sort this out. There's one very interesting point. The first night at dinner when Queen Bertha asked me all those questions about my engine, and about my father and mother and brother, she knew all the answers beforehand."

"Yes, Jason."

"She's a truly remarkable woman," he said.

"Yes, Jason."

"YOU are a truly remarkable family, Luana. Flack, am I right in assuming that you got in touch with this young lady quite some time before your disappearance; compared notes with her and, on the basis of her testimony, decided to turn against me?"

His valet's spaniel eyes didn't waver. "That's correct, Mr. Amboy. On the day of my disappearance."

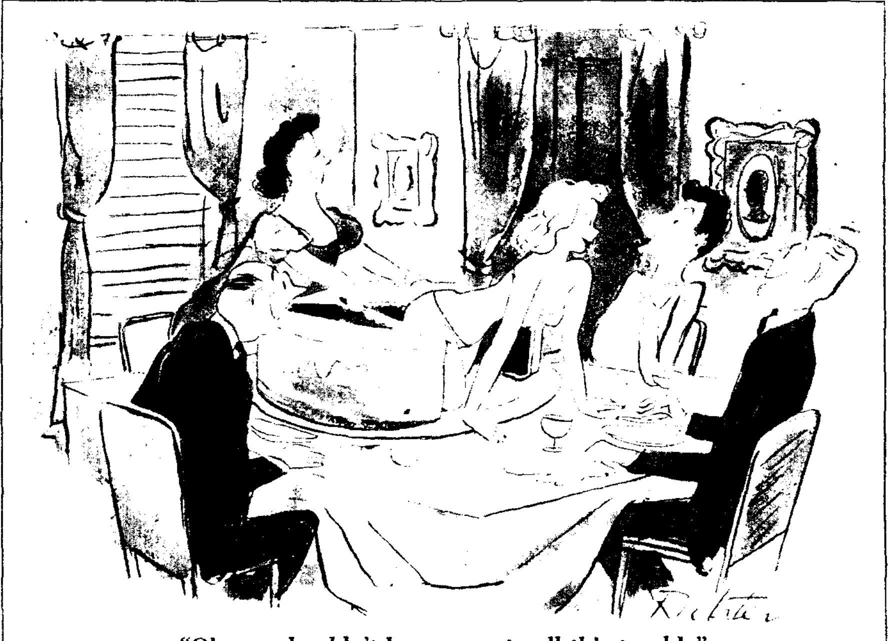
"All right," Jason said. "Now! Why did you disappear?"

"There were a number of very sound reasons, sir. I wanted to try to save you from the consequences of your own folly, and I thought you'd be safe if you were locked up in the brig. Knowing how anxious you were to raise money to go on with your engine, I feared you might try to blackmail the Grazzards at any moment. I wanted to frighten you into your senses. Lastly, I was afraid, if you remained at large, you might be badly beaten up by either Mr. Mace or Mr. Grazzard."

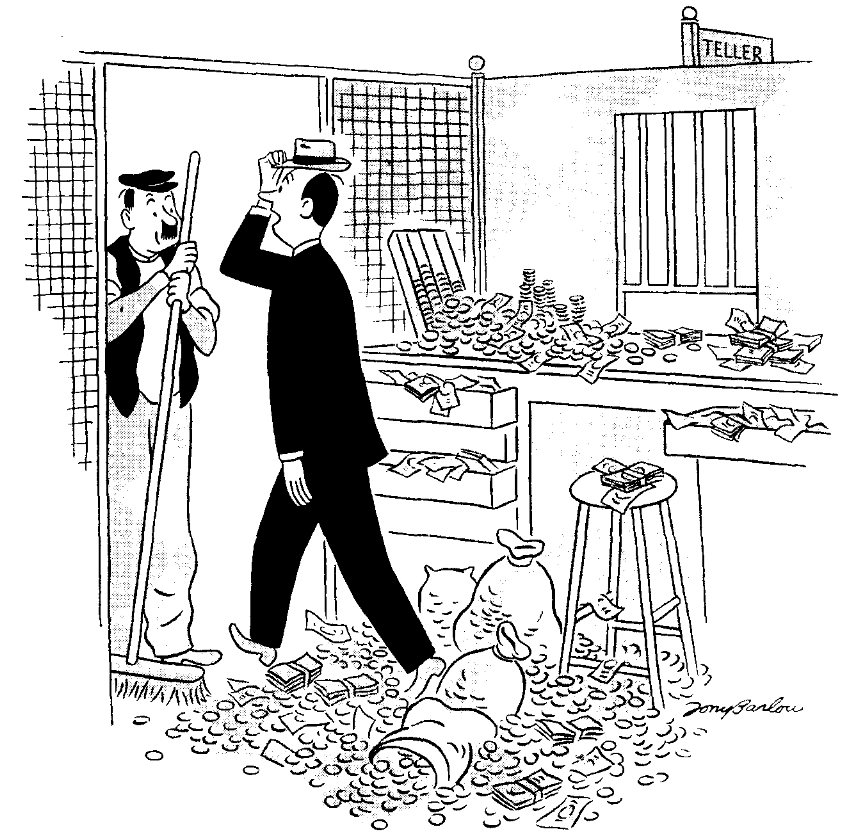
"What was the purpose of the smear of blood on that envelope?" Jason Amboy asked.

"That was my blood, sir. I borrowed a pin from Miss Topping, pricked my finger and put the smear there."

"You mean, that was just window dressing—to make me feel a little more horrible?"



COLLIER'S "Oh you shouldn't have gone to all this trouble" MISCHA RICHTER



"Just leave my room, Jackson—I'll take care of it in the morning"

COLLIER'S TONY BARLOW

"No, sir. I did it deliberately to make you believe I'd been murdered. I wanted no doubt in your mind."

"But why, Flack?"

"So you'd be reconciled to your fate. You might have insisted on having the ship searched again and again—and I'd have been found eventually. All it cost was a drop of blood. I learned that trick, of course, from your confederate, the stowaway."

"My confederate?" Jason said. He looked at Flack steadily. "So you spilled that, too."

FLACK seemed surprised. "I withheld nothing from Miss Topping, sir. We agreed to confide in each other without stint."

"You both seem to have done very well," Jason commented in a dry voice. He glanced at Luana. "And you, of course, withheld nothing from Queen Bertha, Prince Lorrin and Prime Minister Channing. And they, in turn, permitted you to drag out of them all these facts about my blackmailing scheme. It all works out beautifully, doesn't it? A self-help club, with all members baying on the trail of the blackmailers. Now, Luana, I want to ask the most important question of the evening. To whom did my brother go with his blackmail demand—Queen Bertha, Lorrin or Channing?"

"I don't know. My understanding is that he conferred with all three of them."

"But you don't know?"

"No."

"This," Jason said, "is a great disappointment. Flack, what did you tell Miss Topping about the stowaway?"

"But it's obvious, Mr. Amboy!"

"With you," Jason said, "when anything is obvious, or when you see it as a very clear design, it is either wrong, fantastic, cockeyed—or all three. But go on."

"Your stowaway," Flack said with dignity, "is, as you know very well, sir, still alive."

"So," Jason murmured, "you think Winfield Grazzard is still alive—and my confederate."

"I do, sir."

"What do you think about this, Luana?"

"I don't know anything about it."

Jason shook his head with a marveling air. "Flack, you're making astounding progress. First, you're a miracle man. You jump overboard in mid-ocean and you magically show up a few days later and you're not even moist behind the ears. And now you're a holy man. You've brought a man back from the dead. I suppose Winfield Grazzard is in this blackmail conspiracy."

"What else?" Flack said stoutly. "He was in India with your brother, digging up Mr. Colton Grazzard's unfortunate past."

"Where is Winfield Grazzard now?"

His valet shrugged. "I'm not a mind reader, Mr. Amboy. But I do know that all it cost him to establish the seeming fact that he had been murdered and thrown overboard was four little drops of blood. And I think I can say, with all modesty, that I proved how easily a man can conceal himself on a ship the size of the Tasmania."

"There are some things I will probably never understand," Jason said. "I can't follow the workings of your mind, Flack. So will you tell me why you sent that redheaded gorilla up to the paddle-tennis court to knock my head off? Was that resentment, Flack? Now, come clean."

"No, Mr. Amboy," Flack answered with vigor. "I did that, as I told you before, to confuse the issue. I wanted to establish a doubt in Captain Horngold's mind, in connection with the suicide story I instructed the room steward to tell."

Jason considered him skeptically a moment, then smiled coldly. "I wonder how much the Grazzards paid you for selling me out."

"Spoken," Flack retorted, "by the caliper mind in its ultimate state of perfection!"

Jason glanced at Luana. "You see, my dear, I have a very forgiving nature. But there's one thing I can't forgive—deliberate and calculated disloyalty. A week ago, I wouldn't have sold this little man for the entire cost of the national defense program. Tonight he is yours for a

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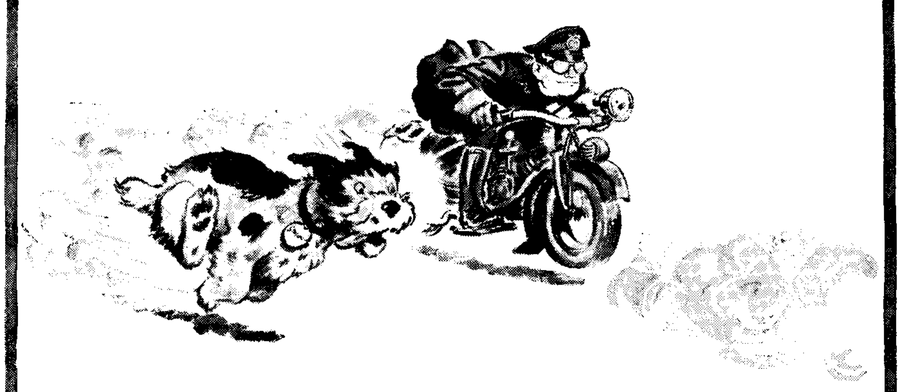

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plugged nickel—and I'll throw in a stout piece of rope about ten feet long."

Flack arose with dignity. "I think enough has been said, Mr. Amboy. The check was paid in advance. I wish to tender my resignation, to take effect immediately. By the way, sir, in case it slipped your mind, my parole was up yesterday. I am no longer under any further legal bonds to you. I am leaving tomorrow noon on a transport with Singapore Sam Shay for Samoa."

"That's hot, dangerous country," Jason said. "You ought to do well down there."

"Thank you, sir. I intend to. As Singapore says, I am wasting my talents in this panty-waist civilization. Goodby, Mr. Amboy. Goodby, Miss Topping. I wish you every happiness in your marriage to Mr. Grazzard."

"Thank you, Flack," Luana said in a small voice.

The one-time gentleman's gentleman walked away. Jason turned with a wry smile to Luana.

She had covered her eyes with her handkerchief.

"Luana!" he said with surprise.

She took the handkerchief away. She was struggling to control her tears. She mastered them presently. She powdered her nose.

Jason bent toward her. "Everything seems to be neatly solved, doesn't it?"

Luana sprang up. "I've never been so disappointed in my life!" she cried. "Until the very end, I hoped you'd somehow prove it was all a lot of fantastic lies. I wanted to *believe* in you! I gave you every chance!"

"Keep trying," Jason said dryly. "The shooting hasn't even begun."

"I thought you were so *akamai!*" she cried. "You aren't *akamai* at all!" Her voice was tremulous, but she was no longer crying. "Aunt Bertha wants to see you. Will you come?"

"A battleship of the Littorio class will now plow me under," Jason said cheerfully. "You bet I'll come!"

THE Grazzards were occupying a suite which, in a less democratic territory, would have been called the royal suite. Its lofty, gracious rooms covered one floor of a wing.

Mrs. Hiram Grazzard was waiting for Jason on the *lanai* off her sitting room. She was, in a white satin dinner gown, with her square, yellowish face, her thick black hair, a formidable woman.

She was seated in a huge koa-wood chair. On her left stood Lorrin, darkly scowling. On her right, cool and grim, stood Channing Mace.

She said, in her regal way, "You may sit down, if you wish, Jason." Her dull amber eyes were not friendly, but they were not unkindly.

"Luana, you told Jason where his brother is, I presume?"

"Yes, Aunt Bertha," the girl said in the awed voice that Jason had heard her use only with this woman.

"Did you tell him that we are familiar with his plan?"

"Yes, Aunt Bertha"—in a lower voice still.

Bertha Grazzard studied Jason's serious dark face, his grave attentive eyes. She was playing with the long thin gold pencil which she always carried on the end of a long, rather heavy gold chain. The sapphire with which it was crowned flickered with a hot blue fire as the pencil moved in her hands that were never still.

"We will be perfectly candid, Jason," she said in her imperious way. "I feel very sad about this. After all, you are virtually my own flesh and blood."

She compressed her lips and bent forward. "Jason, you are to be our guest at Kokala plantation and you are to go with us to Kahuna Island, where your brother is, to discuss this situation, and to decide just what we are to do.

"The whole trouble is, you and your brother are still in a position to blackmail us. I realize that. I have given it a great deal of thought, Jason. I have decided to give in to your demands, although I want you to know that I am doing it, not because I am afraid you would do much harm to us with that old scandal of my brother's, but because you and your brother are my own flesh and blood."

Mrs. Grazzard settled back a little in her chair. With her amber eyes, her complacency and her alertness, she suddenly reminded Jason of a watchful yellow cat.

"I wonder," she said, "if you can appreciate what I am doing."

"Don't bother," Lorrin broke in impatiently, "to explain it. And don't expect gratitude."

His mother lifted her hand to silence him. "I am handling this, Lorrin. I want this young man to know just what my feelings are. Do you think you do, Jason?"

"I think I do, Aunt Bertha," Jason said.

"Very *well!*" she said briskly. "You need one hundred and ten thousand dollars to start manufacturing your airplane engine. You shall have it, Jason. I shall order that amount placed at your disposal at my Honolulu bank. I will not ask you for your assurance that this will *be the end of this. It has got to be.* Do you understand?"

"Yes, Aunt Bertha. You are being very kind. Now—may I ask a question? I am very anxious to know to whom my brother made these blackmail demands."

When Mrs. Grazzard stared at him without answering, he glanced at Channing Mace, and when Channing Mace said nothing, he glanced at Lorrin.

Lorrin's face was flushed and his eyes were ugly. "That is absolutely beside the point, Amboy."

"I'd very much like an answer to my question. Whom did he approach? Was it you, Lorrin?"

"You've had the answer to your question," Lorrin said angrily.

Bertha Grazzard got up. She had reminded Jason a moment ago of a watchful yellow cat. The quickness with which she got up—the smooth, effortless flow of the motion—startled him. She was almost as tall as Jason, and this, each time he noticed it, surprised him. He always thought of her as a rather short, rather dumpy woman, and she was neither. Her large, square face gave that misleading impression.

"We are flying to Kauai on the morning plane," she said. "A seat has been reserved for you. The plane leaves Rodgers airport at nine. . . . Good night, Jason."

"Be on time," Lorrin said.

Jason glanced at Luana. She was standing with her hands folded meekly in the folds of her cerise satin dress, with her eyes downcast. Her meekness and Lorrin's arrogance made him suddenly angry. "Good night," he said curtly and walked out of the room.

In the dimly lit corridor, Natalie Mace overtook Jason.

"Come along," she said breathlessly. She led him to a cross corridor which ended in a little foyer. The foyer was deserted. There were settees, chairs and a few tables.

Natalie sat down. "Well, Sir Galahad?"

"It is, indeed, an enchanting evening," Jason said.

"I was eavesdropping, Jason. I heard it all—and I ran out ahead of you. I feel sick. I feel really sick. And you know, if you go to Kokala with them, you're walking into a death trap."

Jason nodded. "Yes, I know. But I've got to see the inside of it."

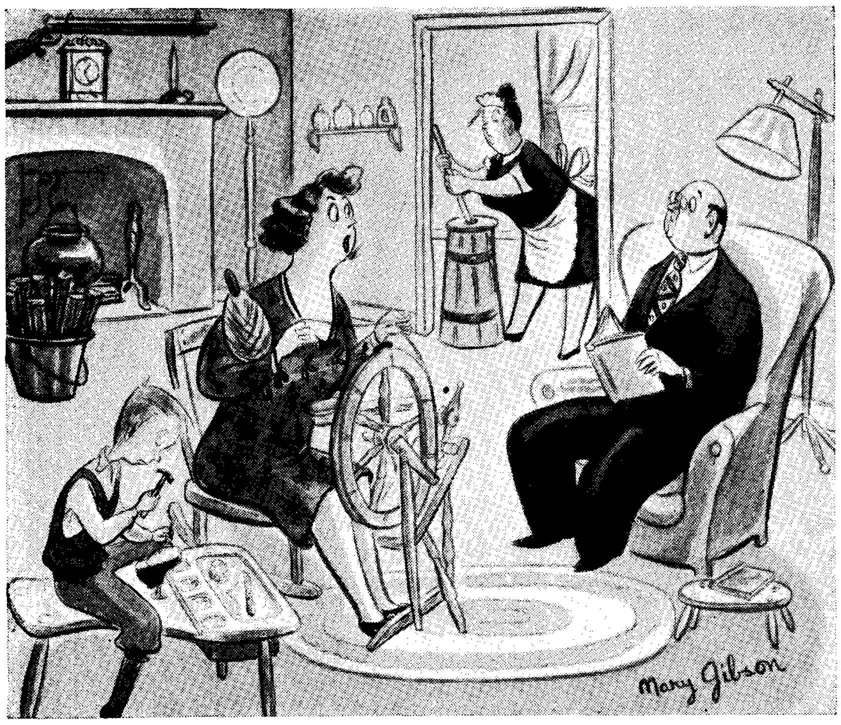
"They *murdered* your brother!" she cried. And he realized that the blond girl was on the verge of hysterics. "Why, Jason? Why did they kill him?" She stared at his eyes in the dim light. "You've known all along!"

JASON shook his head. "No, Natalie. I've groped my way to it gradually, but I'm sure I know now what's back of it all. It's so simple, so obvious—if I'm right. But I still can't talk about it. Remember? I'm the guy who can't work without a blueprint."

"But must you go to Kauai tomorrow?"

"Yes."

She was working her hands together. "But, Jason, they'll kill you! Lorrin would like to kill you with his bare hands! He knows Luana has no use for



COLLIER'S "Ha! So it was just a silly hobby, my antiques!" MARY GIBSON him any more. He knows she's in love with you. You've handled this whole thing so carelessly!"

He bent over and kissed her lightly on the cheek. "Take it easy. You're having the jitters. Have you those answers to my questions?"

"Oh, your questions!" she said despairingly. "Yes, I have them. Hiram Grazzard died on March 3, 1921. Colton Grazzard went to live on Kahuna on March 17, 1921. He hasn't been off the island since."

Jason was silent a moment. "I think," he said quietly, "you've just given me the last two cogwheels of the machine that is going to destroy the Grazzards. I think you're going to have your revenge."

"Jason! Tell me what you're talking about!"

"I'll see you on the plane," Jason said. "*Aloha nui loa.*" He walked away.

"Jason!"

He returned to the lobby. There was a note in his box. It said:

"Very sorry to have missed you. Will see you in the morning without fail.

"Carrington J. Hambledon."

Jason could not recall a Carrington J. Hambledon.

When he entered his room, the telephone was ringing. A frail voice, with the quaver of senility, asked him if he was Jason Amboy.

"Yes," Jason said.

"Are you the son of Clark and Mary Amboy?"

"Yes. Who is this?"

"I am an old friend of your father's," the fragile old voice answered. "You were pointed out to me tonight at dinner. I was instantly struck by your resemblance to your father. I was sitting near your table, and I could not help overhearing some of the conversation. I want to warn you to be on your guard every instant, my boy—every instant!"

There was a rattle and a click as a receiver was hung up. Jason thoughtfully put down the telephone.

The quavering intensity of that unknown voice made him very uneasy. He went to the door. He had forgotten to lock it. He locked it. He would, he decided, have to stop being so careless.

JASON saw the tall, slender man with the trim black mustache getting out of the taxicab just as the plane was taxiing down the field for its take-off. The man ran to the fence and waved a brief case. Then he ran to the gate and talked to the guard. It was evident that he wanted the Kauai plane to stop and take him aboard. But it did not stop.

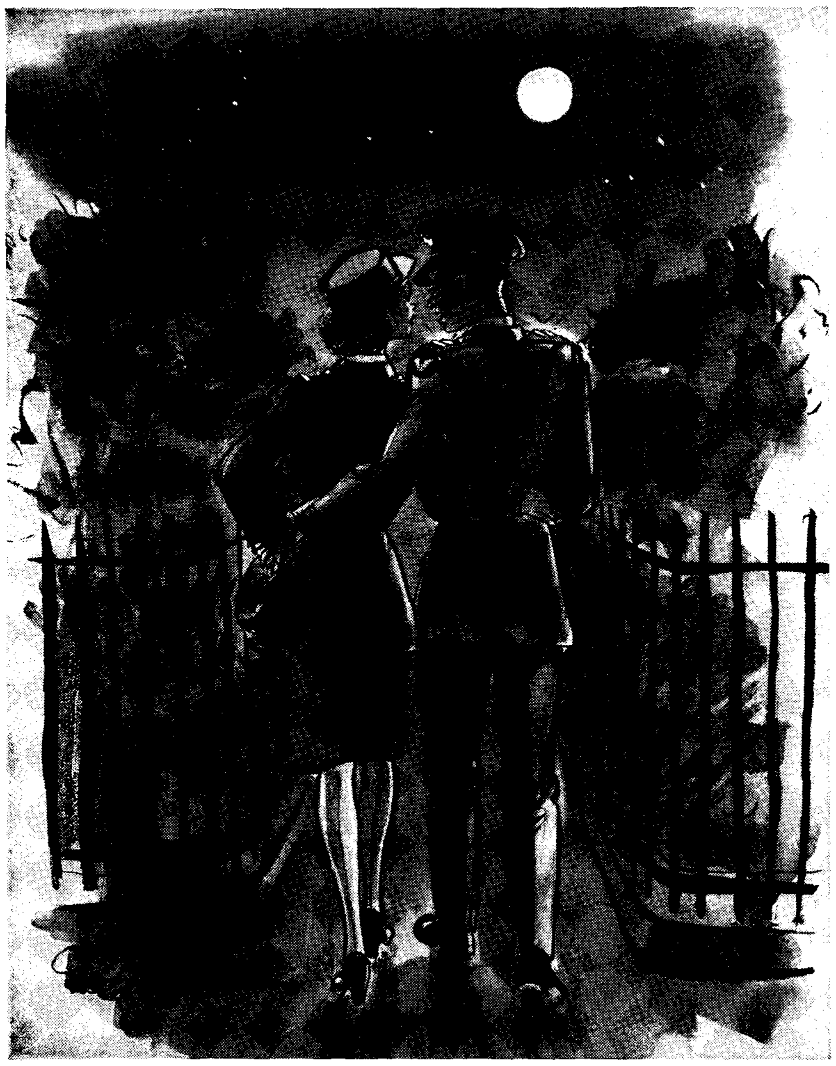
It took off on a long shallow climb. It circled to avoid Pearl Harbor. No one, Jason had heard, was permitted to see Pearl Harbor from the air any more. The vast reconstruction projects which had been under way since December 7th were secret.

The misted green mountains of Oahu were rising higher and higher.

Jason settled back in his seat. Lorrin sat with Luana in a double seat well forward. Channing Mace and Natalie had the seat just behind them. Mrs. Grazzard occupied a seat across the aisle and Jason sat behind her.

Since he had left the Grazzards' suite last night, Jason had known that his life was in danger—a danger that increased as time passed. He was certain that an attempt would be made to kill him today or tonight. He might, he realized, have pursued his investigation in Honolulu with possibly surer results and with greater safety to himself. Yet his blueprint was complete, he believed, and what he wanted now was action.

(To be continued next week)



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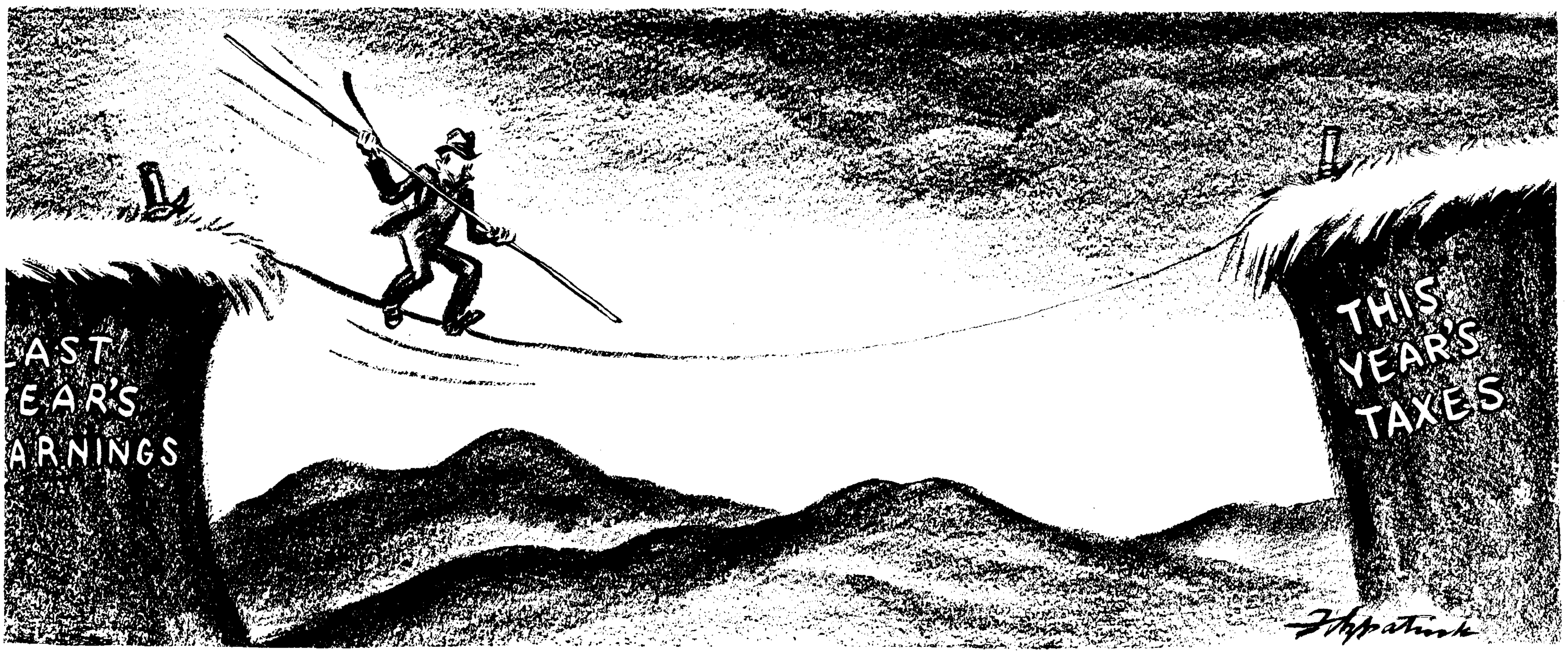
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Editor



PAY-AS-YOU-GO

WHY the hesitation by various Congressional leaders to come out frankly for the Ruml plan, or some variant of same, to put all federal income-tax payers on a pay-as-you-go basis this year? Beardsley Ruml's idea (as most of us probably know by now) is to write off taxes on last year's incomes except in a few so-called windfall cases and let us all begin paying taxes this year on income as it comes in.

It is practical, feasible, and the only way yet suggested for by-passing a wave of tax defaults and bankruptcies along about March 15th. Yet a favorite attitude of lawmakers on the proposal is "Yes, but . . ."

We think this coyness must be traceable to the atmosphere that surrounded the adoption of the original income-tax amendment to the Constitution (Amendment 16) in 1913. Though sound in principle, the income tax had been agitated largely by demagogues, with whatever the version of "Soak the rich" was in those days. The income tax at first applied only to persons with large incomes, and only lightly at that, until the rates were steeply hoisted to help meet the bills for World War I. *These people could easily pay taxes this* year on last year's incomes, just as they paid any other bill.

The picture is changed now, by circumstances and by World War II. Instead of being a "Soak the rich" proposition, the federal income tax is a "Soak practically everybody" proposition. As at present collected, it is also a "keep all income-tax payers in perpetual hock to the government" proposition—because, instead of taxing our earnings as they are earned, the government waits till next year to come around for the tax, regardless of whether any taxpayer then is able to pay.

It is bad enough now, but it will be several times worse during the expected period of readjustment and seemingly inevitable large-scale unemployment following the war.

Congress had better just abandon the 1913 demagogues' demagoguery now, in 1943, and early in 1943, by shifting income-tax collections to the pay-as-you-go basis on which they should have been handled all along.

Strikes Against Government

THE War Labor Board is right in coming out flat-footed against strikes by public servants, for whatever reason, against the cities, counties or other government organisms that employ them. Calvin Coolidge stated the case in 1919 when, having smashed the Boston police strike, he explained his refusal to reinstate the striking policemen by telling Samuel Gompers: "The right of the police of Boston to affiliate *(with a labor union) has* always been questioned, never granted, is now prohibited . . . There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, at any time."

Not that public servants should not be entitled to air real or fancied grievances where they can get an open-minded hearing. They should. Most jobs in public service are none too well paid, many of them are monotonous or downright disagreeable, many a head clerk in some governmental organization is a nasty little Hitler at heart. Ways of remedying such conditions can and should be worked out.

But when it comes to striking, the inflexible rule laid down by Mr. Coolidge should continue to prevail all over this country. A strike by public servants against the public which pays their salaries and the government agency that employs them is a kind of revolution. As such, it cannot be tolerated; because by tolerating it, the struck government agency would be surrendering some of its essential powers to the strike leaders. Coolidge saw all that and gave it the right and the complete answer in the fewest possible words.

One Soldier's Suicide

A TWENTY-THREE-YEAR-OLD soldier was found dead in a parked automobile the other day in New York City. He had hooked a hose to the exhaust and killed himself with carbon monoxide. He left a note saying he had contracted gonorrhea, knew it was incurable, and felt this was the only way out. As a matter of fact, he had no venereal disease at all.

The assistant medical examiner who performed the autopsy commented that here was a victim of "the hell-fire-and-brimstone method of sex education"—the method based on frightening youngsters out from under their hats with tales of the horrors of venereal disease and dark hints that it can never really be cured.

The incident renews our conviction that we have not more than well begun, in this country, the *only sort of fight against venereal disease that has* a hope of winning—frank discussion, wide publicity, calling these afflictions by their right names, educating young people to their dangers but also to the fact that they can be cured if treatment is begun soon enough and persisted in.

It is reassuring to note that the U. S. Public Health Service is redoubling its efforts, and that the Army and Navy medical authorities are doing their utmost to spread the truth about venereal disease throughout the fighting forces.

How About that Garden?

IT ISN'T too early to begin to think about your Victory Garden for this spring, summer and fall. If you have any ground at all on which you can raise vegetables, better get set. We're going to need all the food we can produce, for our fighting men, our Lend-Lease clients and ourselves—as your food ration book will eloquently inform you.

You can get information from the Department of Agriculture, probably from your local Civilian Defense office, or—perhaps best of all—from the man next door, who has long been a garden fan and will be overjoyed to tell you everything he knows about it.

Gardening is a delightful hobby at any time. At this time, it's a public and patriotic service to boot.

ROUNDUP IN

Not at all—this is at Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

1. "I've hunted India for crack animal shots," writes a cameraman, "from Ceylon's Ratnapura to Tibet... often where the going was so rough we had to leave even the Canadian Club behind. And then came home to find the best shots of all here in the U. S. A.... at Ft. Lauderdale's amazing Jungle Zoo, winter training quarters for Clyde Beatty's Circus. These elephants, for instance, housed in a compound that's a dead-ringer for their natural habitat...

2. "*Not in all Bengal* did I get within telephoto distance of a tiger to match this baby for handsomeness and fierceness. Man, but those bars between us were a comfort!

3. "*Double trouble.* Don't let the gravity of these lion cubs fool you. They're just wearing that having-our-picture-taken look. Actually they're more mischievous than a basket of Siamese kittens.

4. "*Low comedy.* Th[illegible] be the smartest of th[illegible] most like humans. B[illegible] funniest of their clown[illegible]

5. "*Speaking of clowning*—I never saw anyone more serious than this Clyde Beatty Circus slapstick artist putting on his complicated makeup. Just a few moments after I snapped this, my subject had his audience in stitches.

6. "*Watching the lion act,* I drifted into conversation with a newspaper reporter covering the show. 'Mind if I quote you,' he asked later, over a drink...

7. " '*How's this for a headline—Expert Finds All India's Thrills Here, Plus the World's Most Distinctive Whisky,'* the latter an obvious reference to the bottle between us. 'Easy there!' I said. 'Even the Indian rajahs I met offered me Canadian Club!' "

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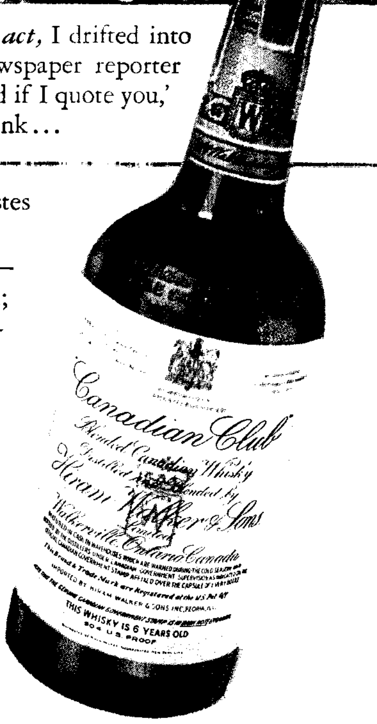

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